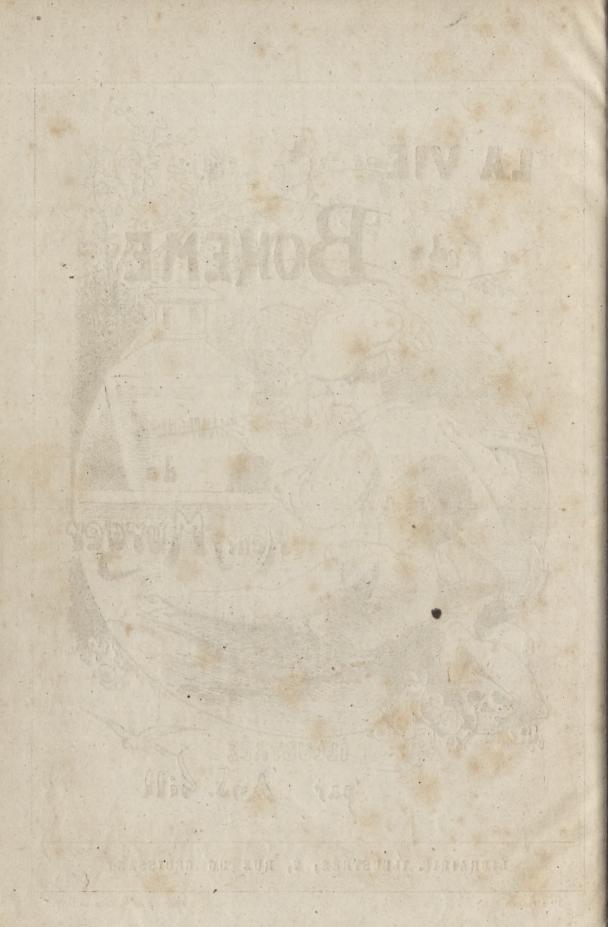
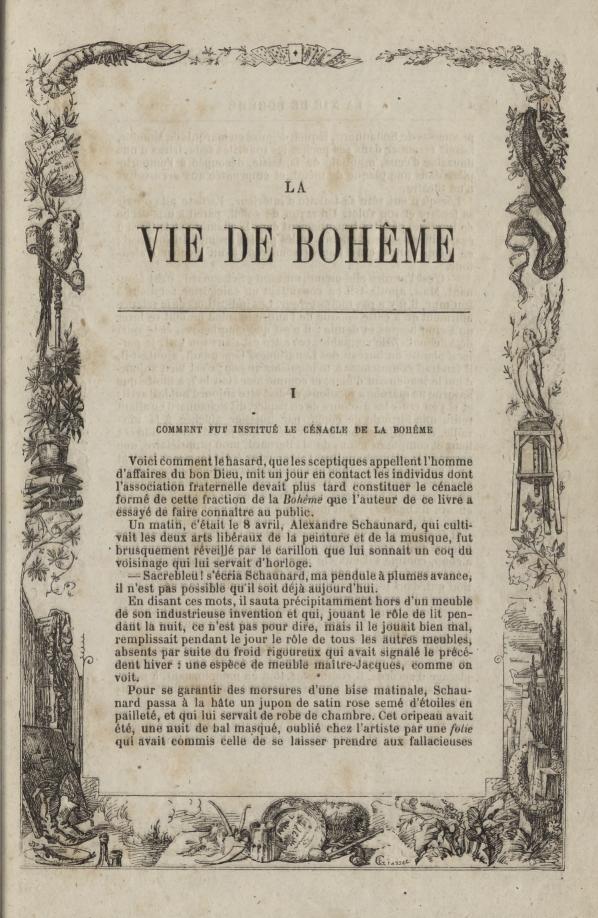
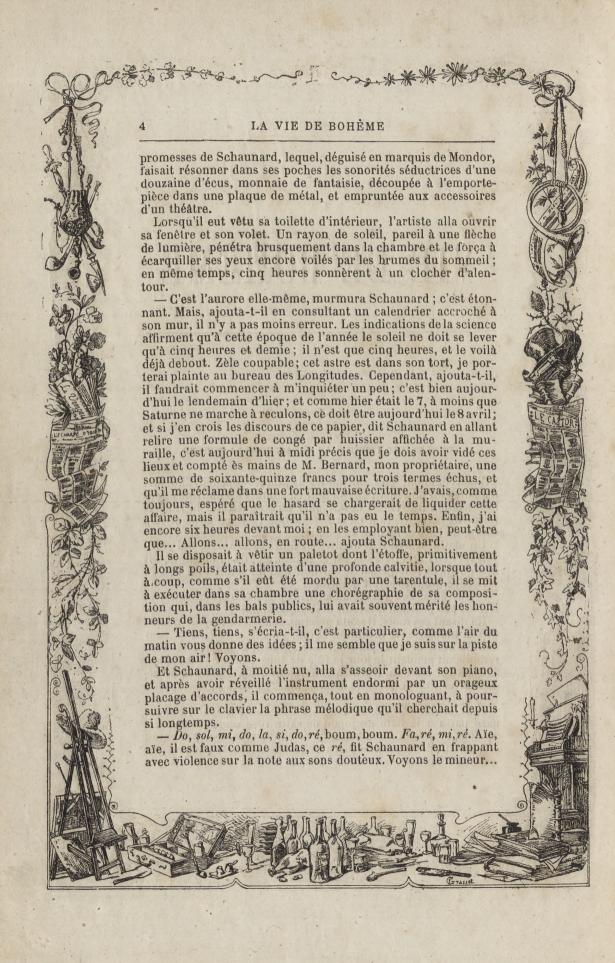


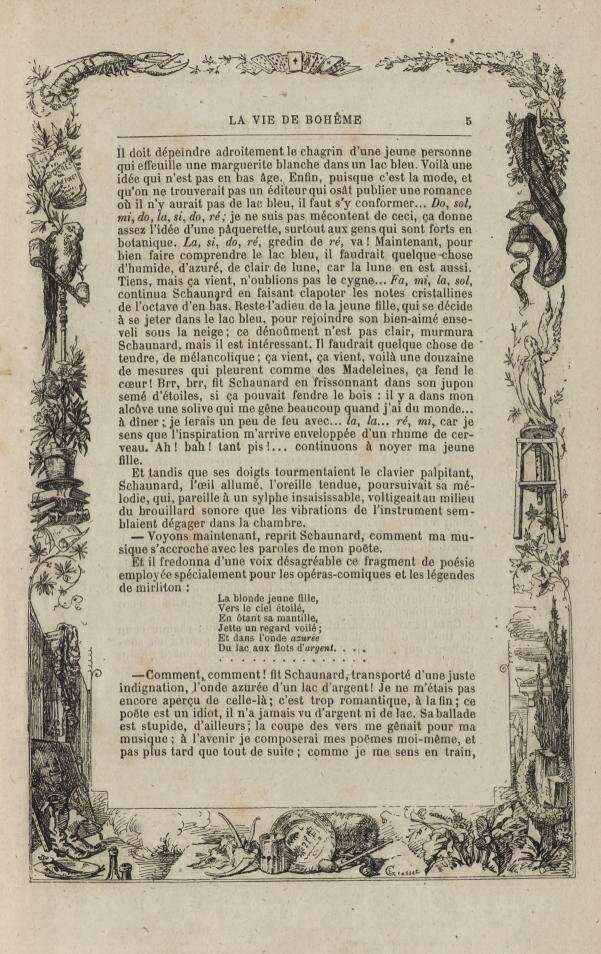


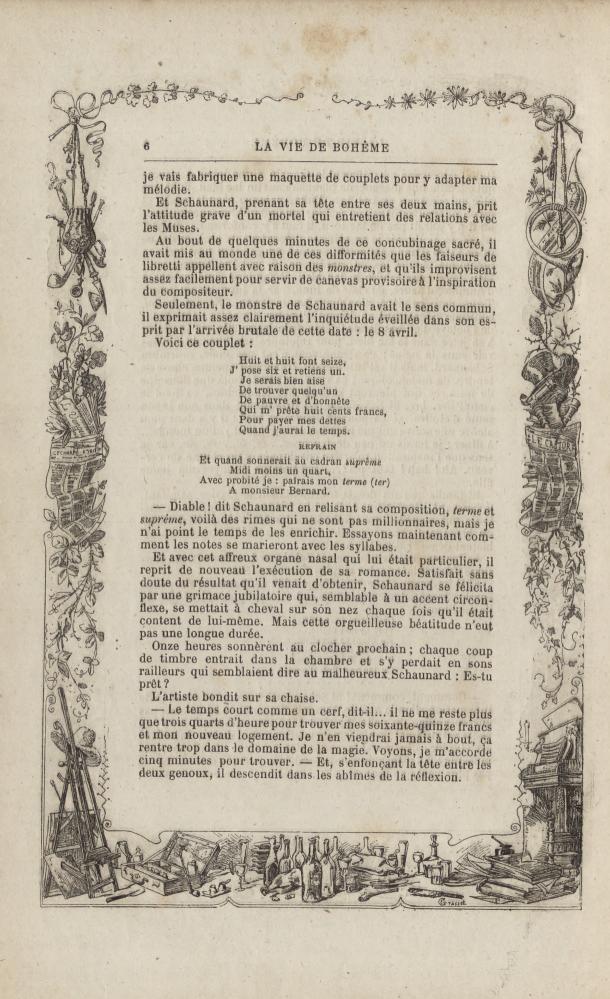
LIBRAIRIE ILLUSTRÉE, 7, RUE DU CROISSANT

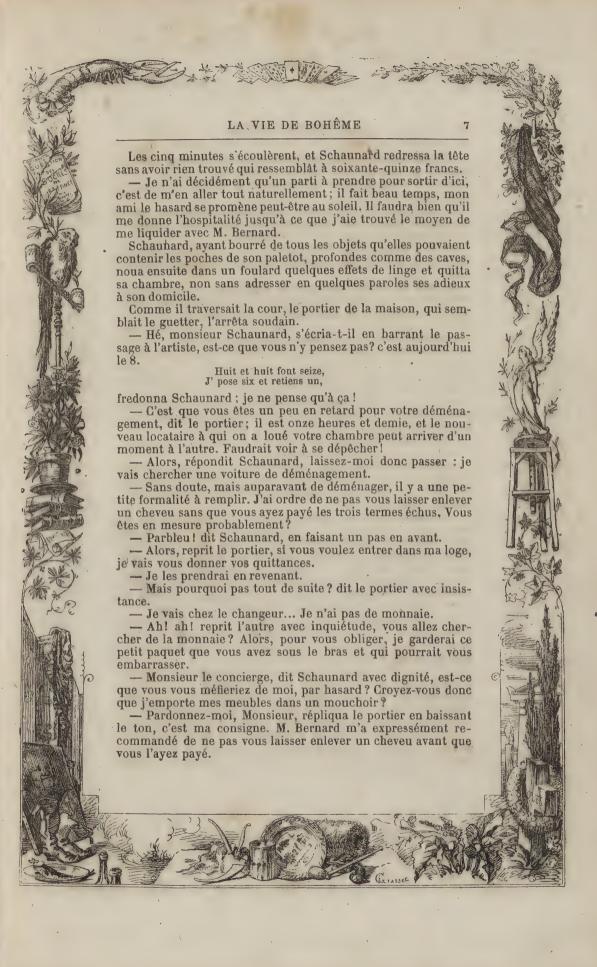


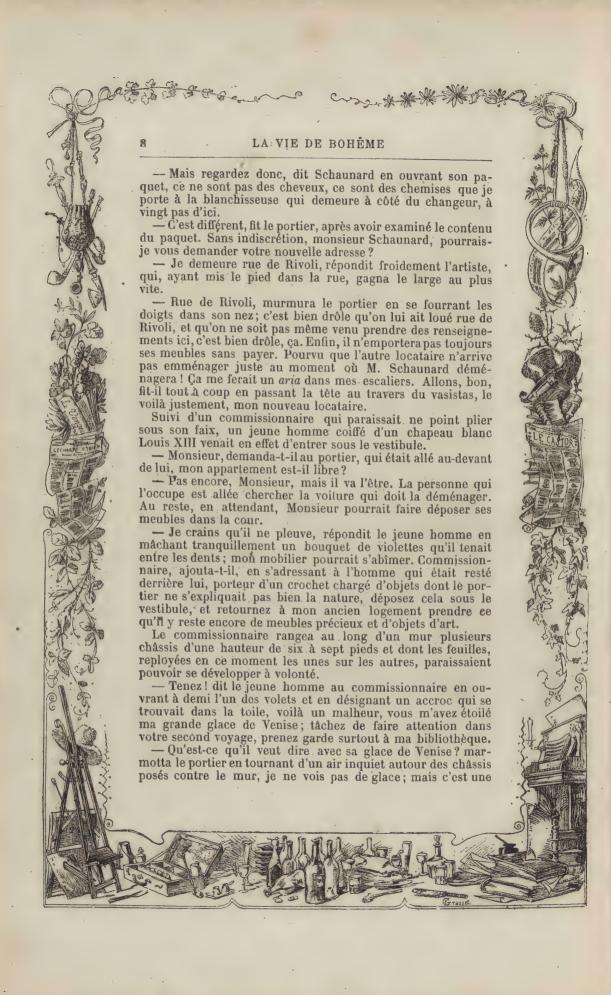






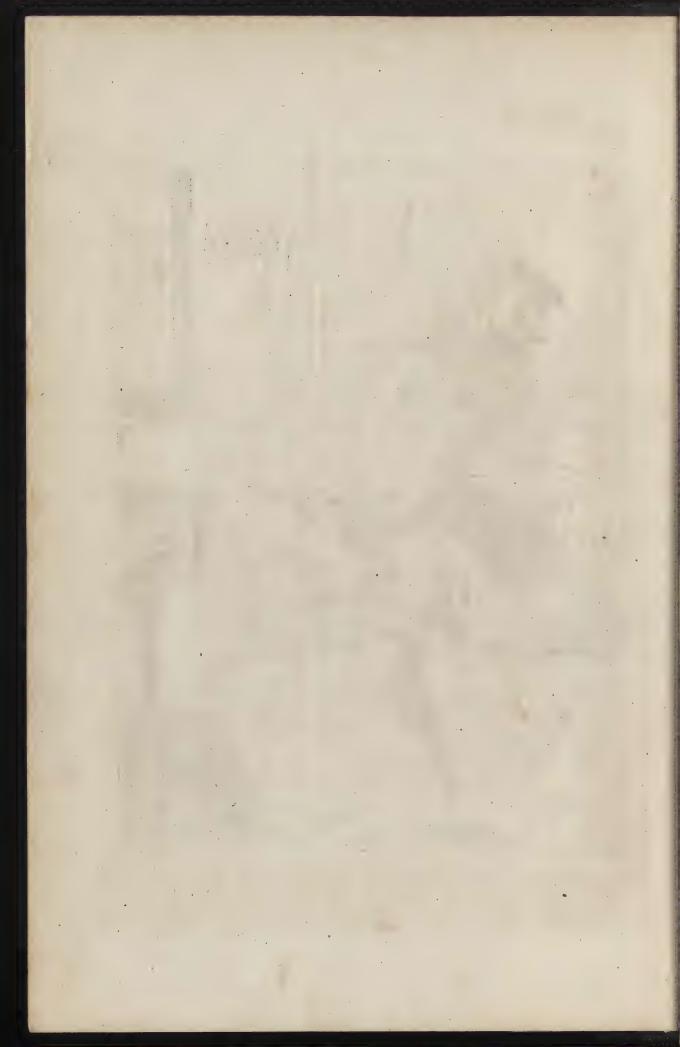


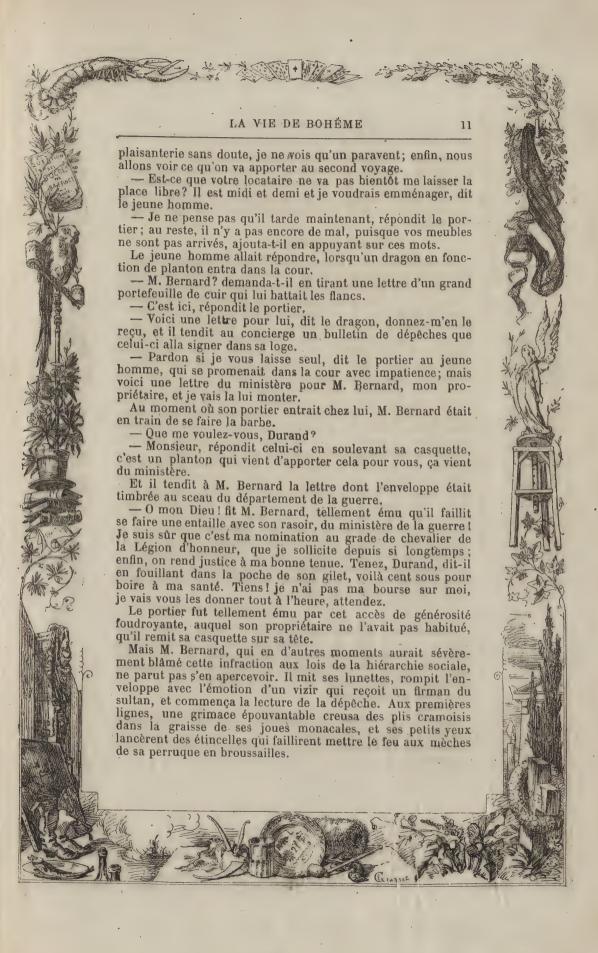


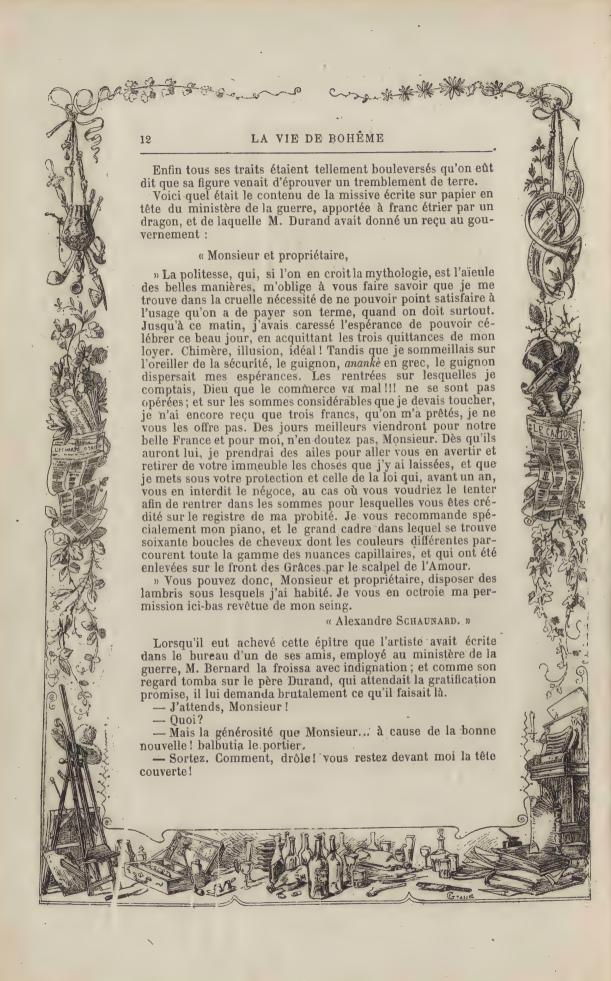


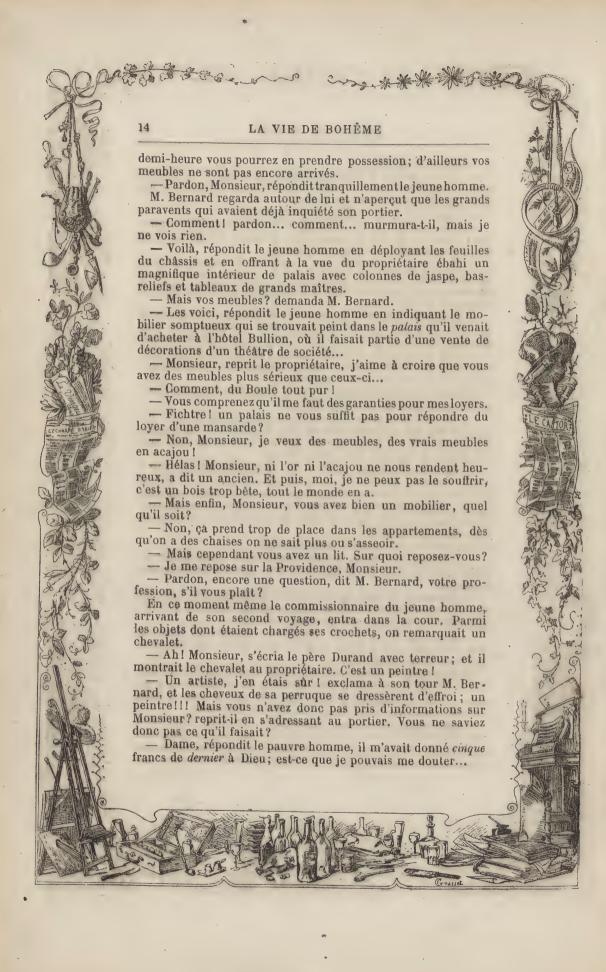


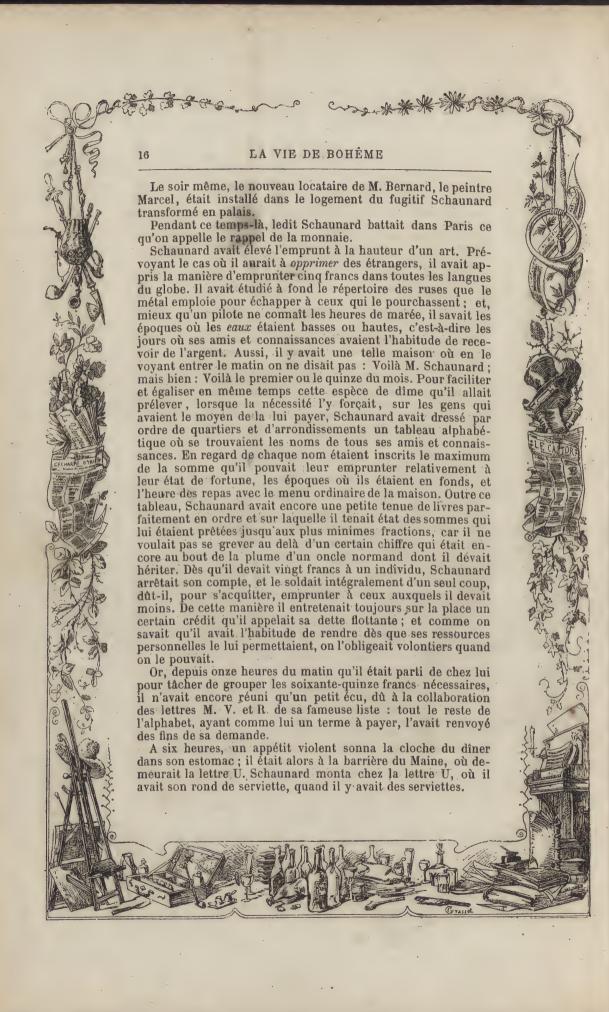
Il se mit à exécuter dans sa chambre une chorérographie de sa composition.

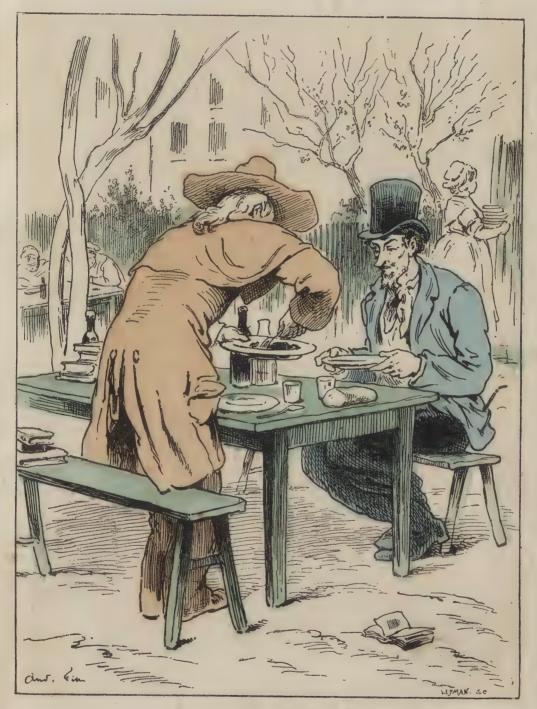




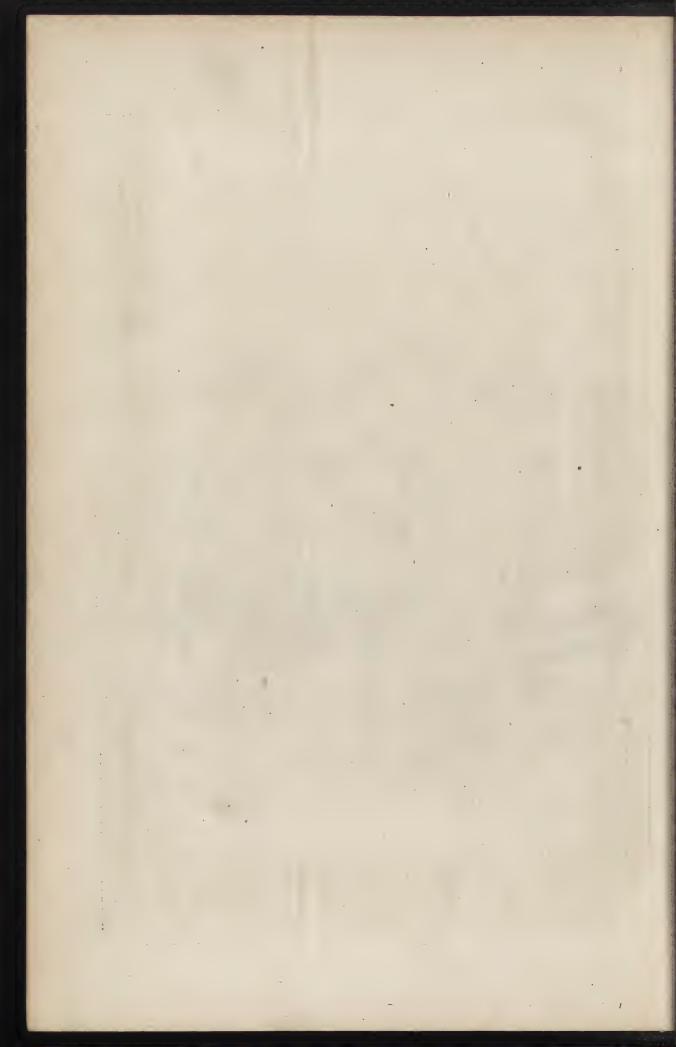


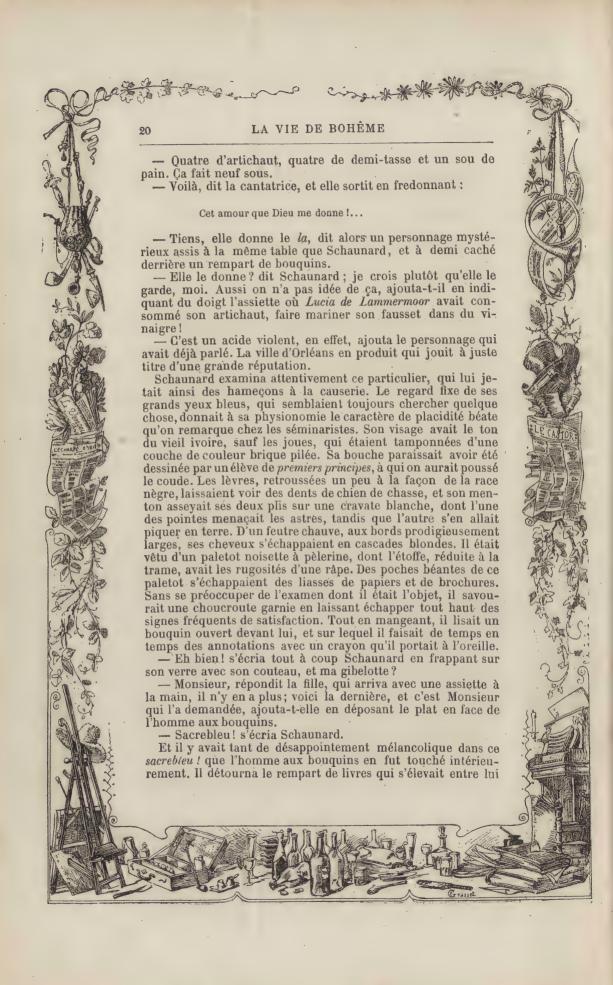


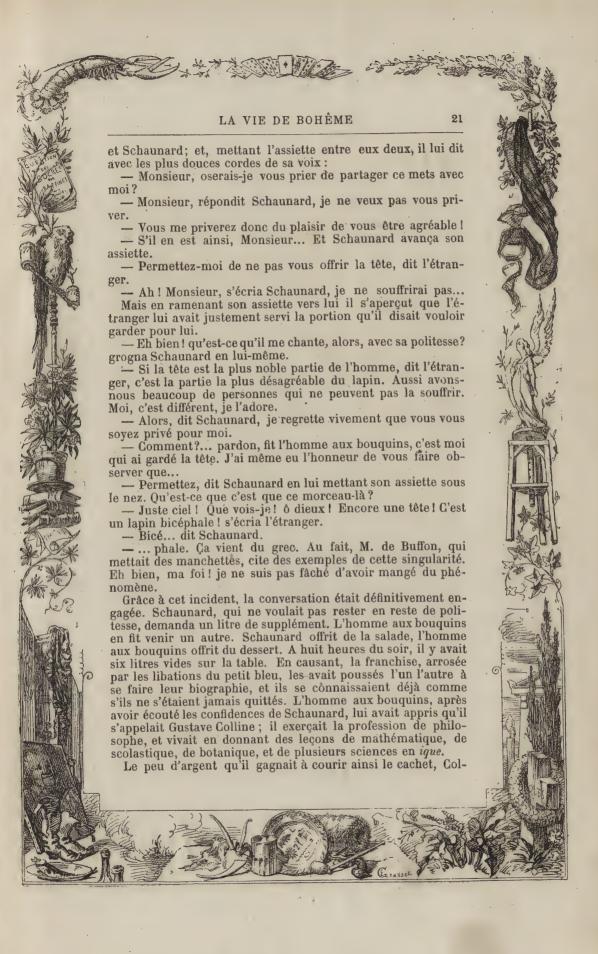


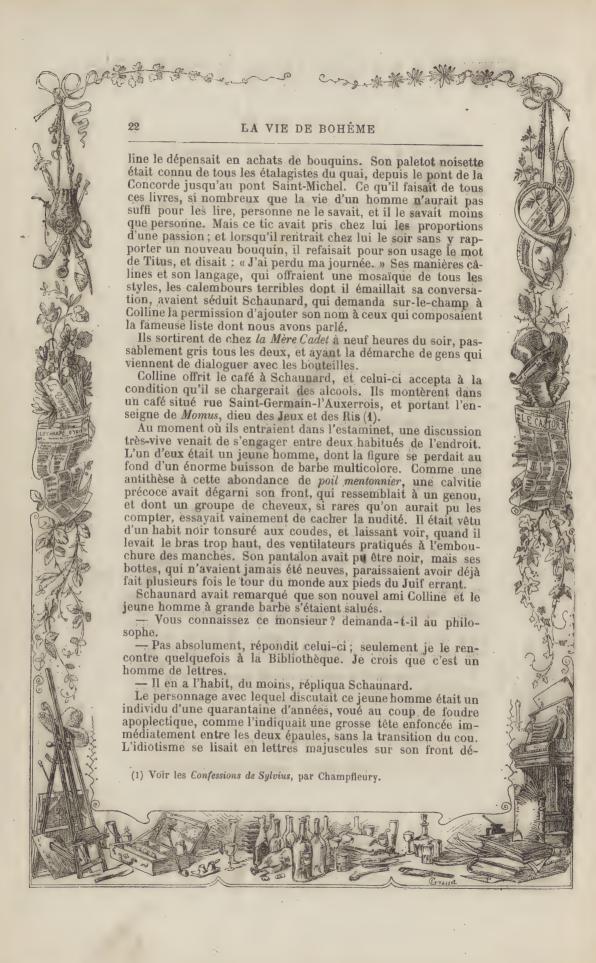


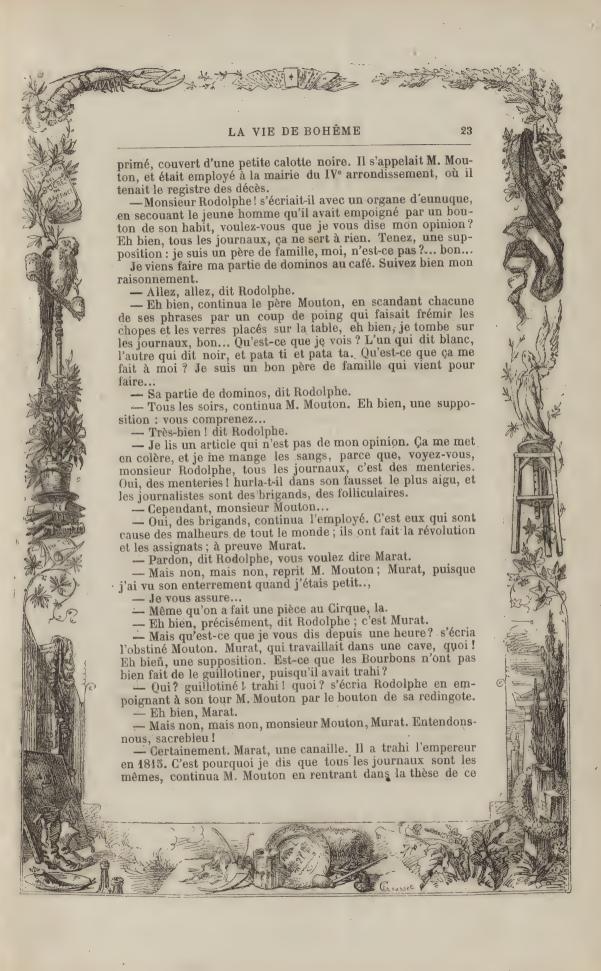
Permettez-moi de ne pas vous offrir la tête.

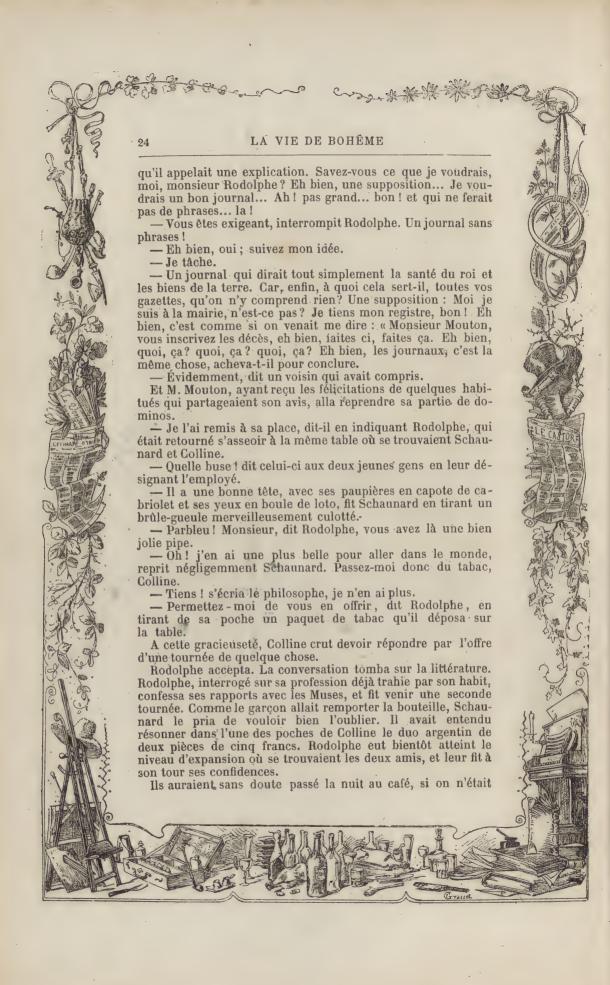






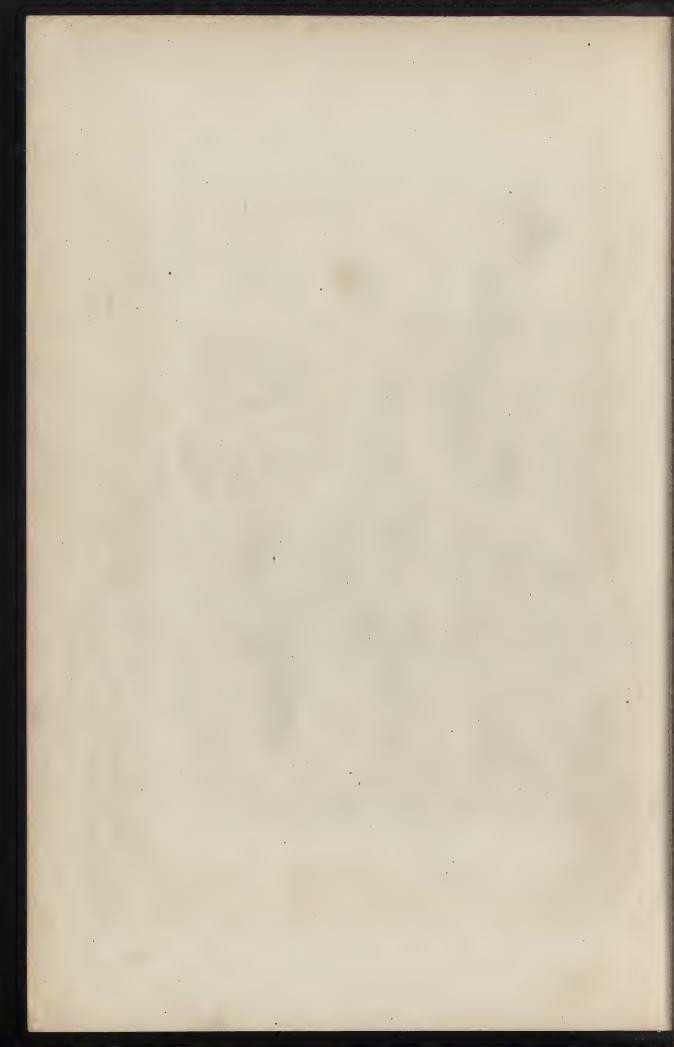


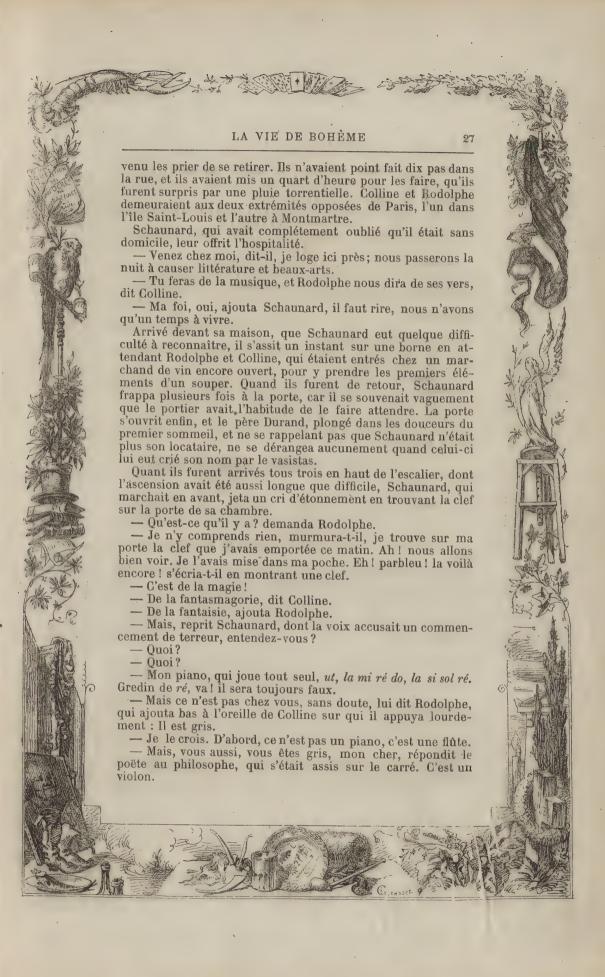


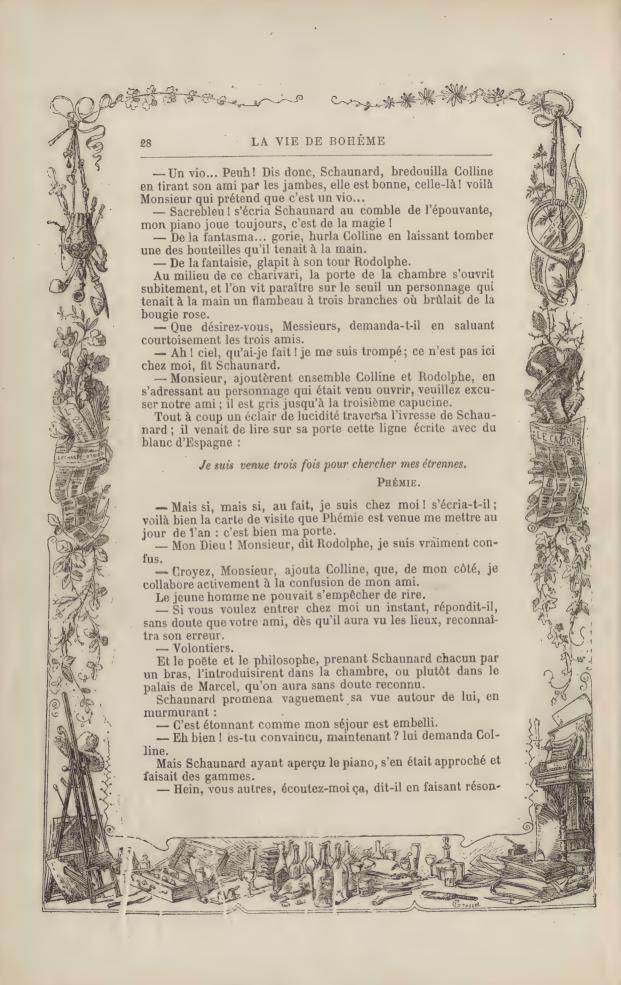


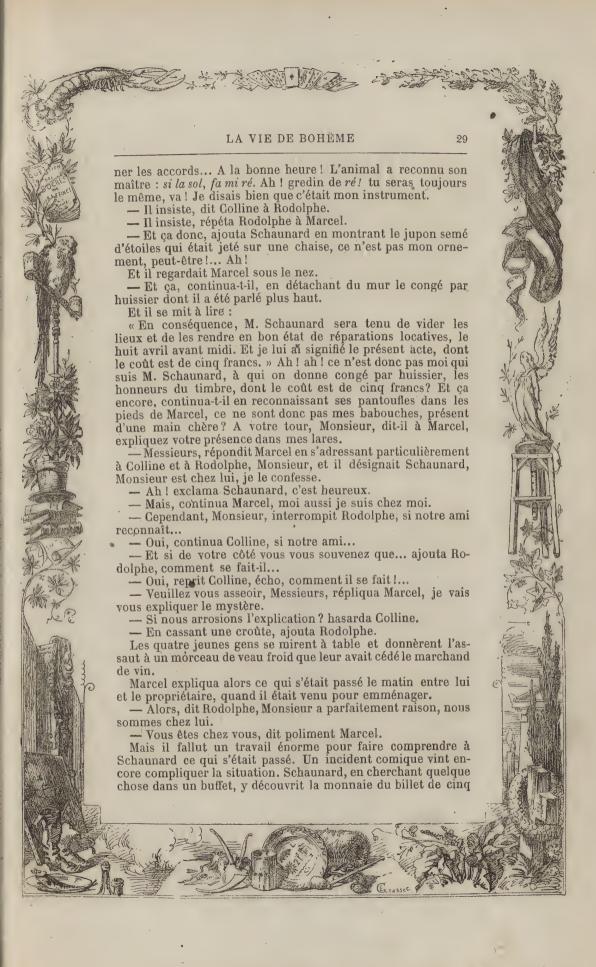


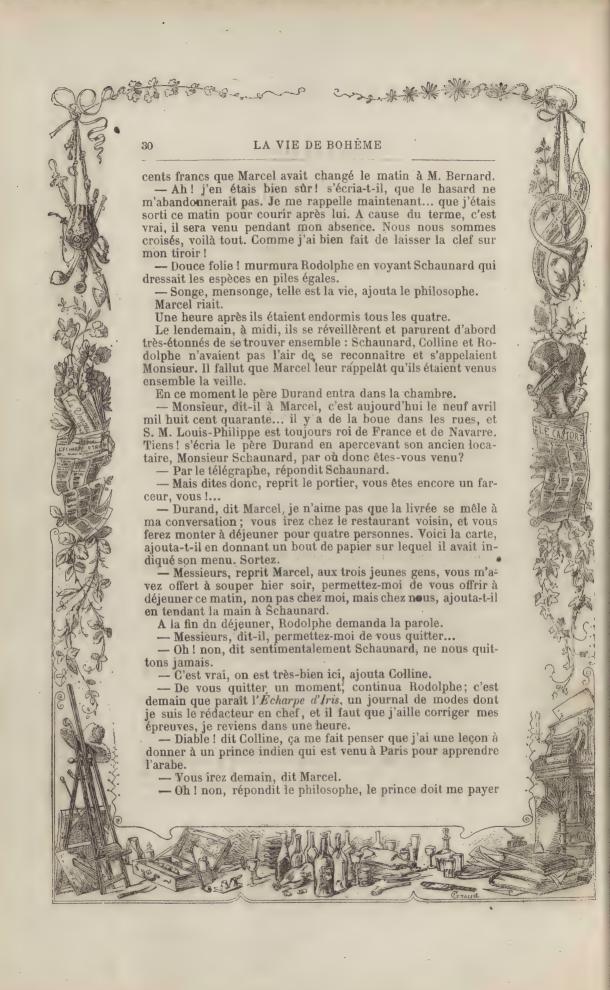
ils n'avaient pas fait dix pas dans la rue...

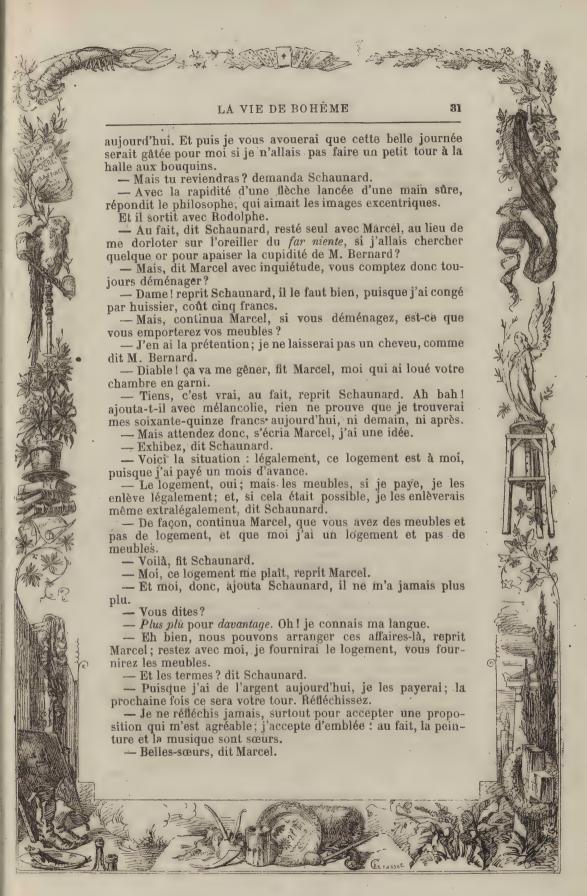


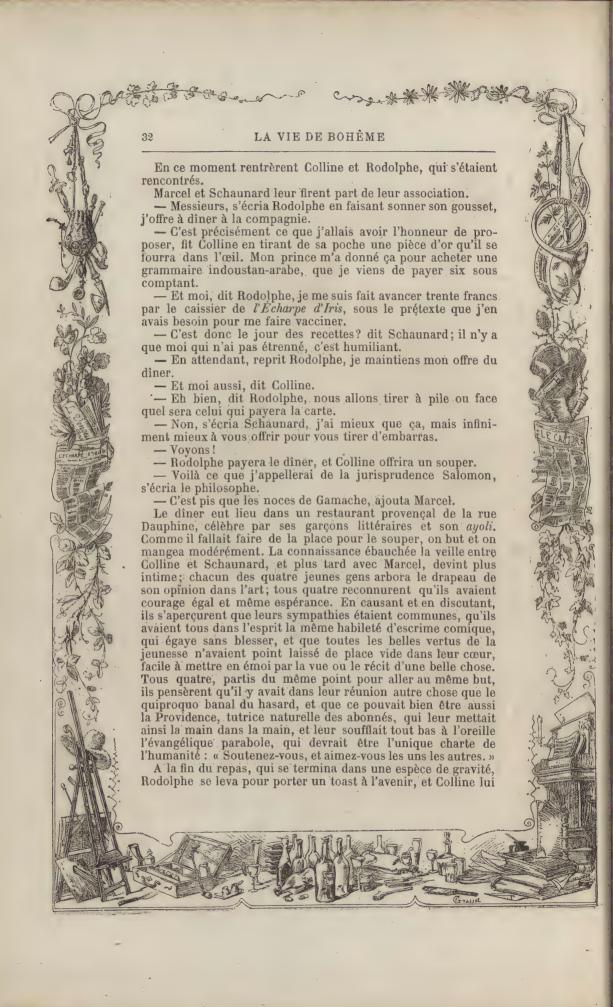






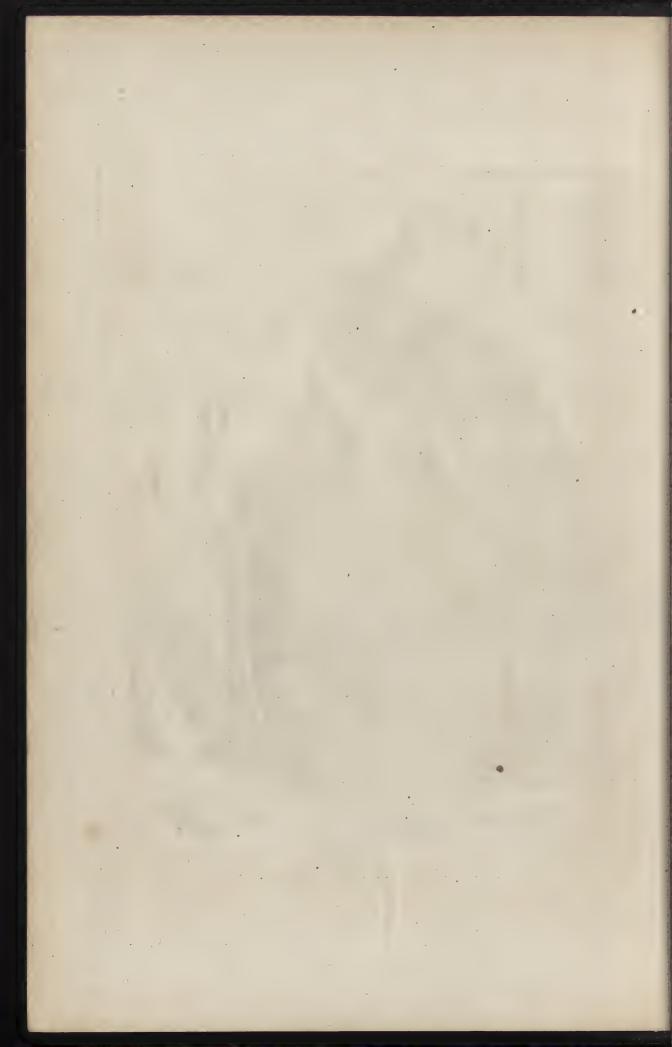


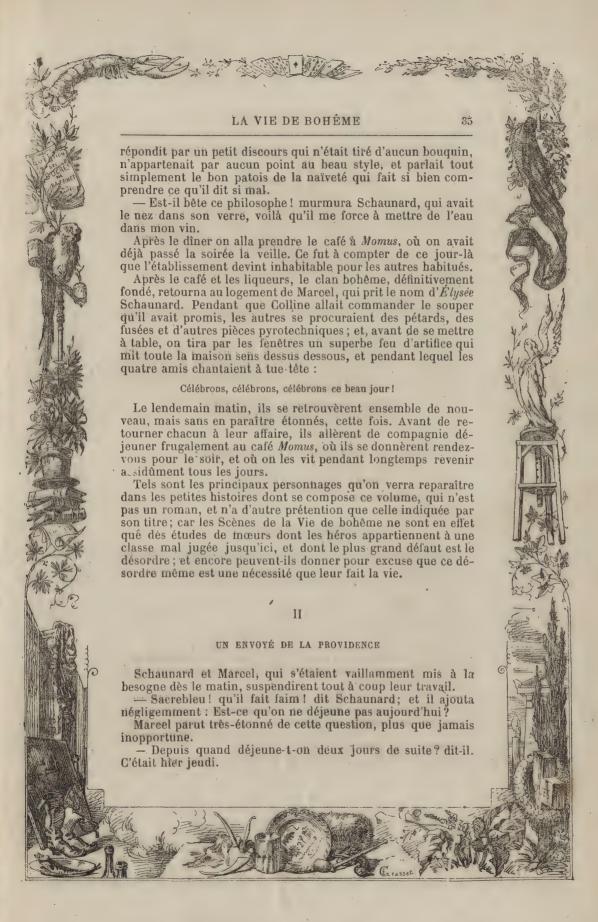


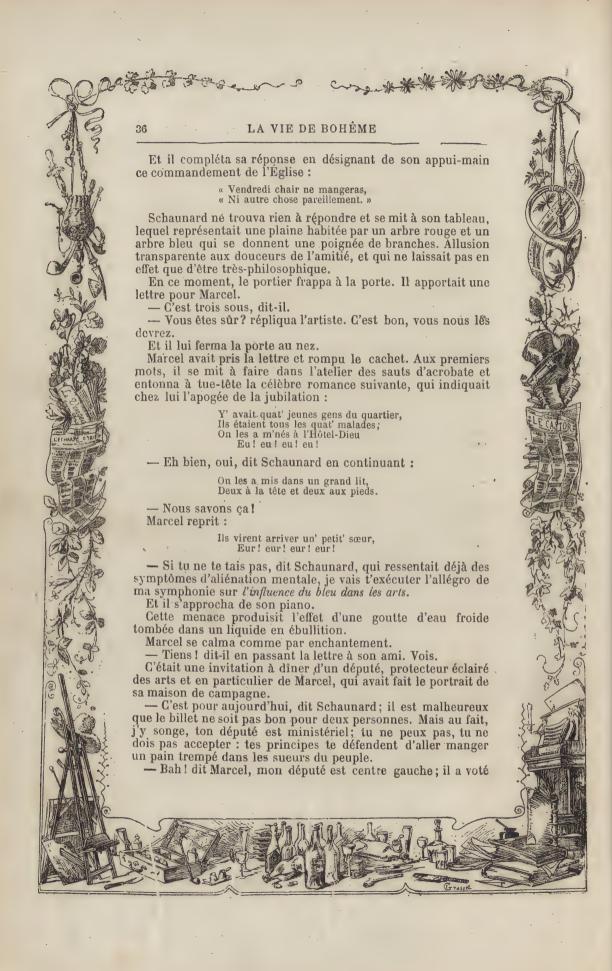


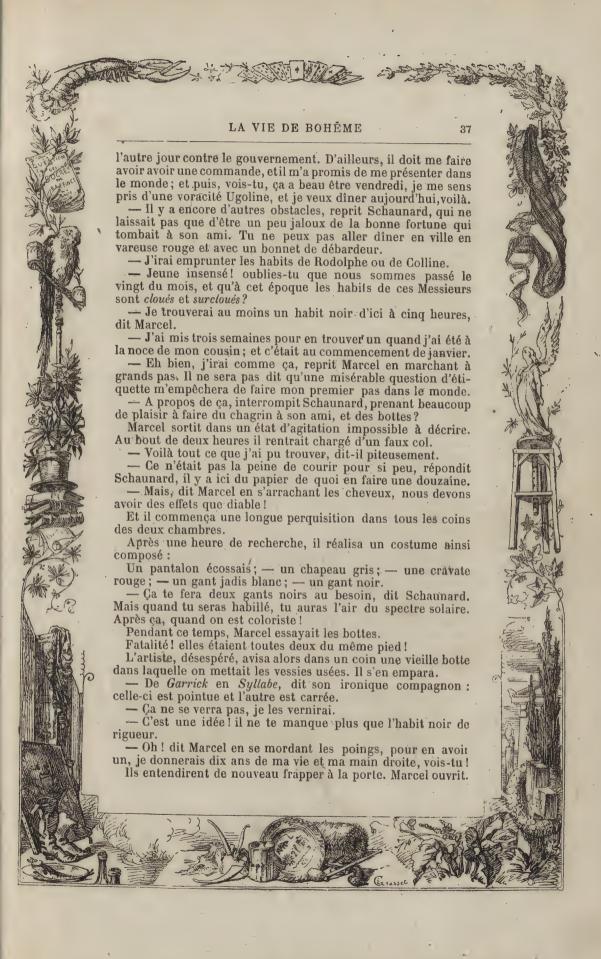


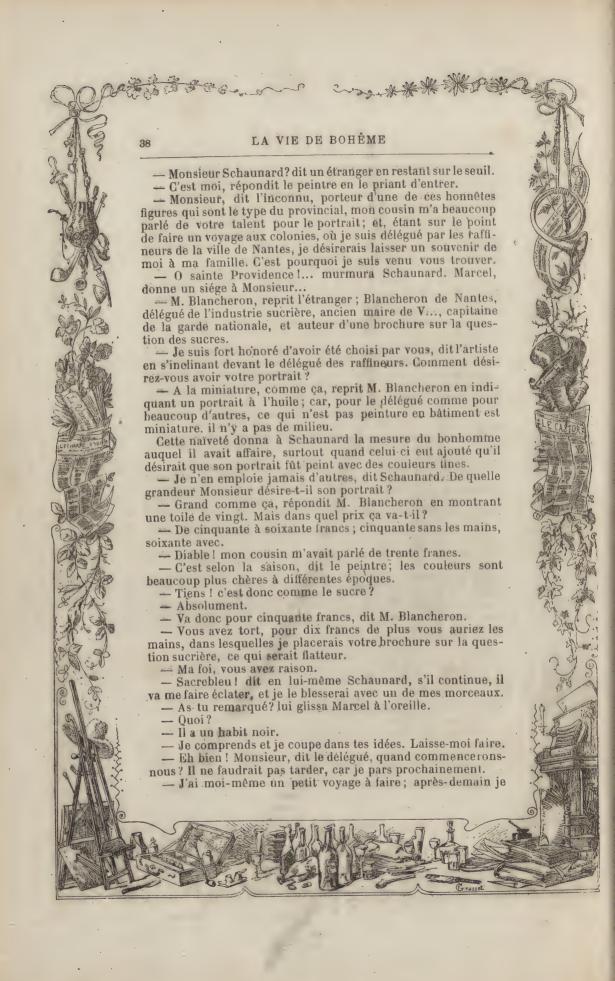
A minuit Marcel les trouve, dans les bras l'un de l'autre.

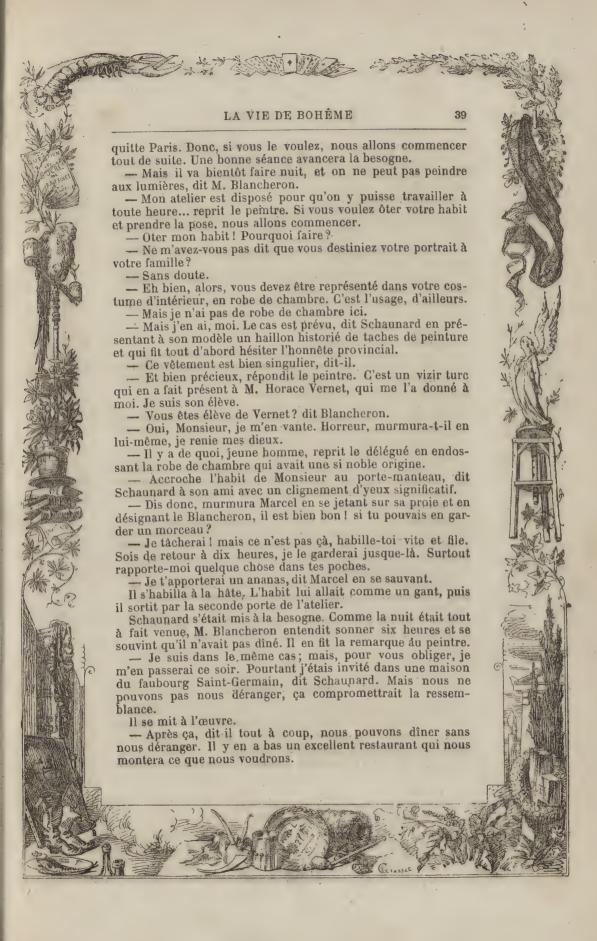


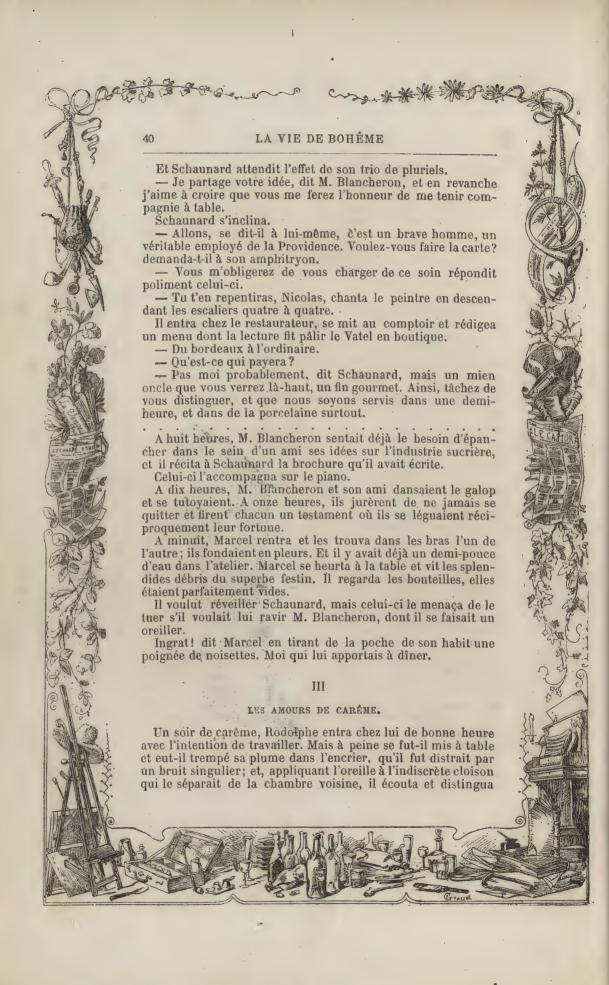




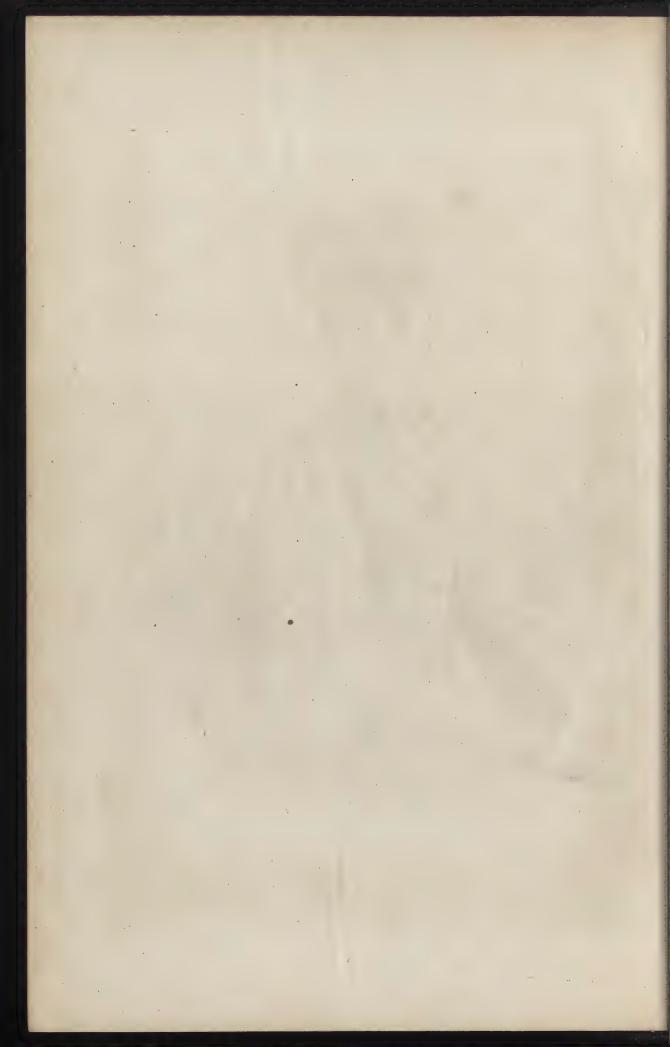


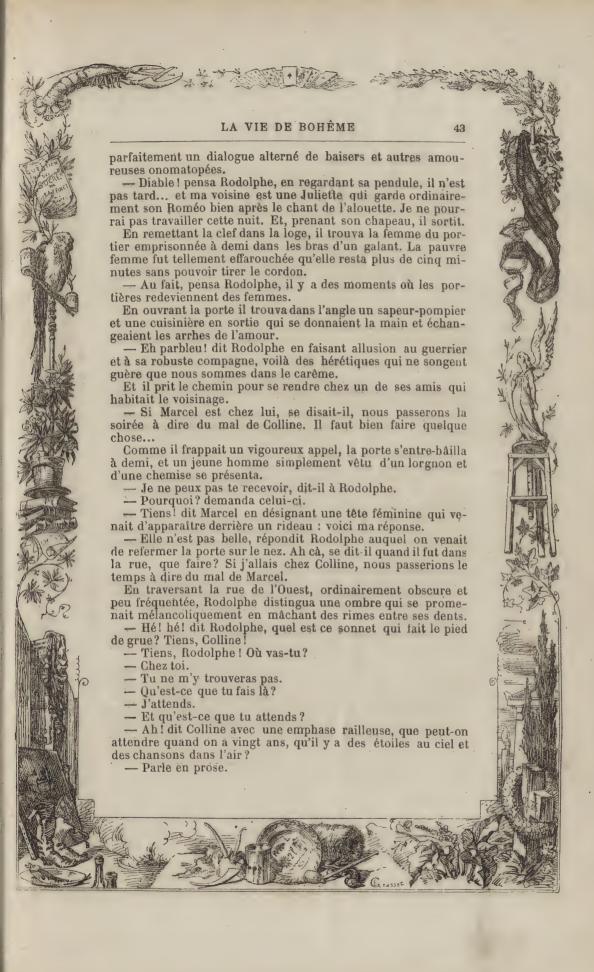


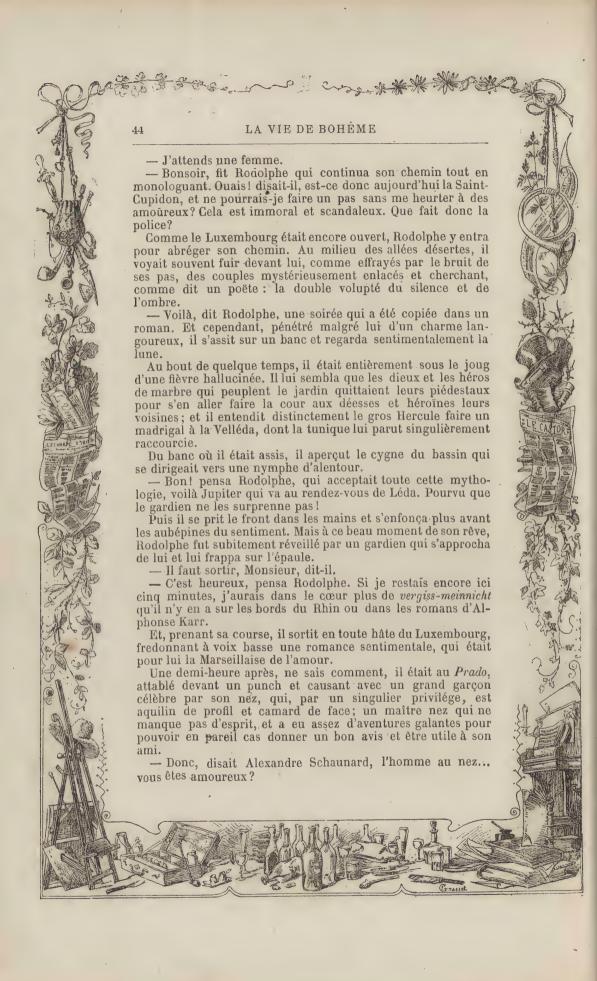


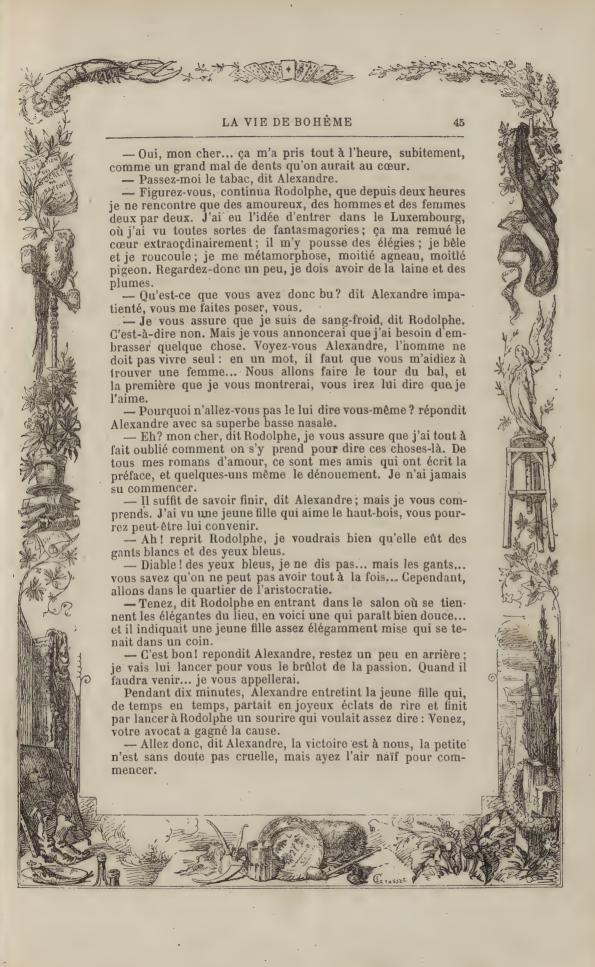


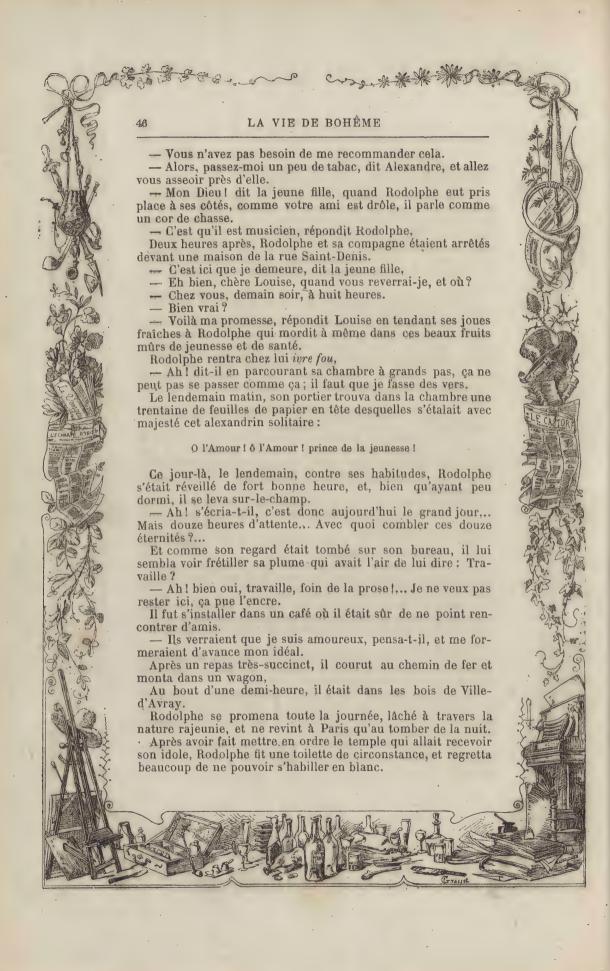


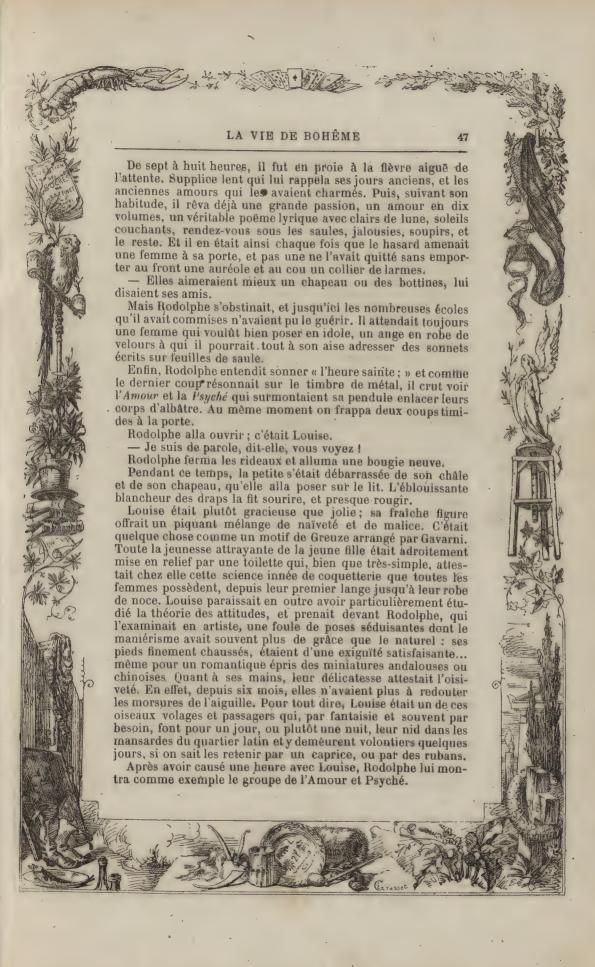


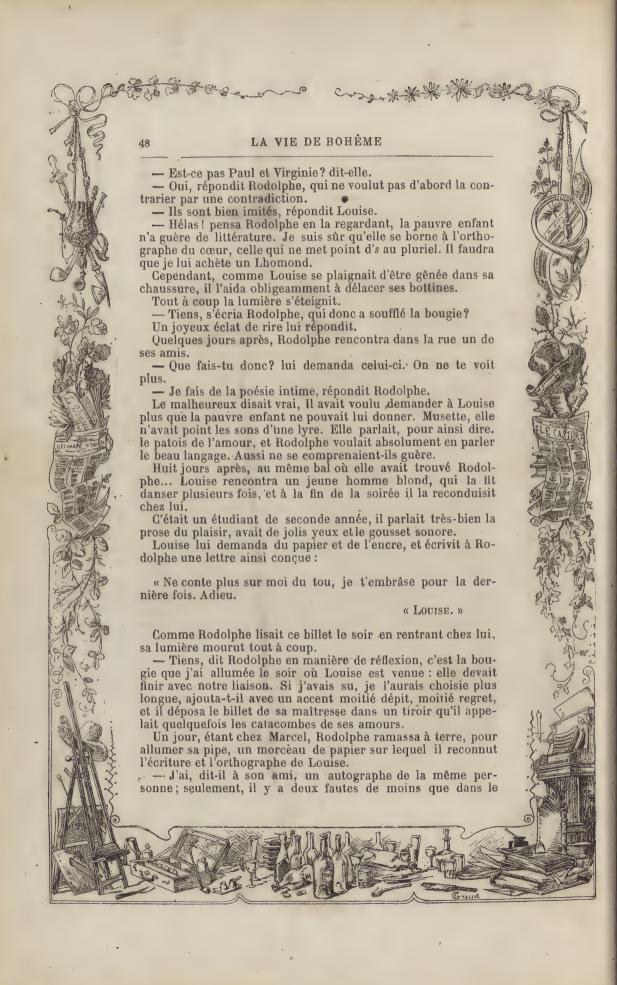










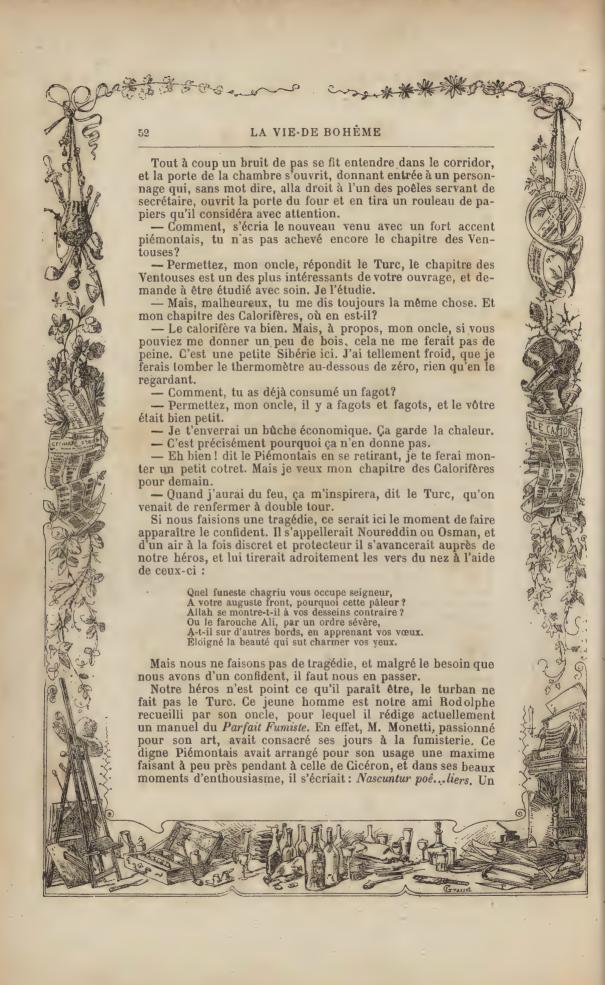


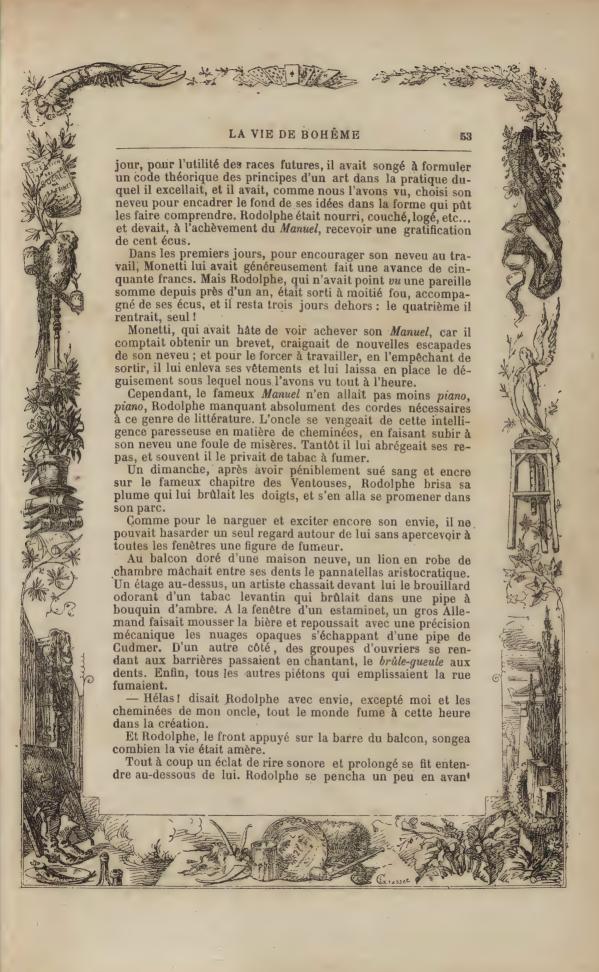


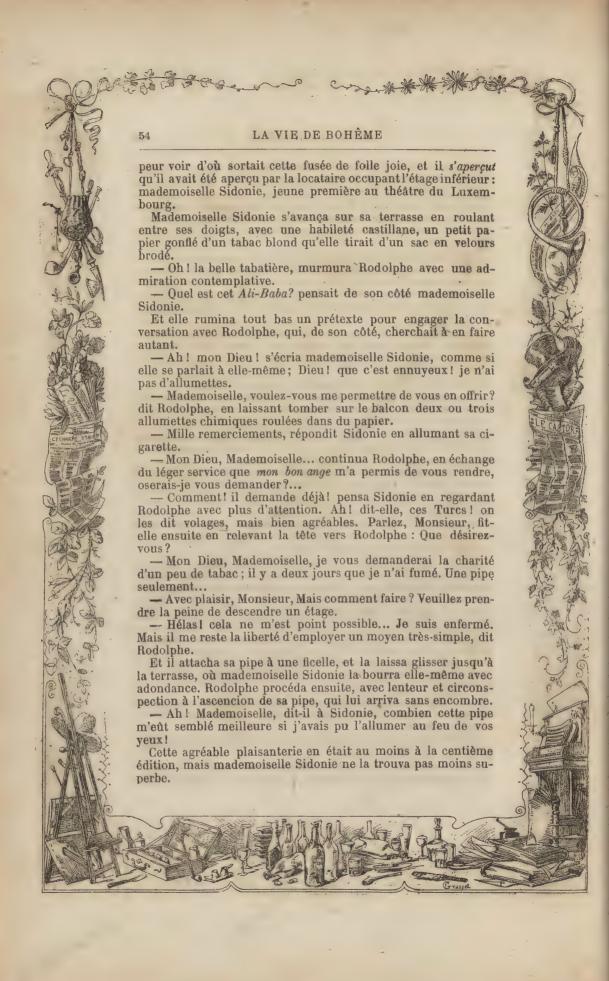
Il attacha sa pipe à une ficelle, et la laissa glisser.

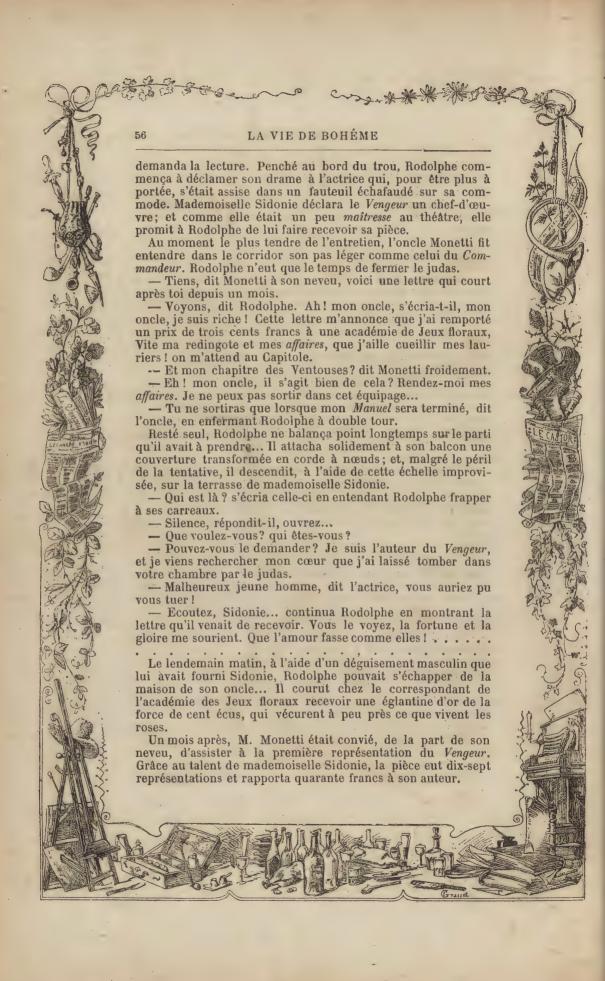


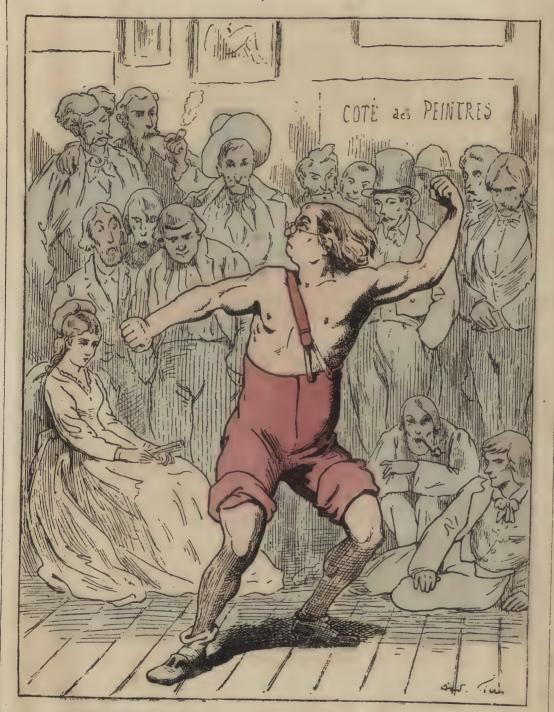




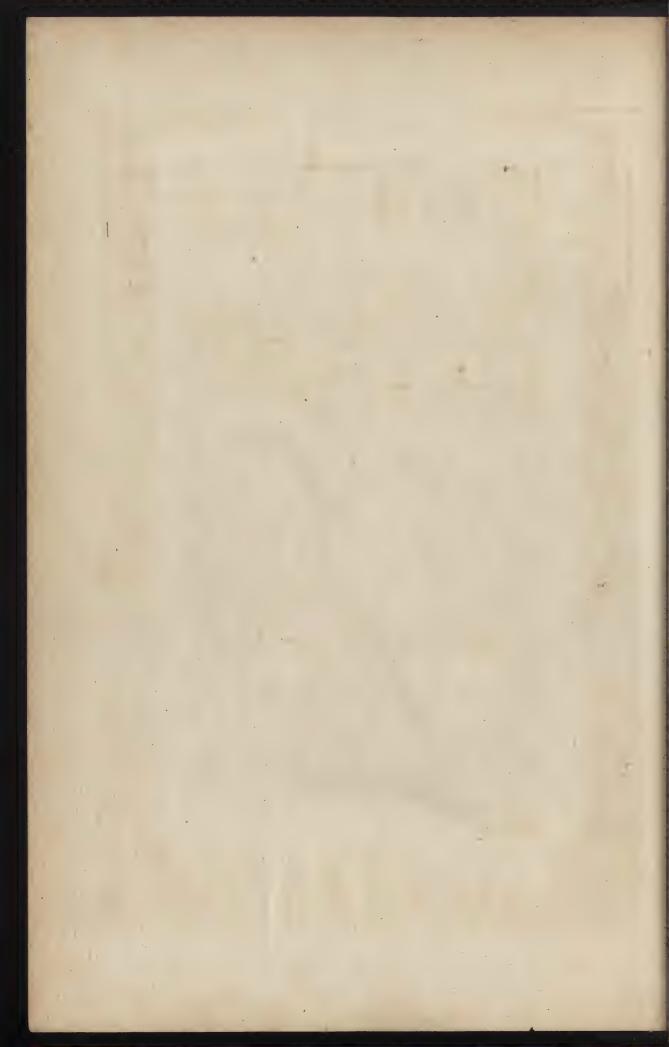


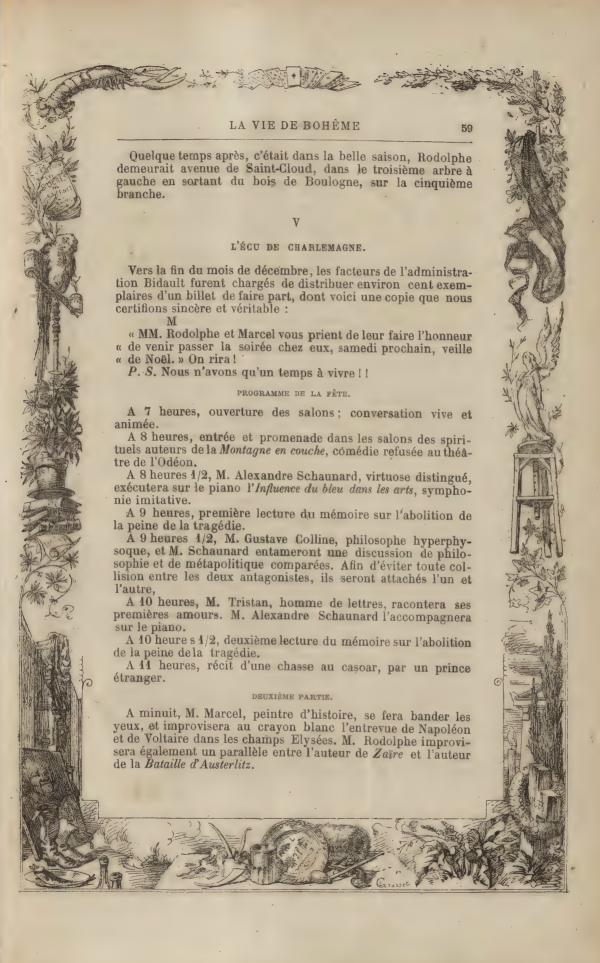


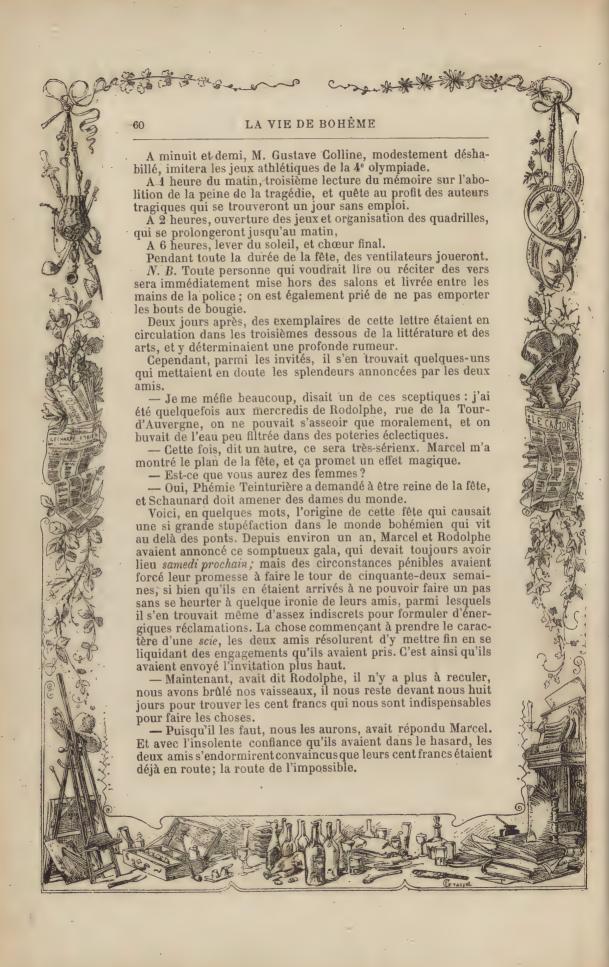


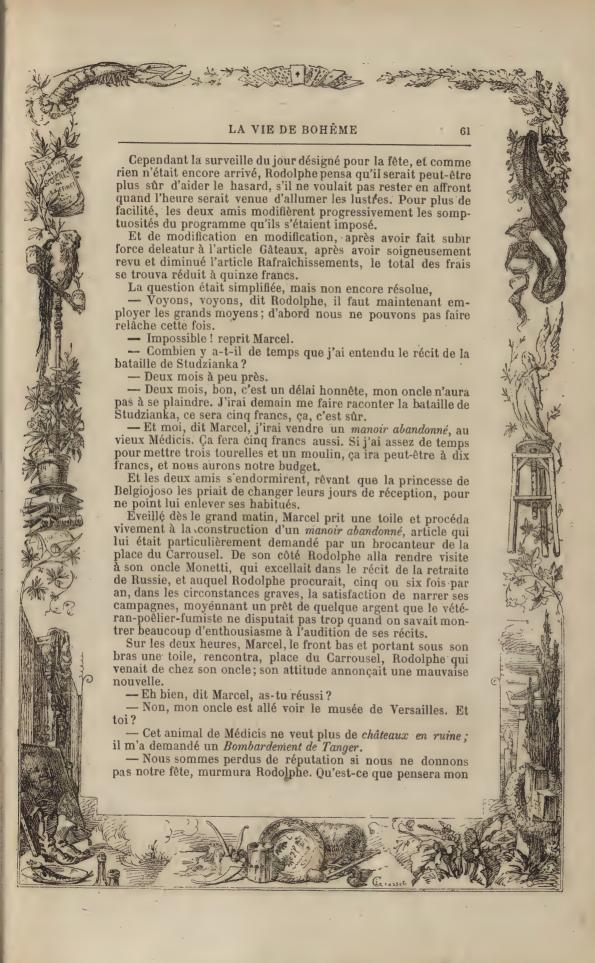


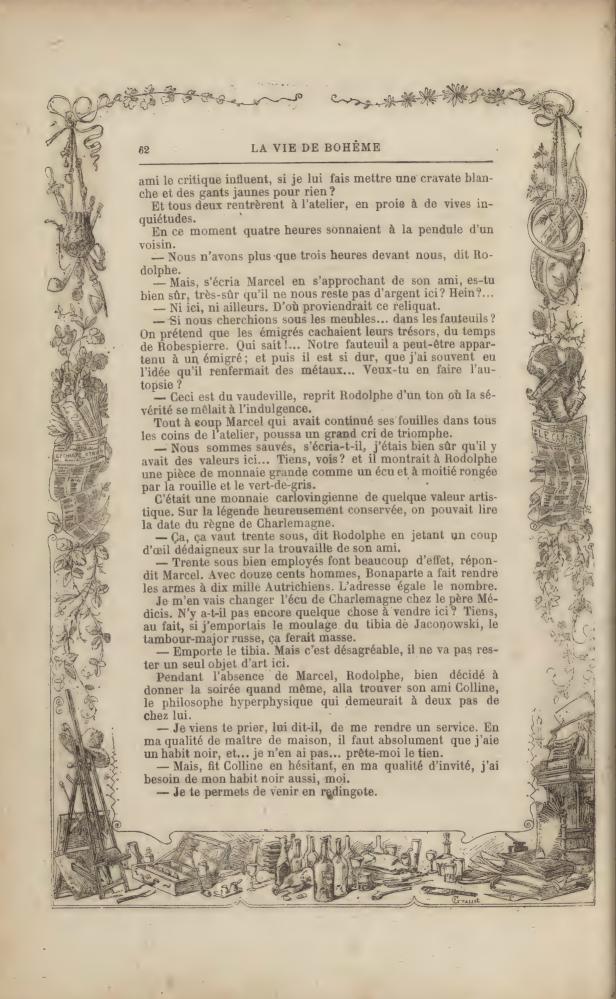
M. Gustave Coline, modestement déshabillé, imitera les jeux athlétiques de la 4º Olympi ade.

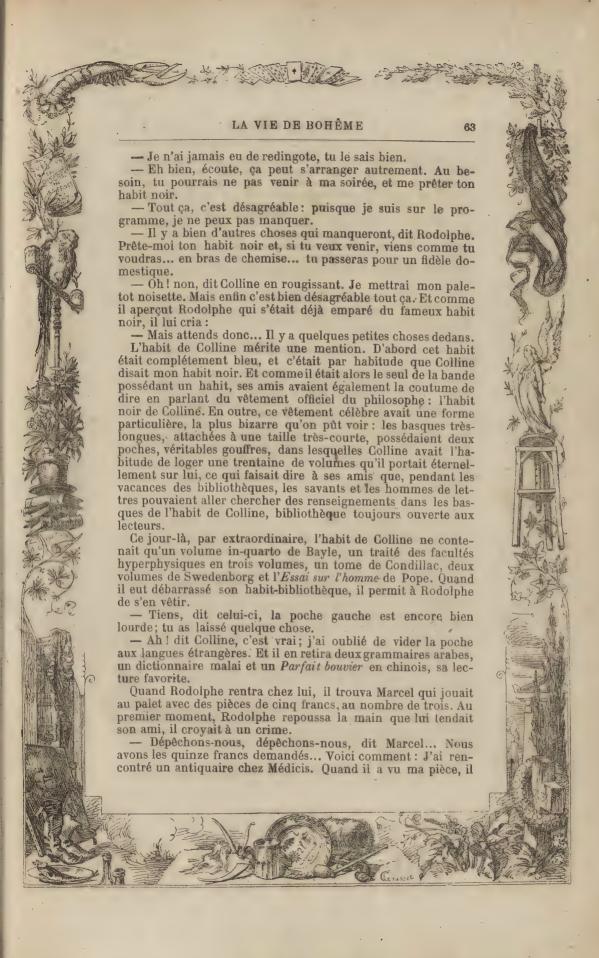


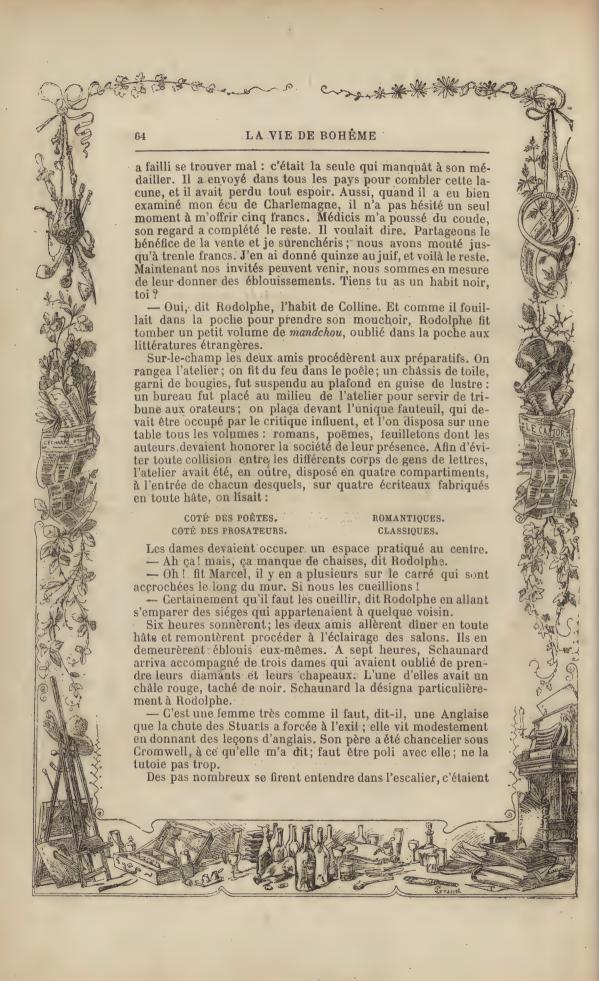






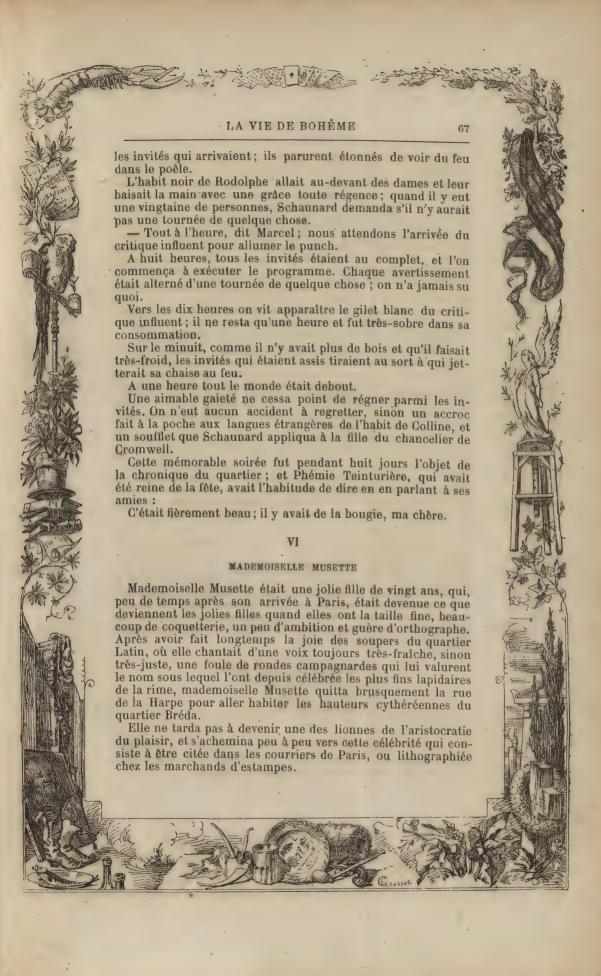


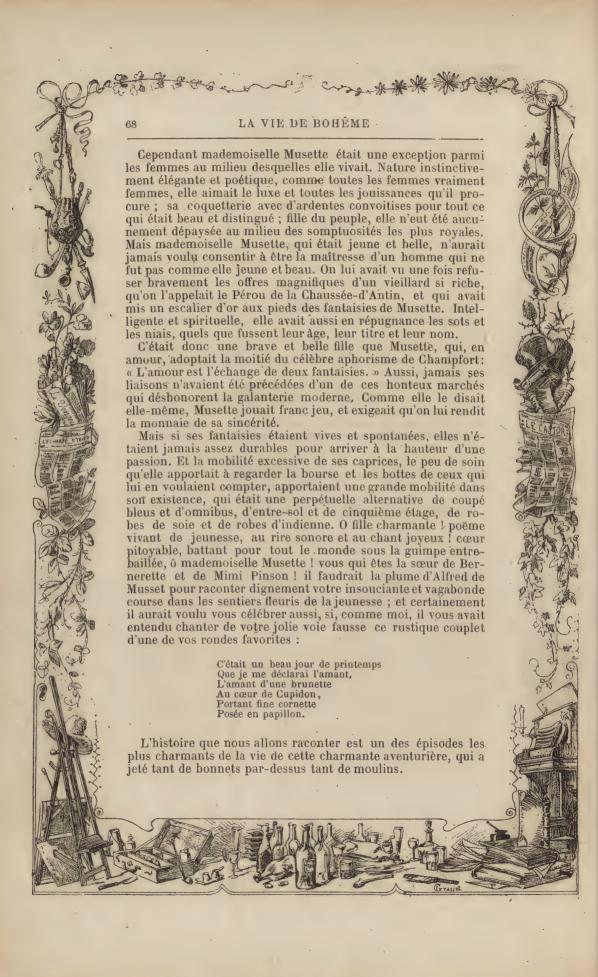


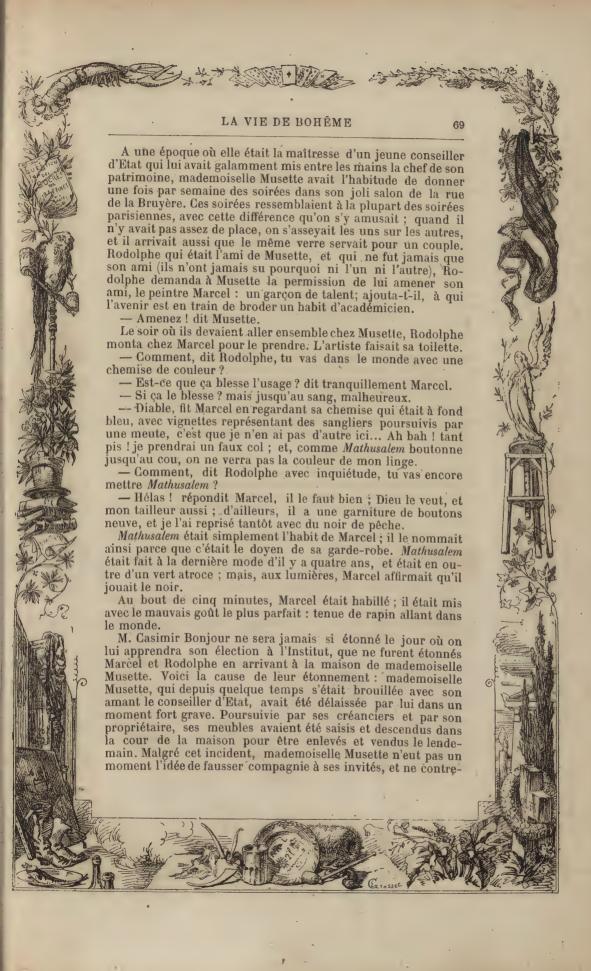


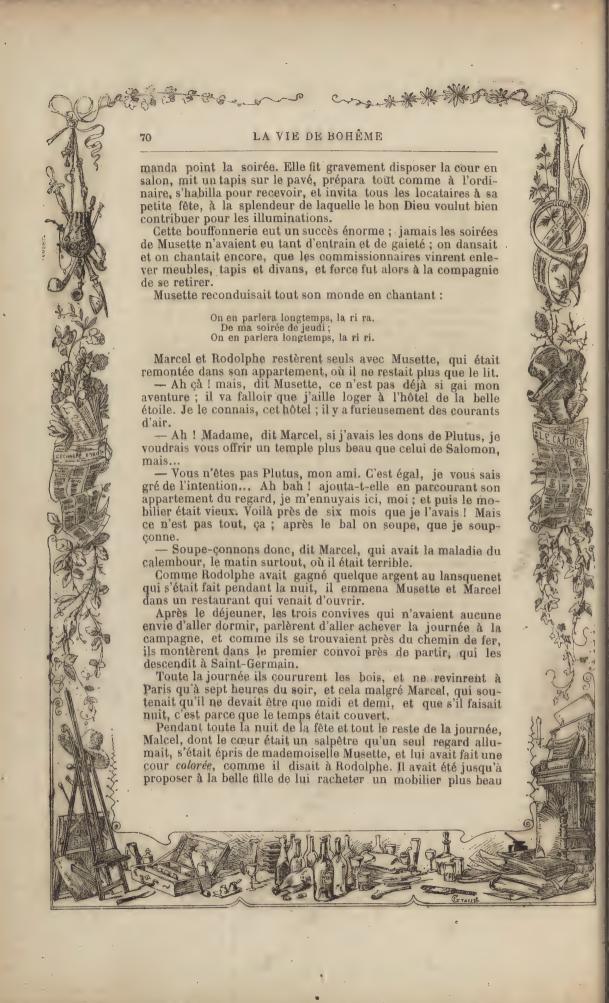


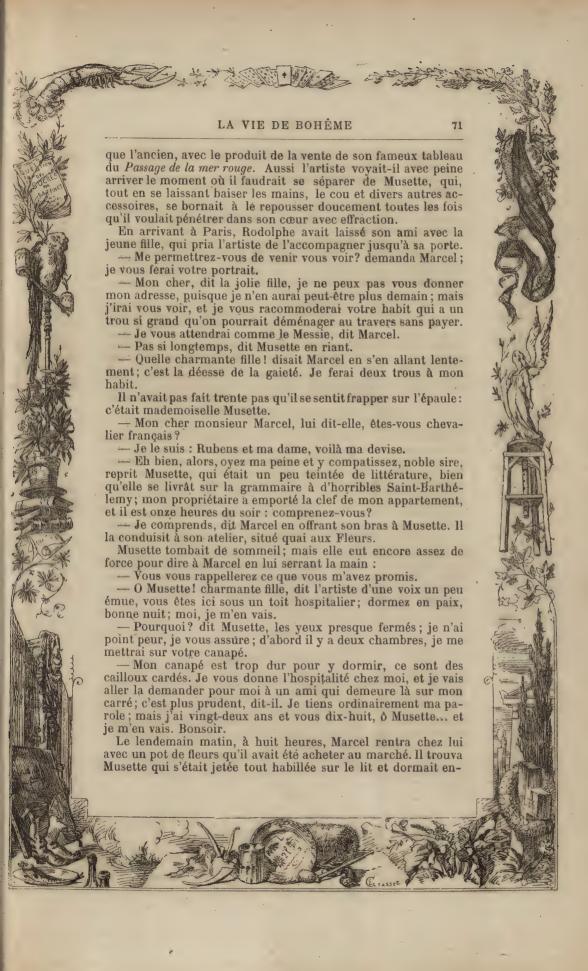


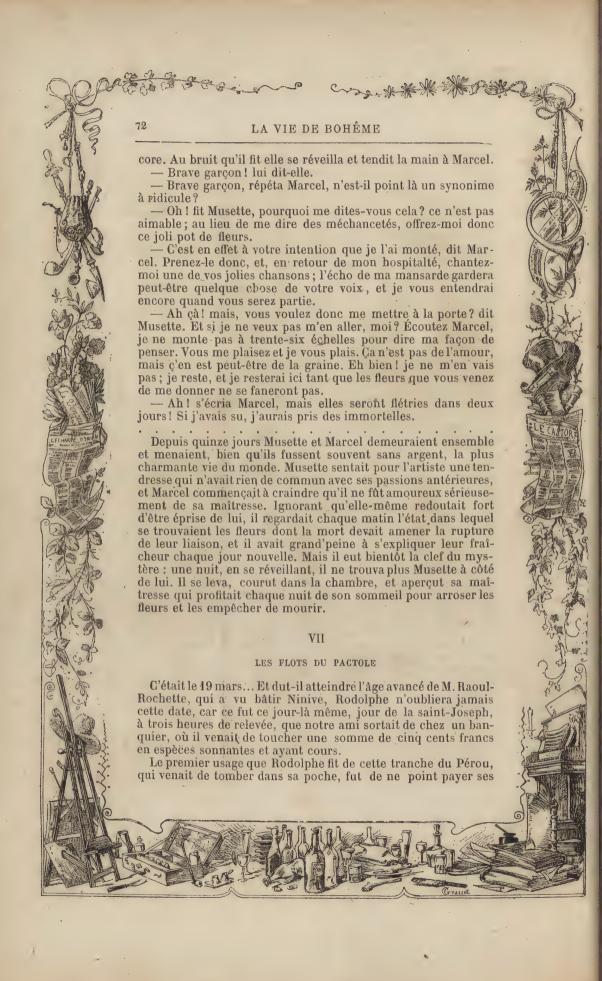






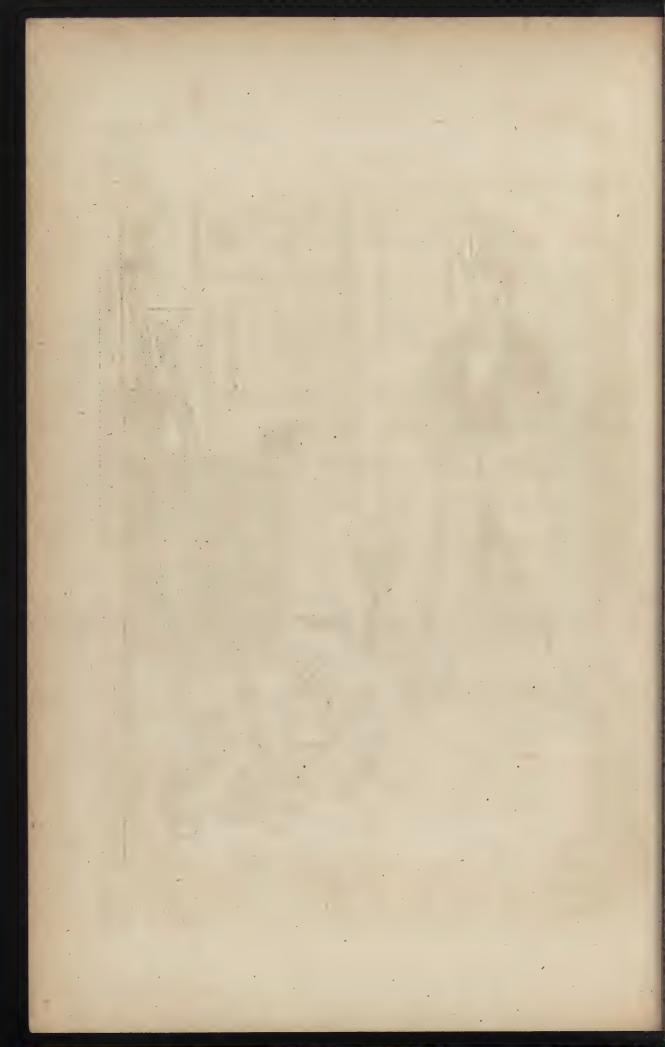


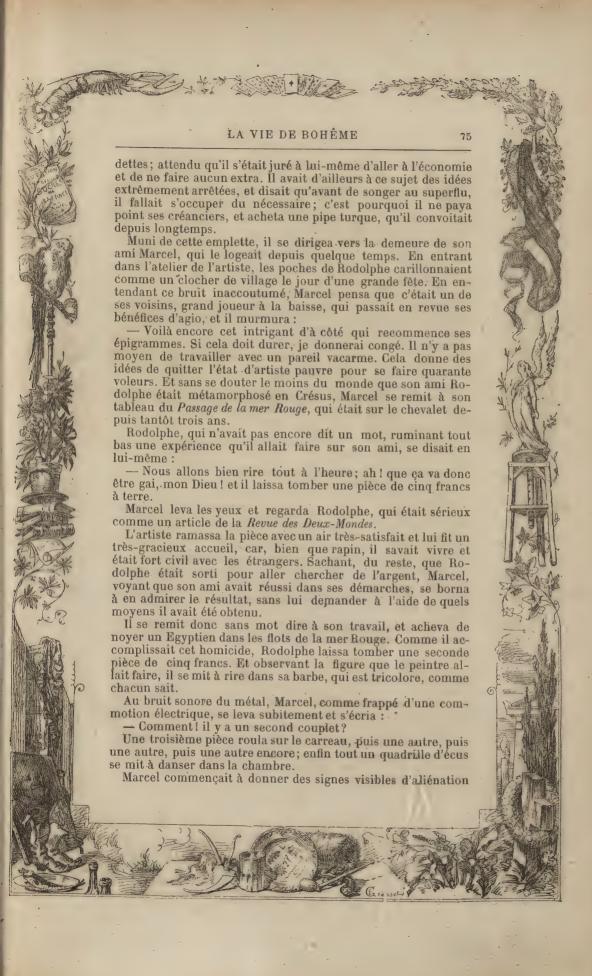


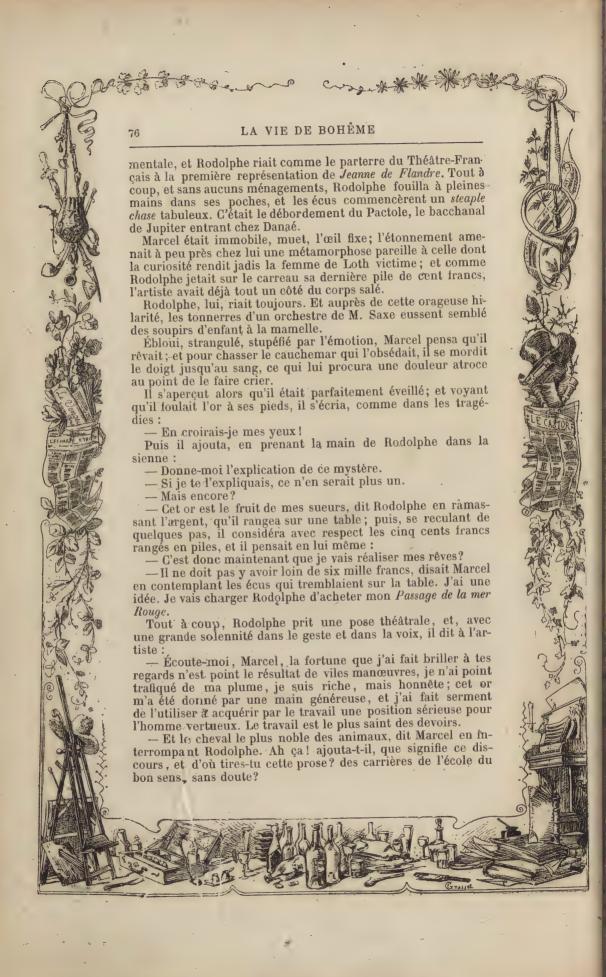


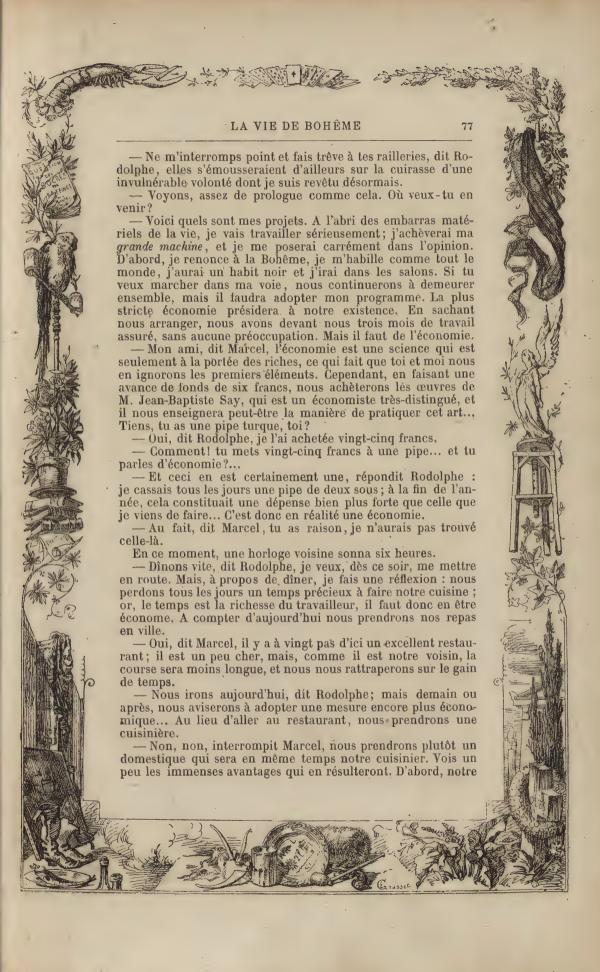


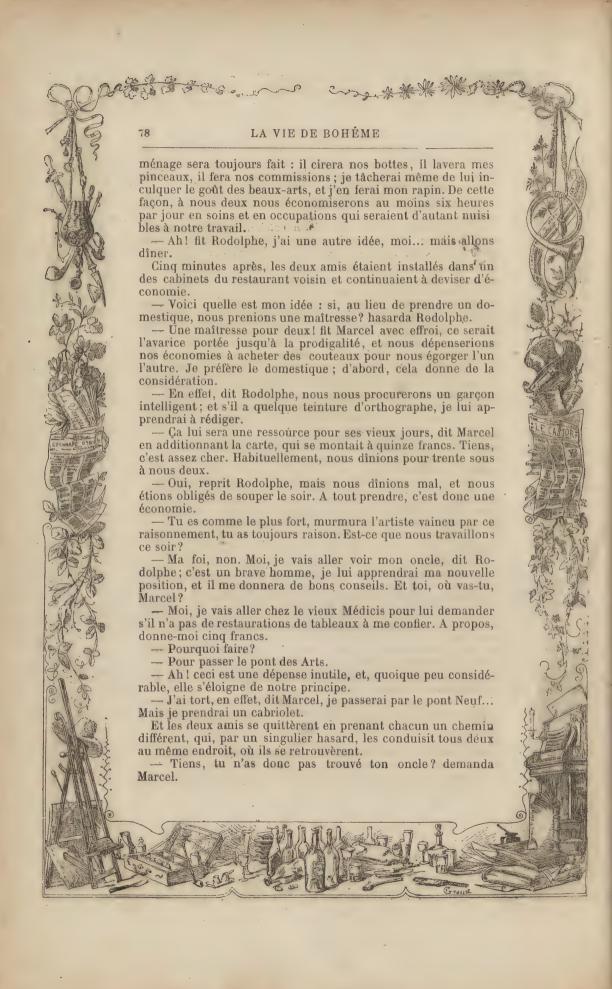
Au bruit sonore du métal...

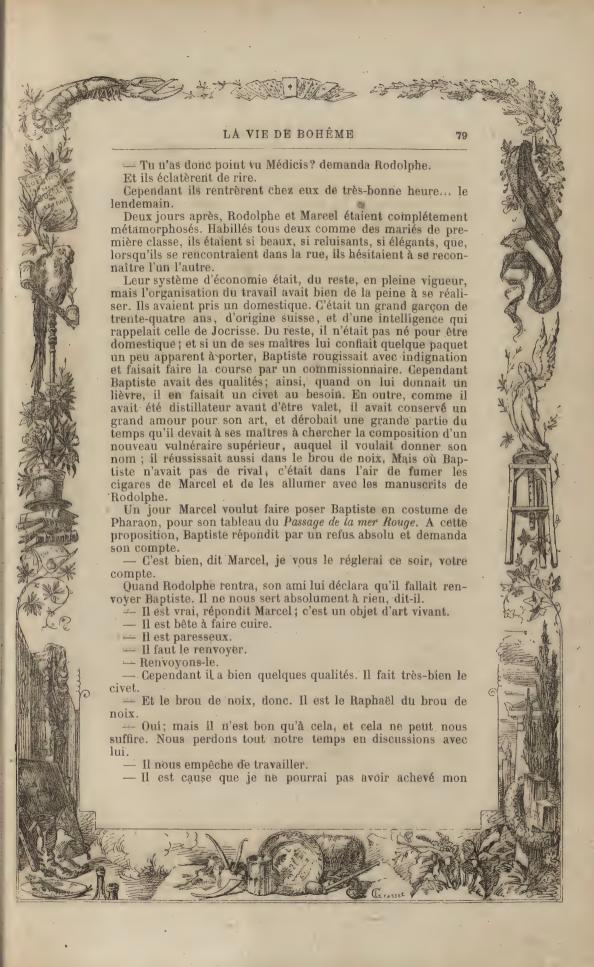


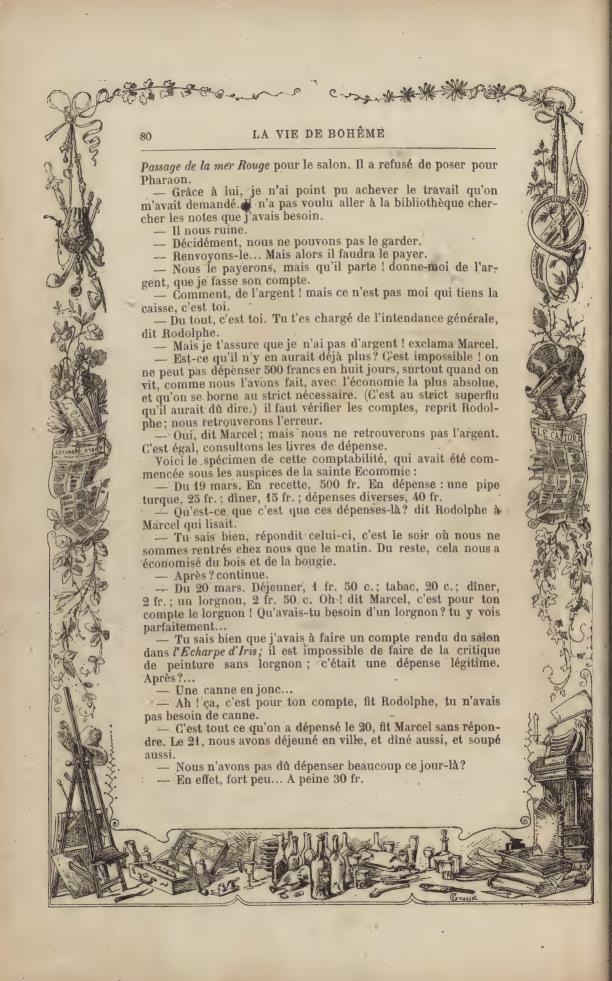






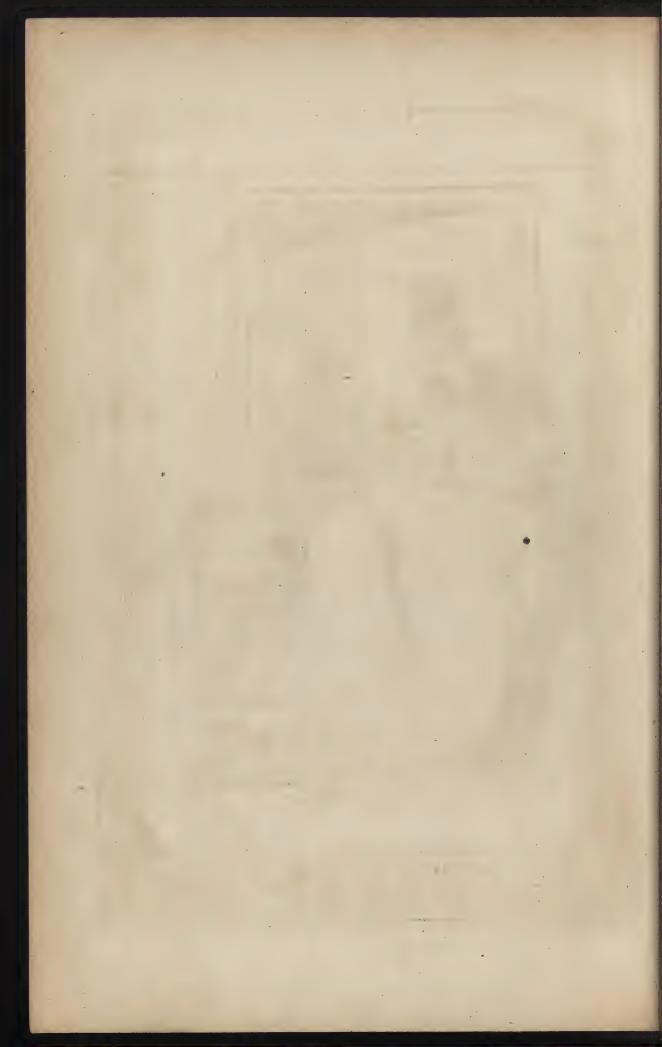


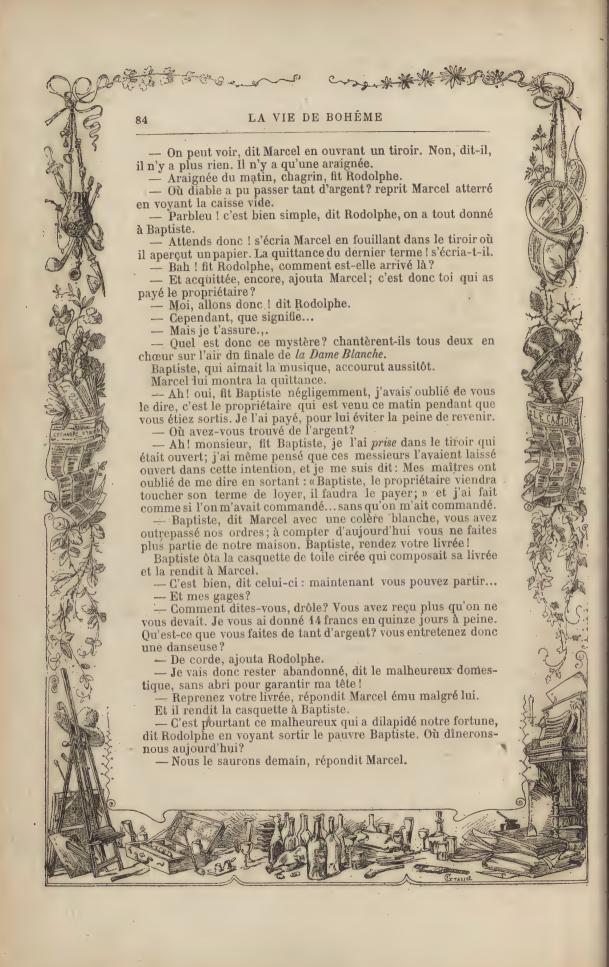


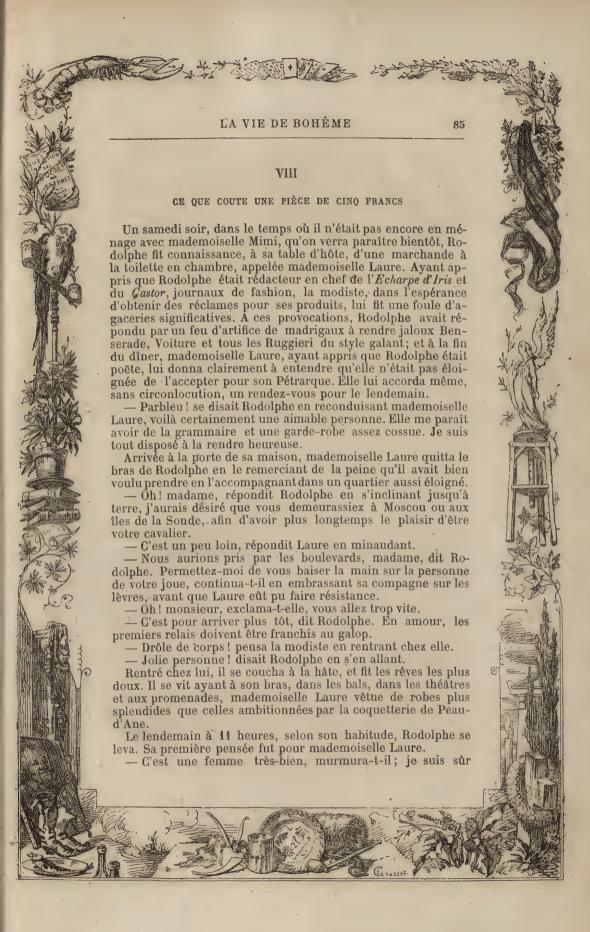


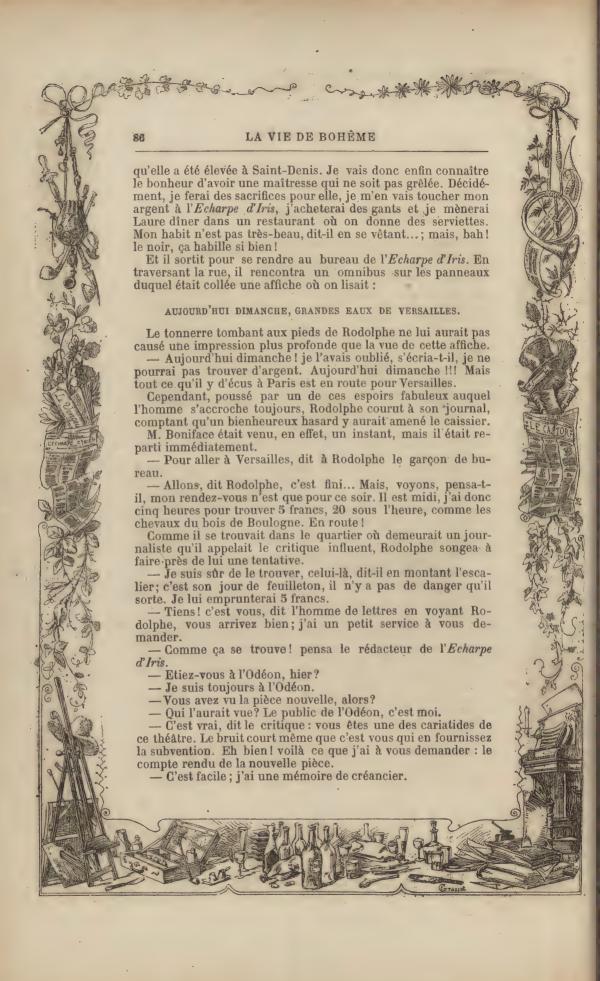


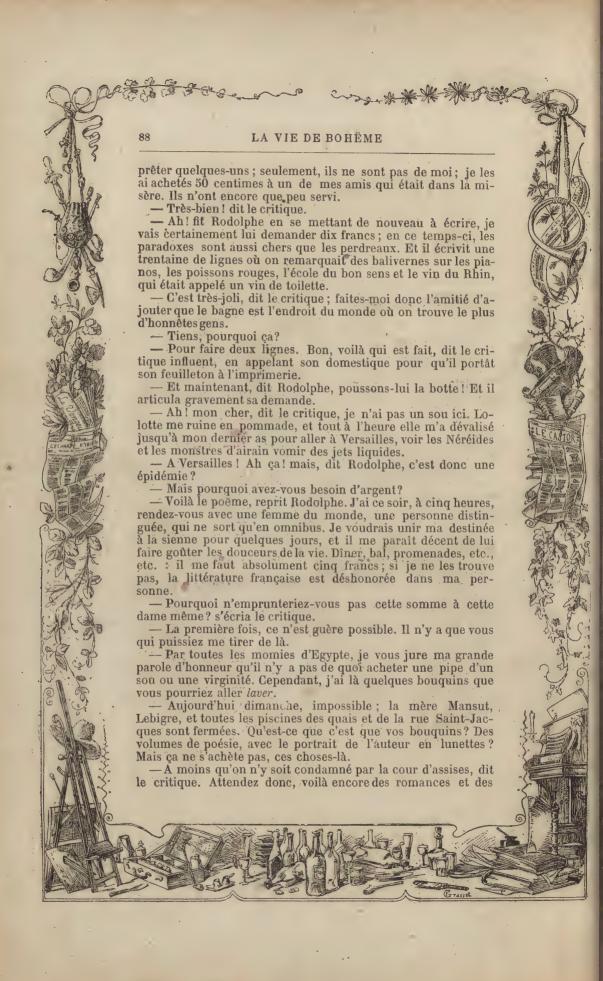
Madame, dit Rodolphe, je suis connu pour ma constance,

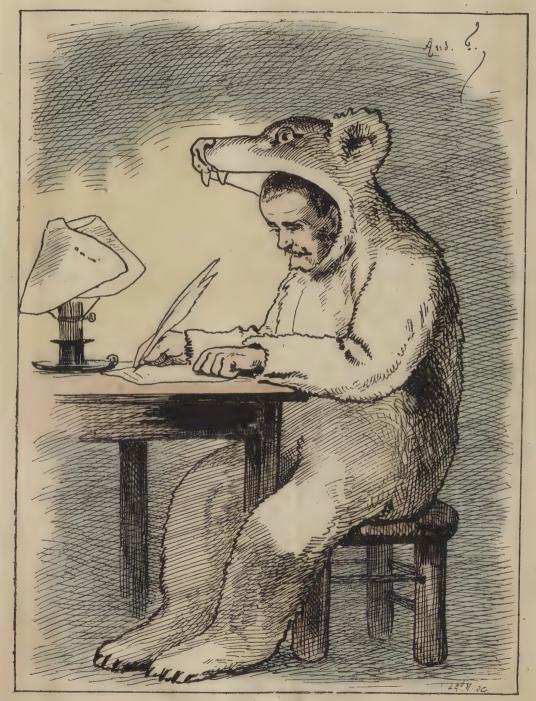




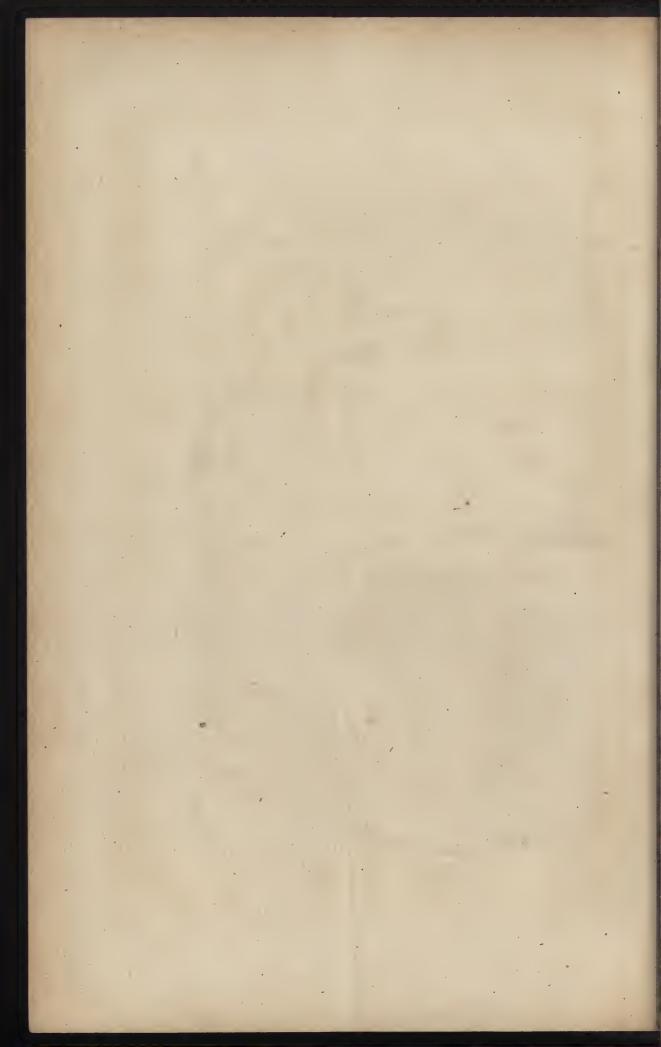


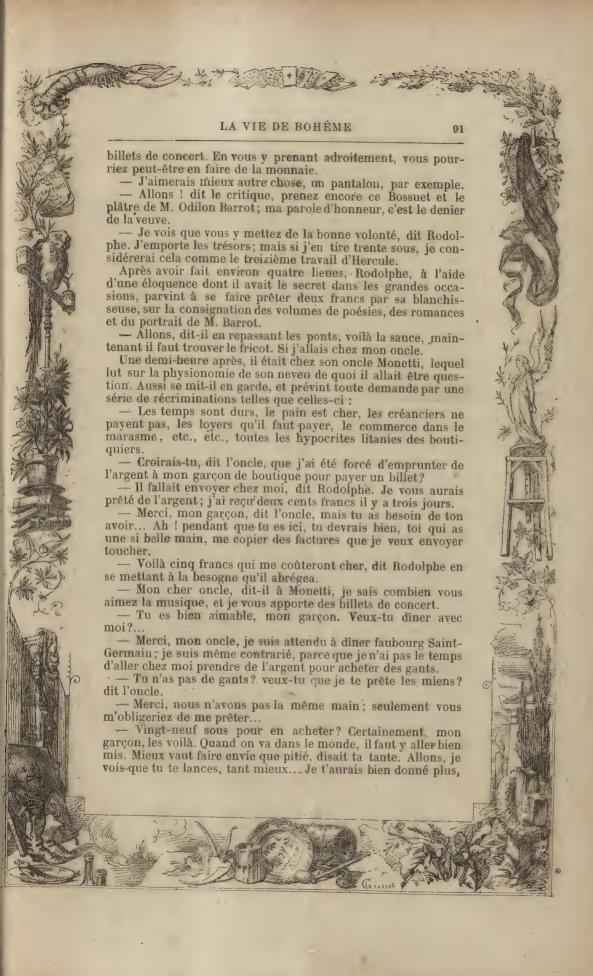


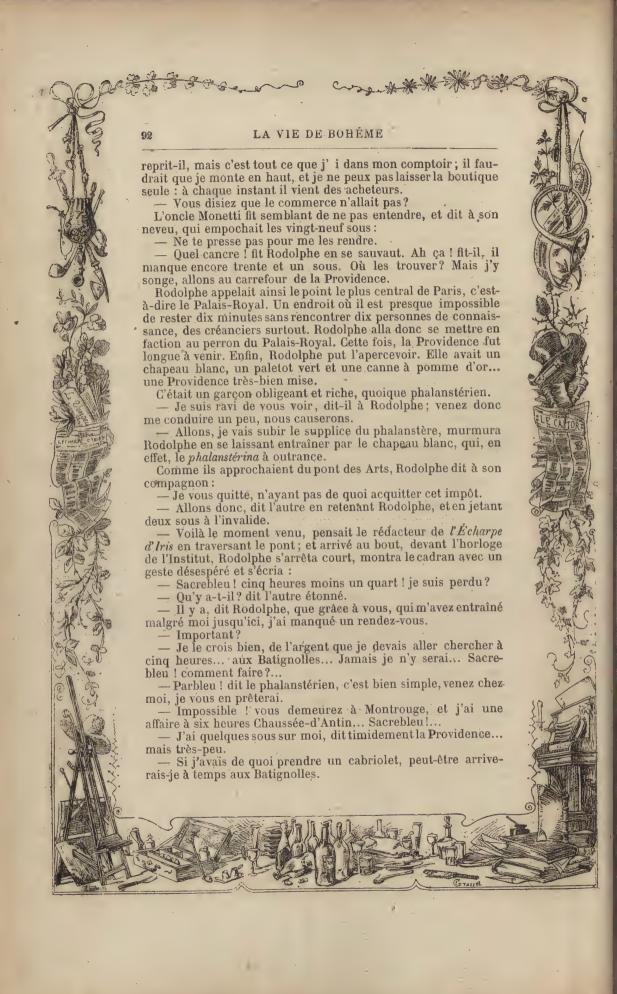


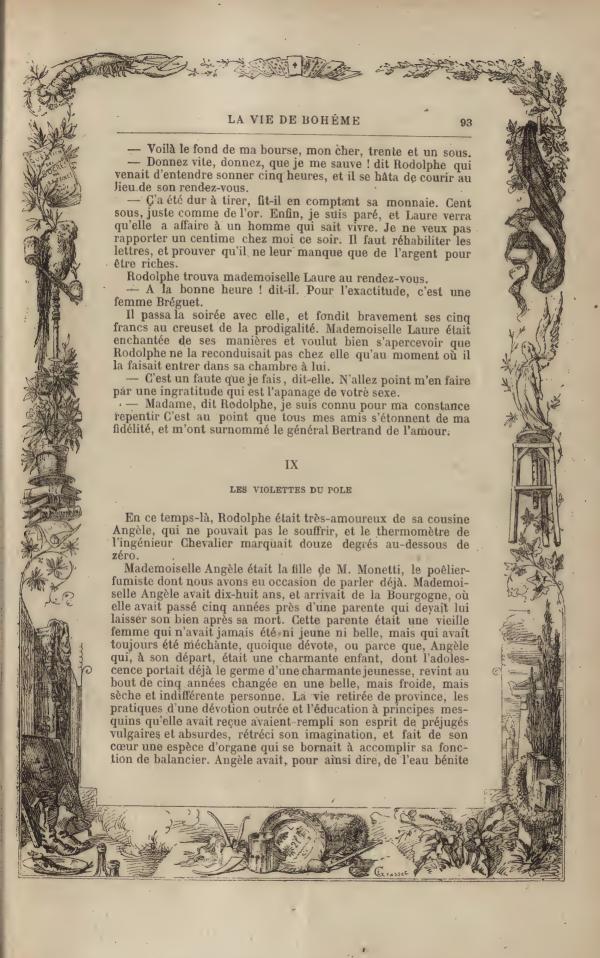


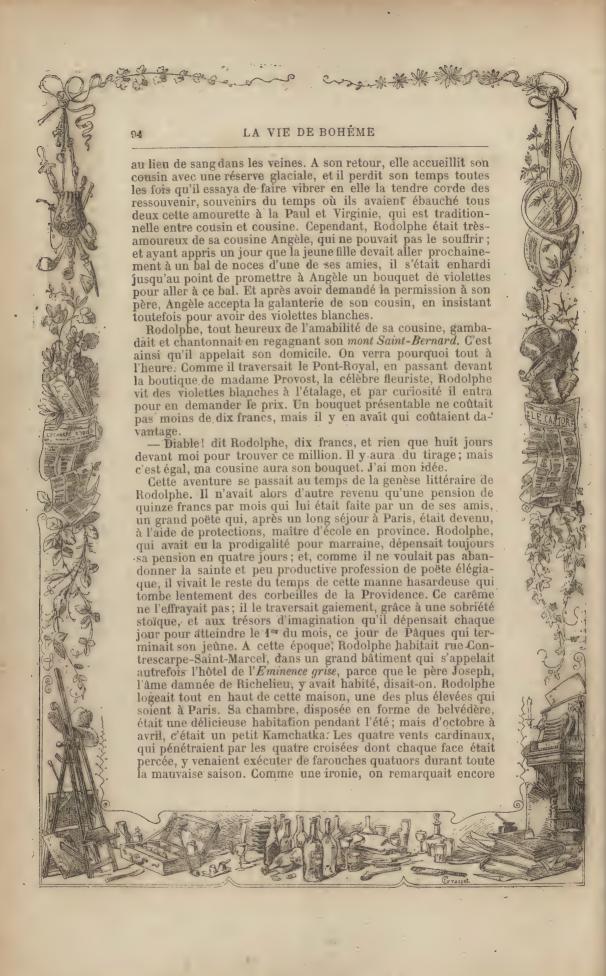
...et sur le champ il se mit à la besogne.

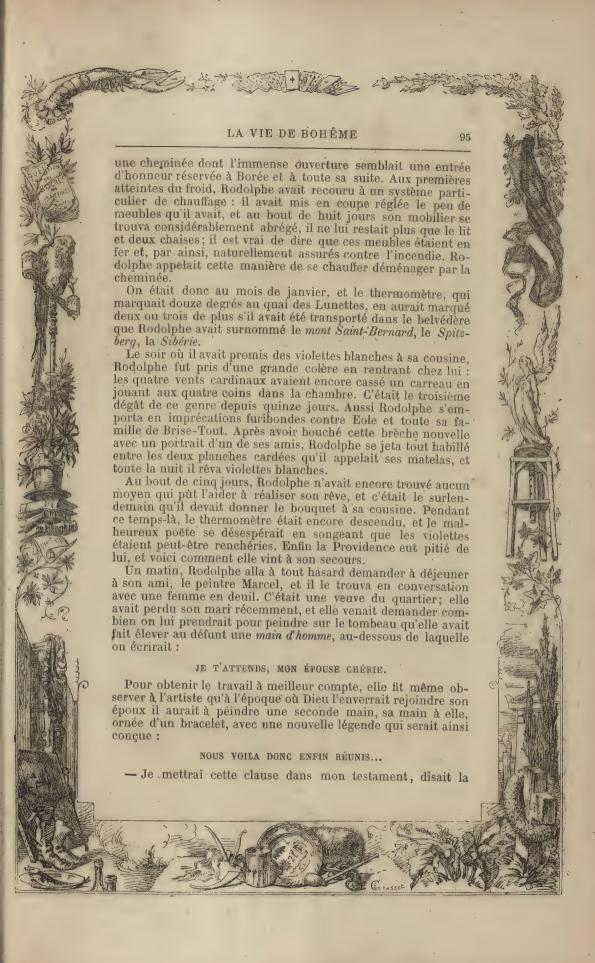


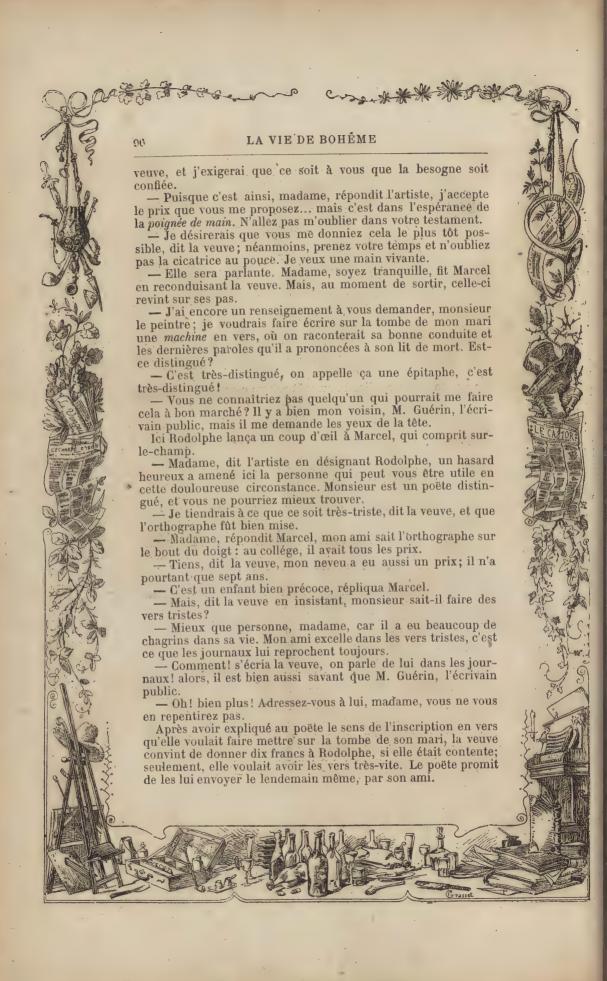








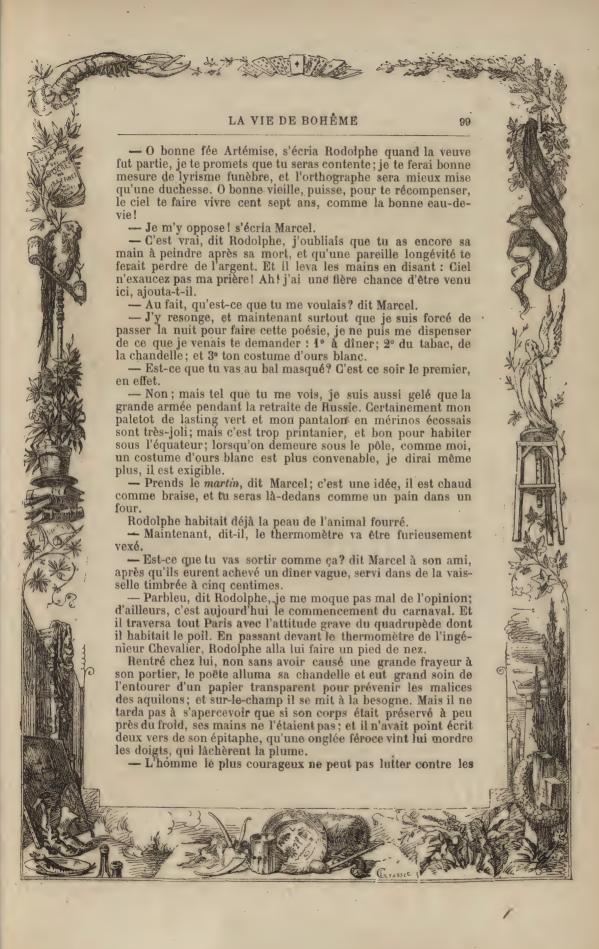


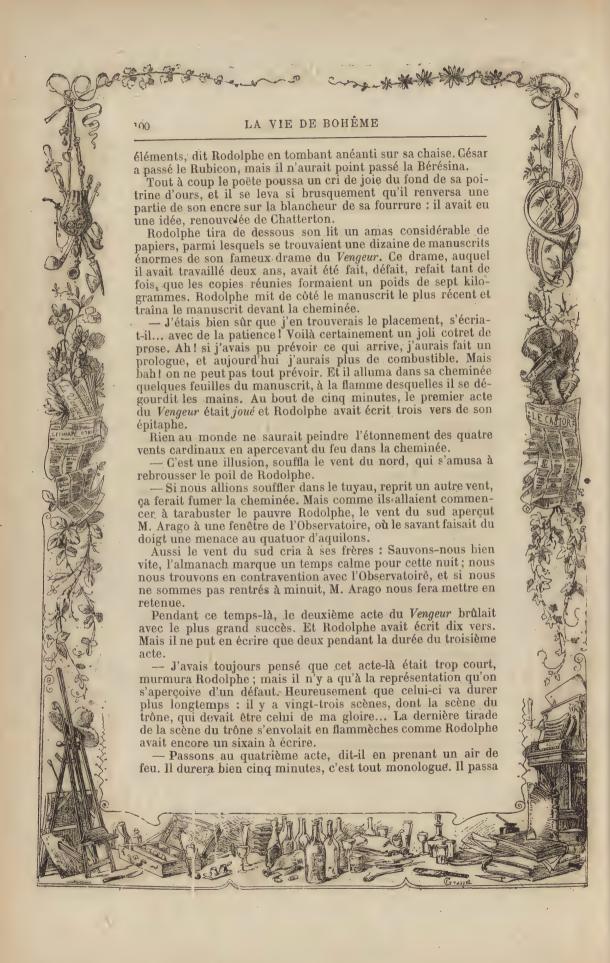


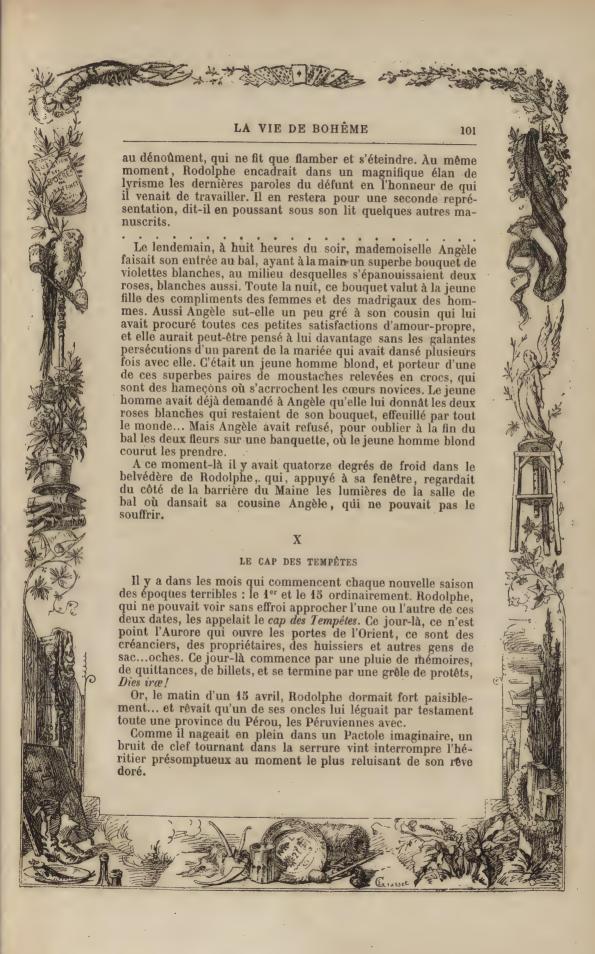


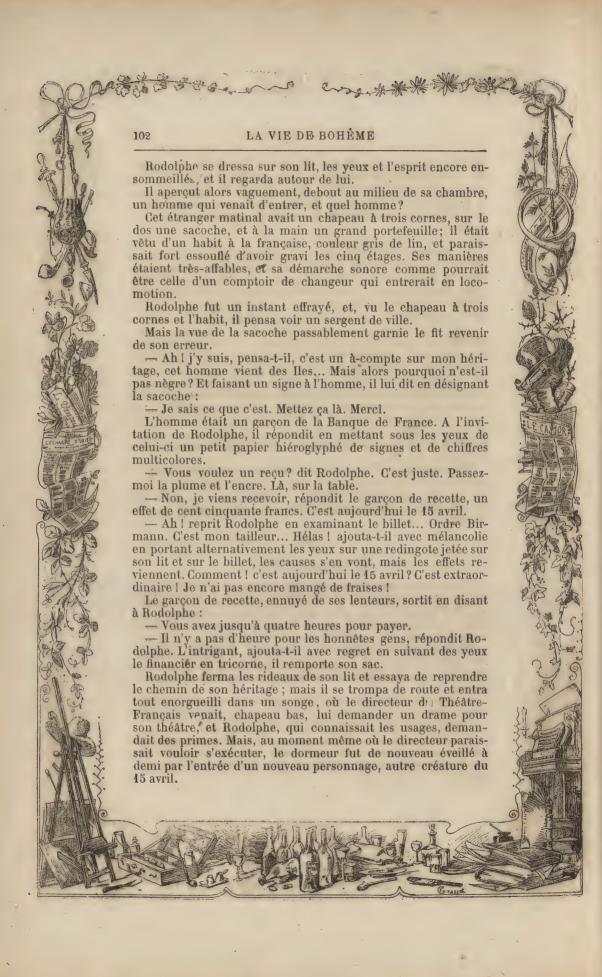
- Messieurs, dit-il, je n'aime pas qu'on se moque de moi.

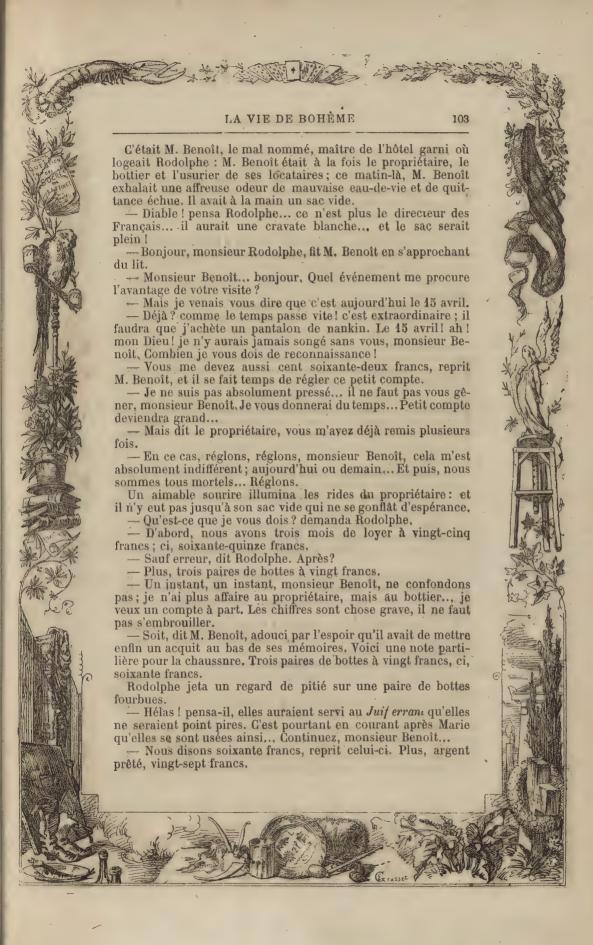


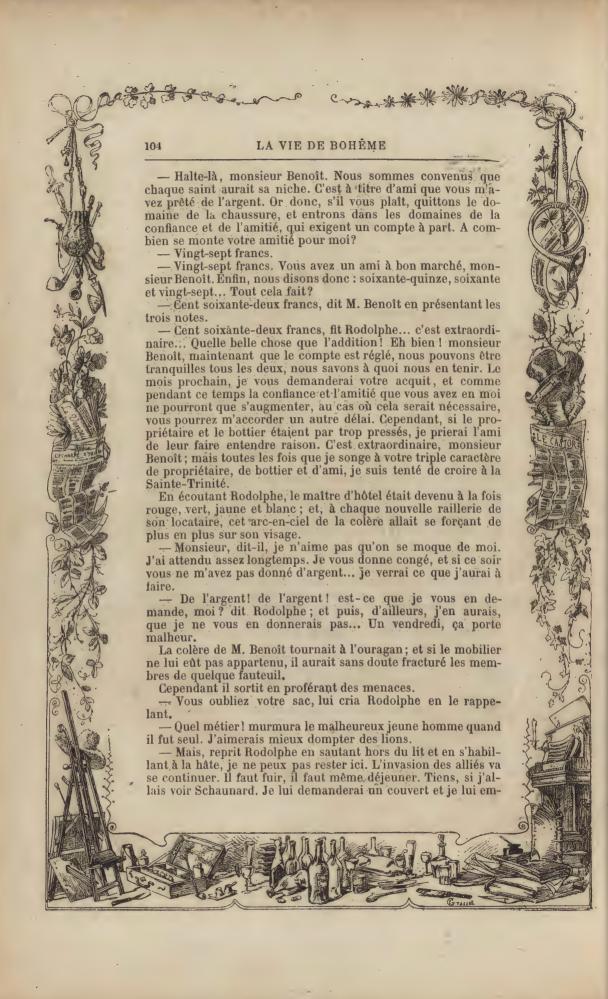






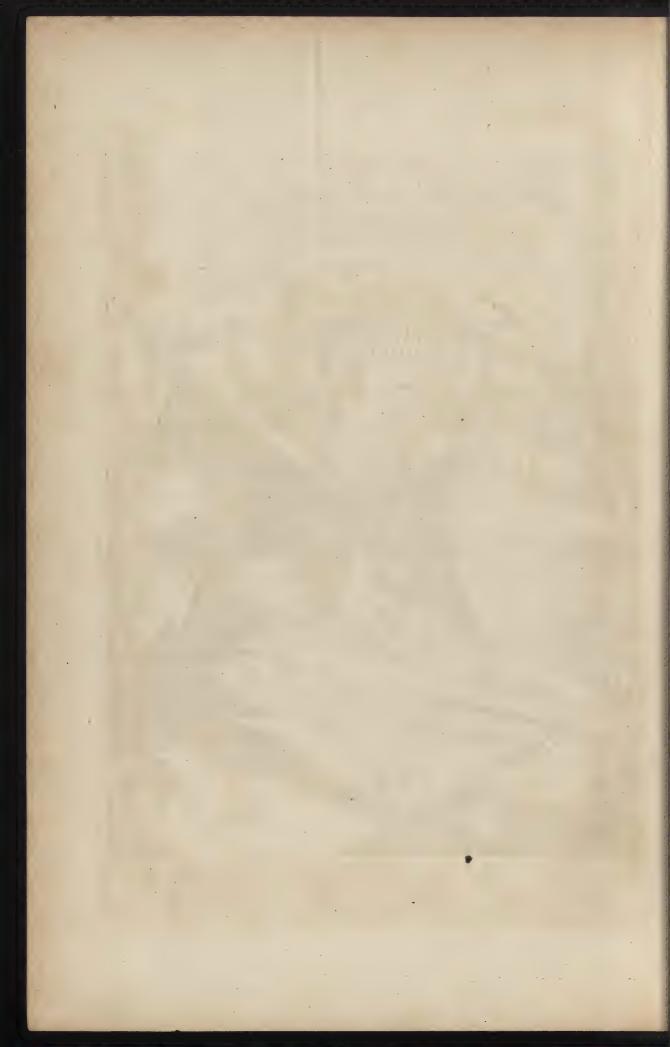


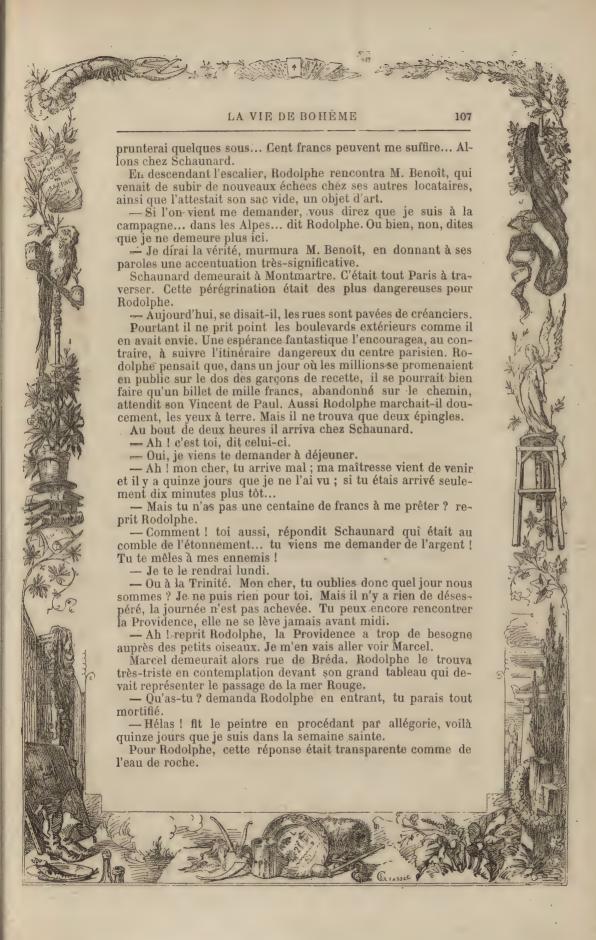


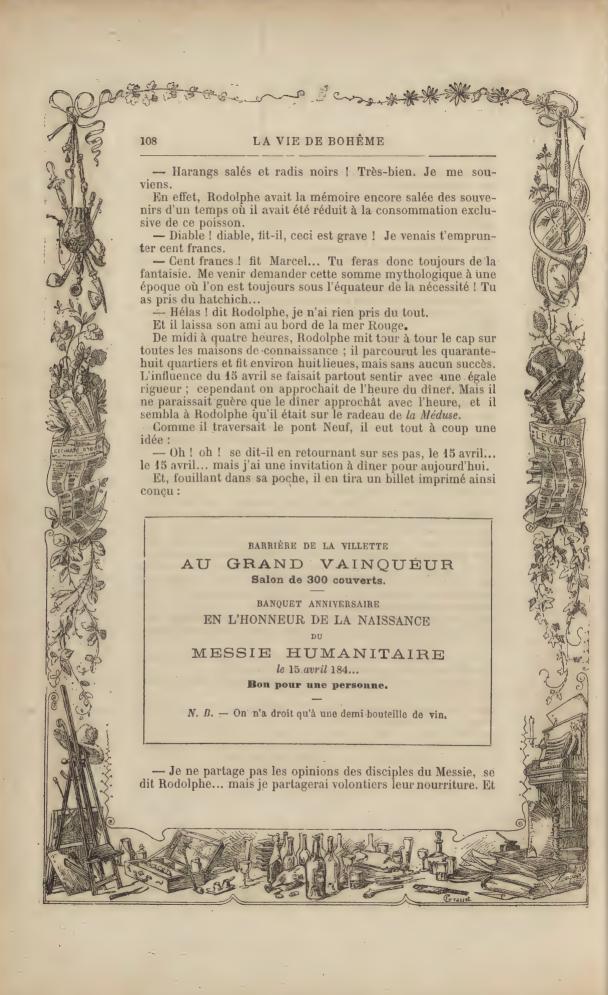


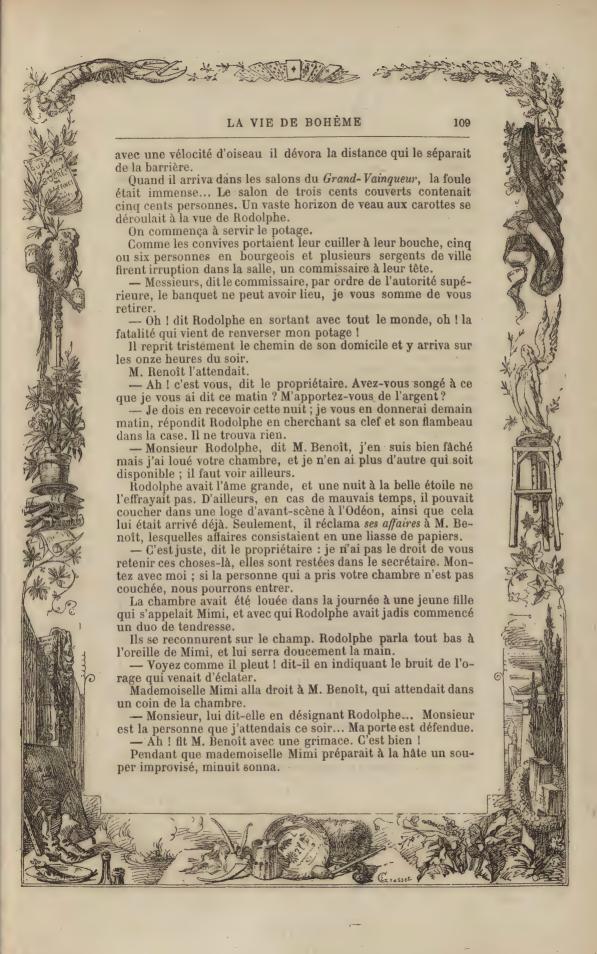


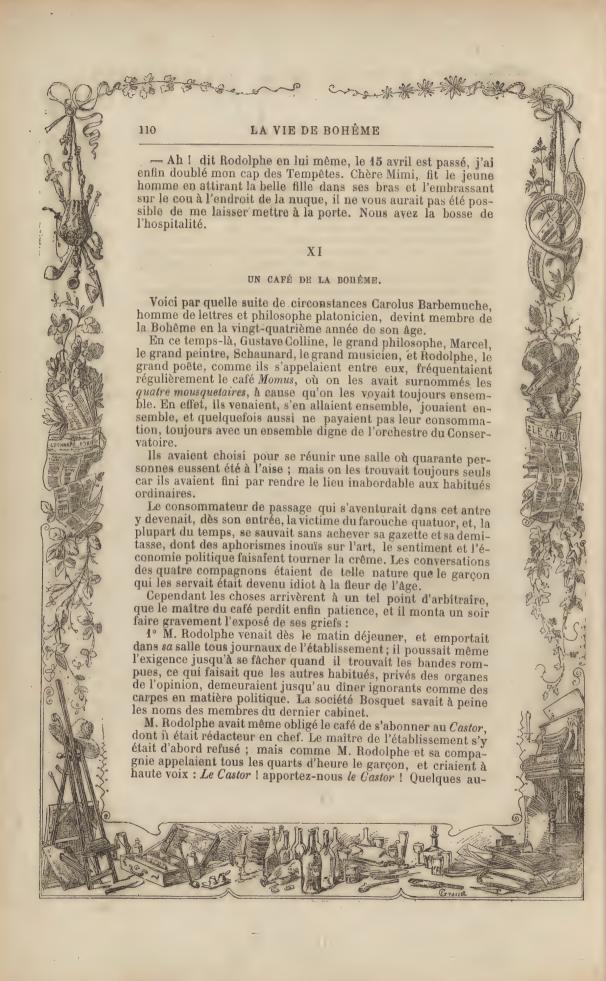
- D'ailleurs, ajouta-t-il, la vertu de Madame était une sure barrière qui...

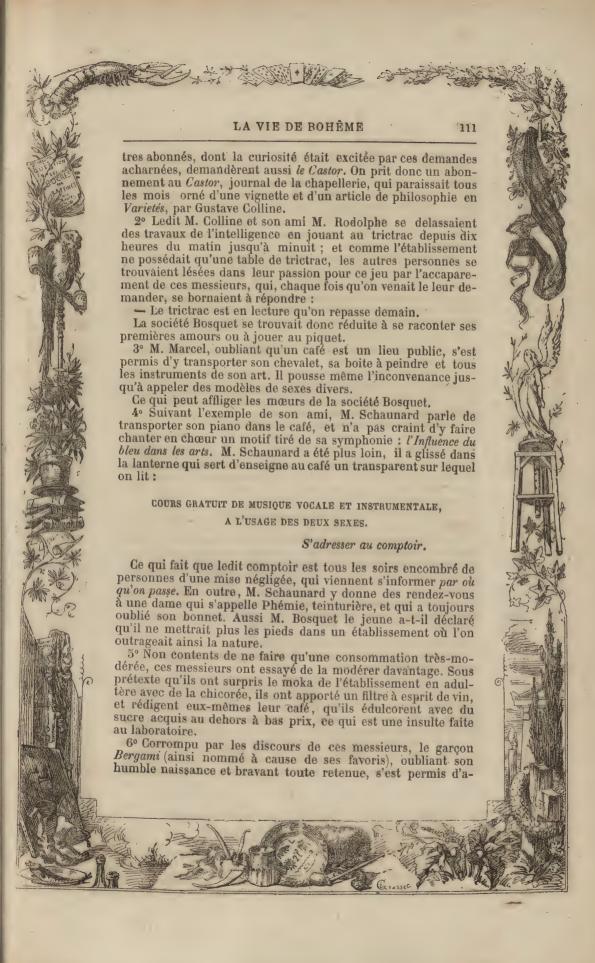


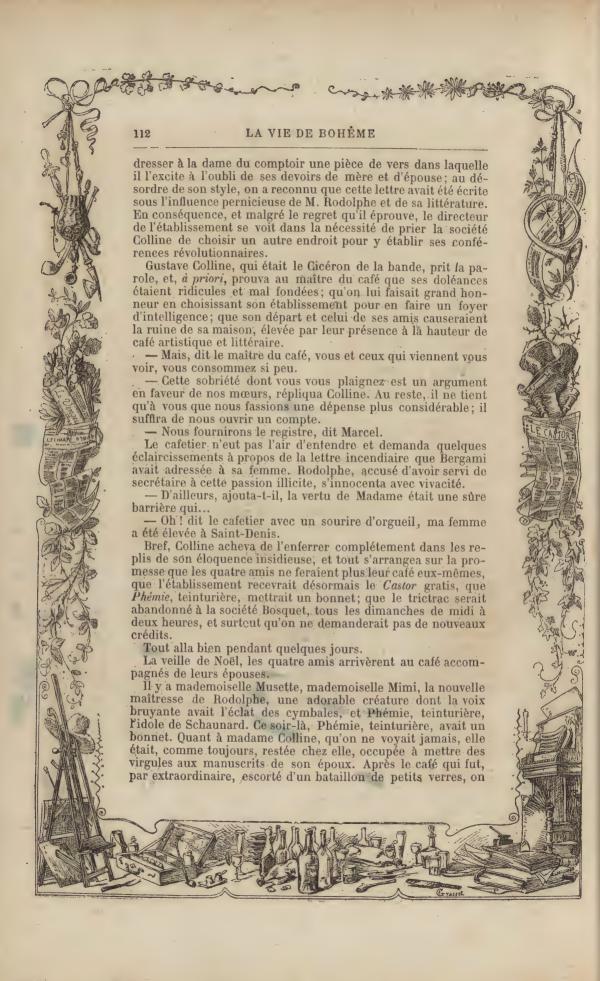


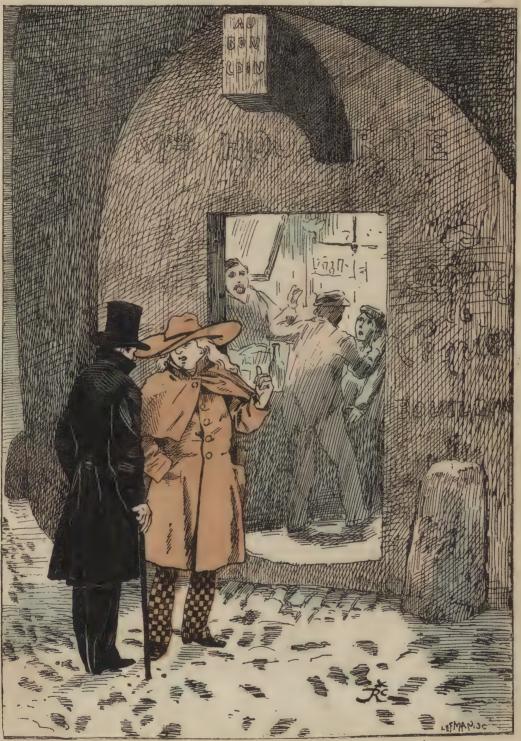




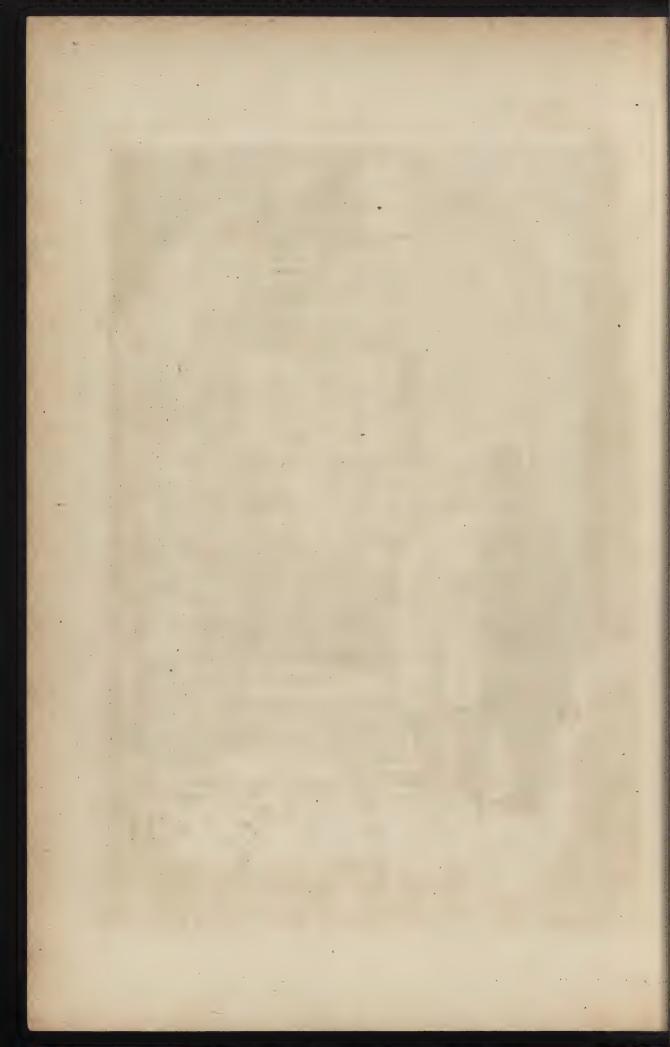


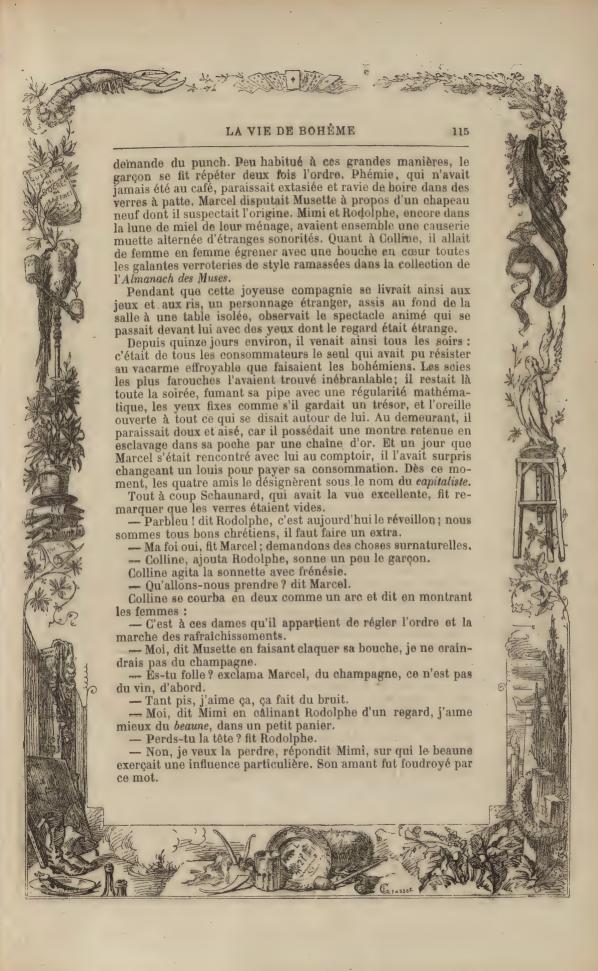


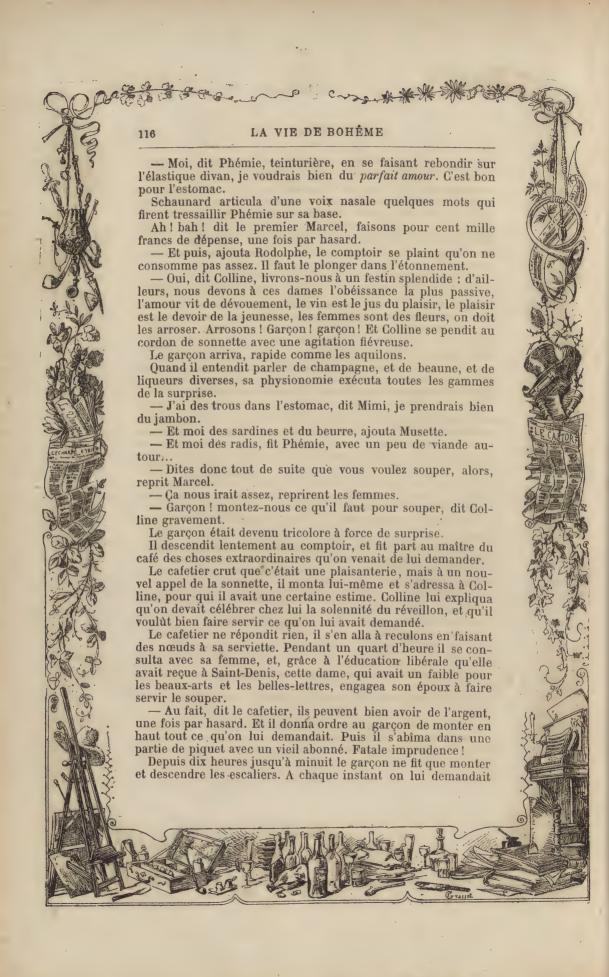


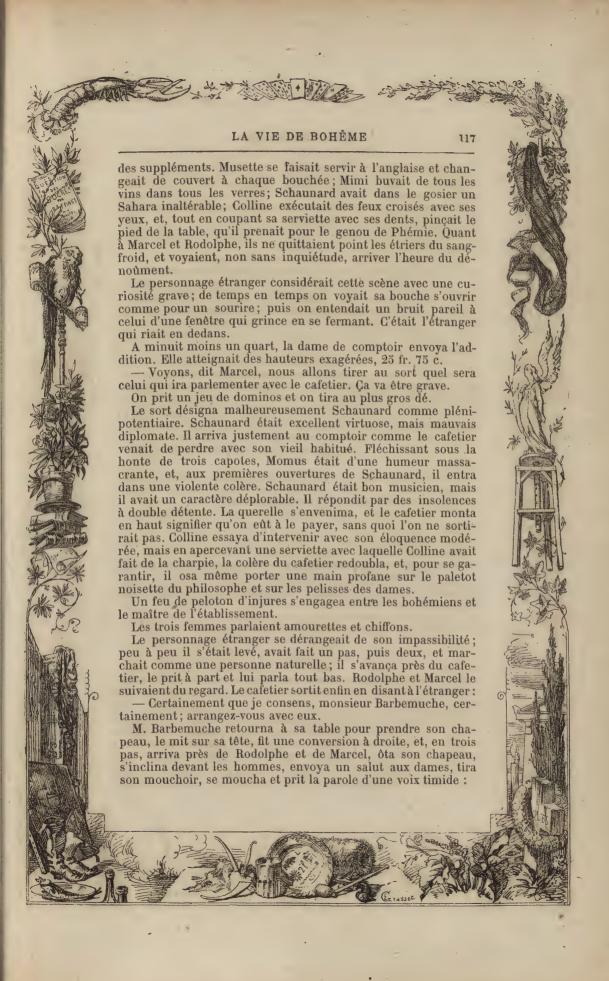


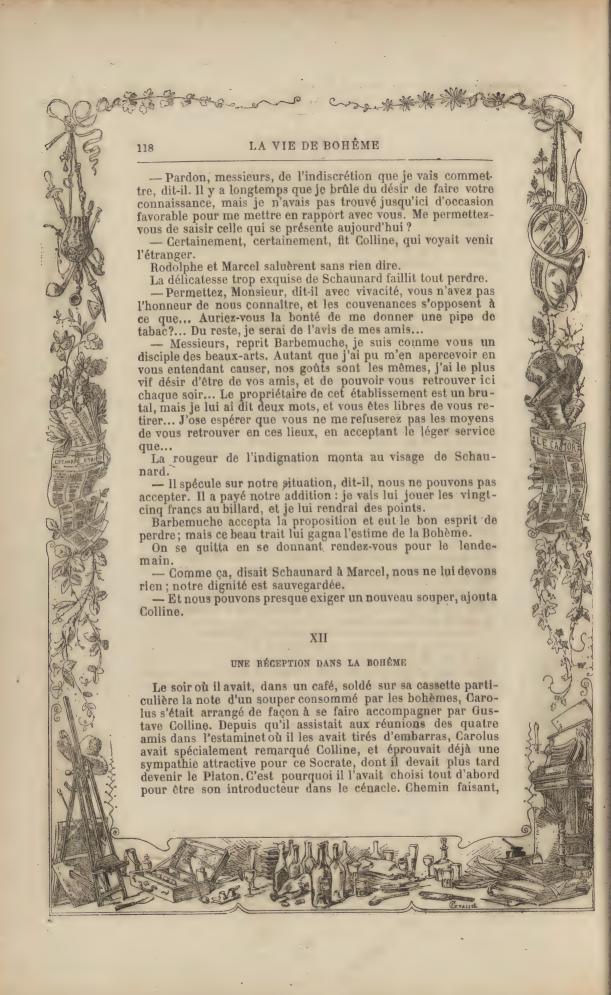
Voici un petit local où ma situation est plus nette, dit-il.

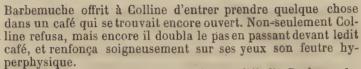












- Pourquoi ne voulez-vous pas entrer là? dit Barbemuche

en insistant avec une politesse de bon goût.

— J'ai des raisons, répliqua Colline; il y a dans cet établissement une dame de comptoir qui s'occupe beaucoup de sciences exactes, et je ne pourrais m'empêcher d'avoir avec elle une discussion fort prolongée, ce que j'essaye d'éviter en ne passant jamais dans cette rue à midi, ni aux autres heures du soleil. Oh! c'est bien simple, répondit naïvement Colline, j'ai habité ce quartier avec Marcel.

— J'aurais cependant bien voulu vous offrir un verre de punch et causer un instant avec vous. Ne connaîtriez-vous pas dans les alentours un endroit où vous pourriez entrer sans être arrêté par des difficultés... mathématiques? ajouta Barbemu-

che, qui jugea à propos d'être énormément spirituel.

Colline reva un instant.

- Voici un petit local où ma situation est plus nette, dit-il.

Et il indiquait un marchand de vin.

Barbemuche fit la grimace et parut hésiter.

Est-ce un lieu convenable, fit-il.

Vu son attitude glaciale et réservée, sa parole rare, son sourire discret, et vu surtout sa chaîne à breloques et sa montre, Colline s'était imaginé que Barbemuche était employé dans une ambassade, et il pensa qu'il craignait de se compromettre en entrant dans un cabaret.

- Il n'y a pas de danger que nous soyons vus, dit-il; à cette

heure, tout le corps diplomatique est couché.

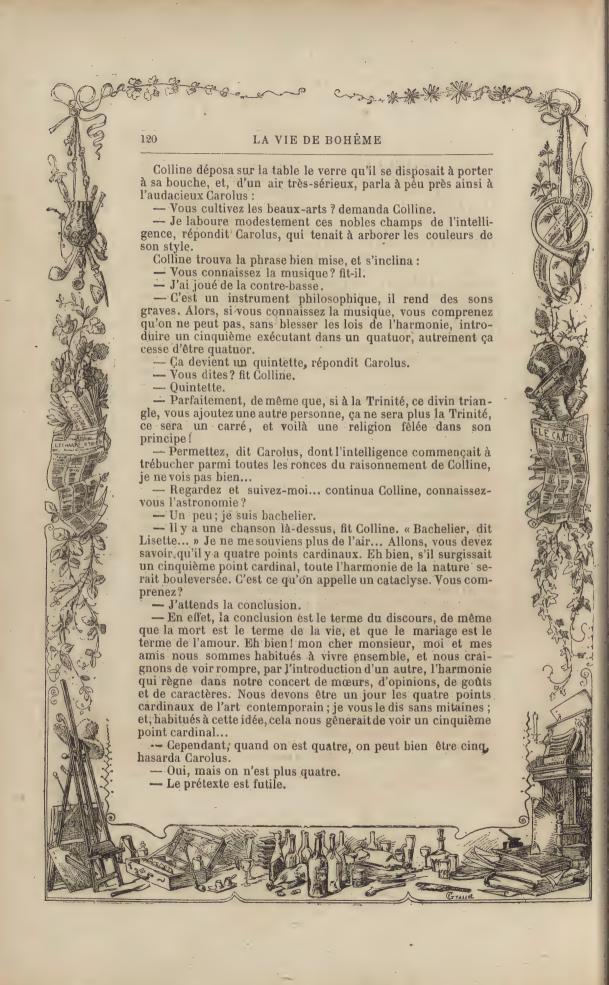
Barbemuche se décida à entrer; mais, au fond de l'âme, il aurait bien voulu avoir un faux nez. Pour plus de sûreté, il demanda un cabinet et eut soin d'attacher une serviette aux carreaux de la porte vitrée. Ces précautions prises, il parut moins inquiet et fit venir un bol de punch. Excité un peu par la chaleur du breuvage, Barbemuche devint plus communicatif; et, après avoir donné quelques détails sur lui-même, il osa articuler l'espérance qu'il avait conçue de faire officiellement partie de la Société des bohêmes, et il sollicitait l'appui de Coljine pour l'aider dans la réussite de ce dessein ambitieux.

Colline répondit que pour son compte il se tenait tout à la disposition de Barbemuche, mais qu'il ne pouvait cependant

rien assurer d'une manière absolue.

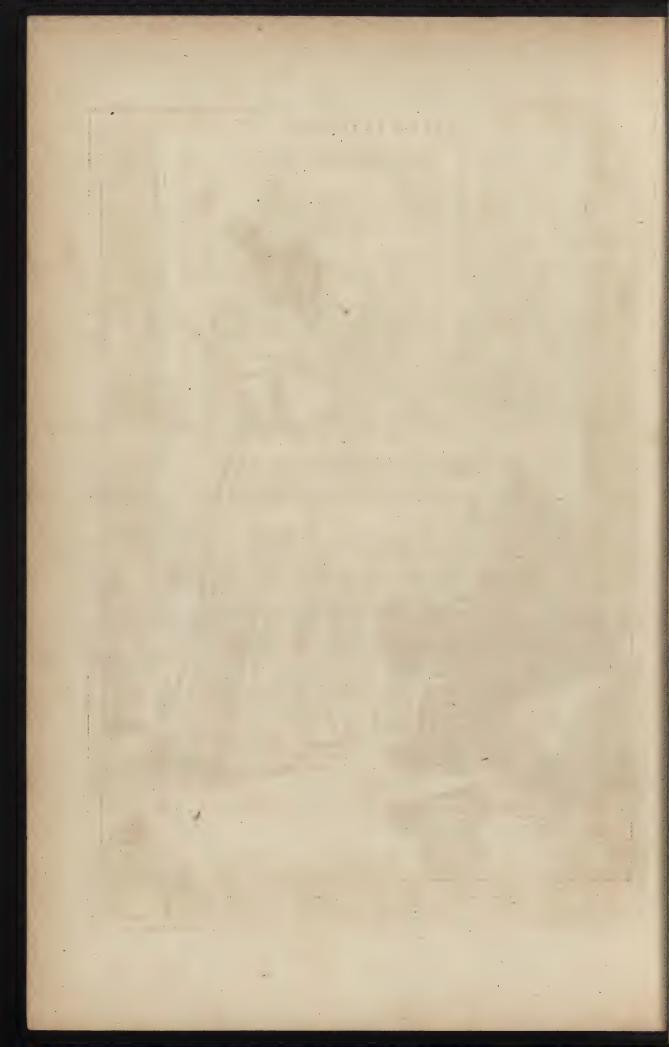
— Je vous promets ma voix, dit-il, mais je ne puis prendre sur moi de disposer de celle de mes camarades.

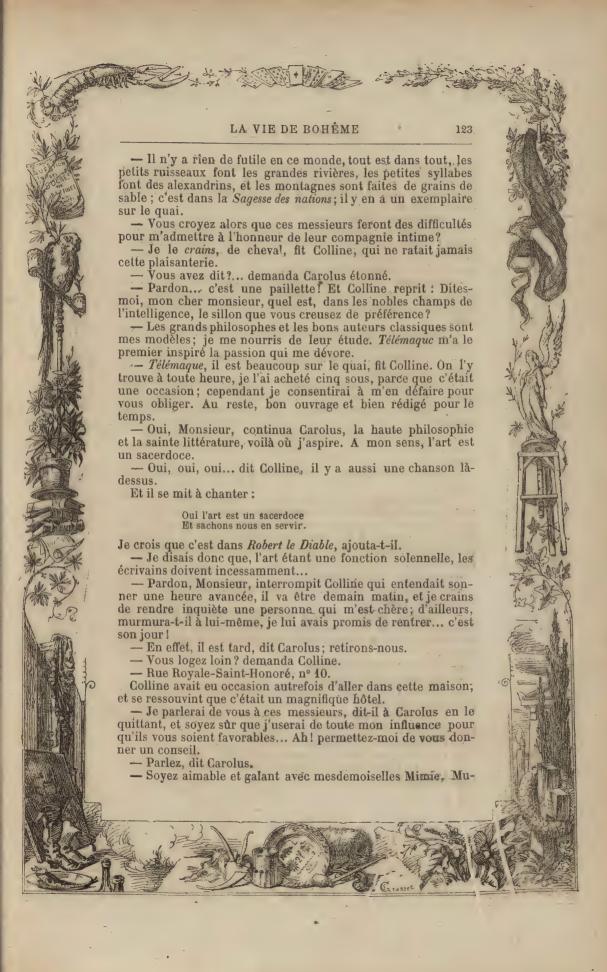
— Mais, fit Barbemuche, pour quelles raisons refuseraientils de m'admettre parmi eux?

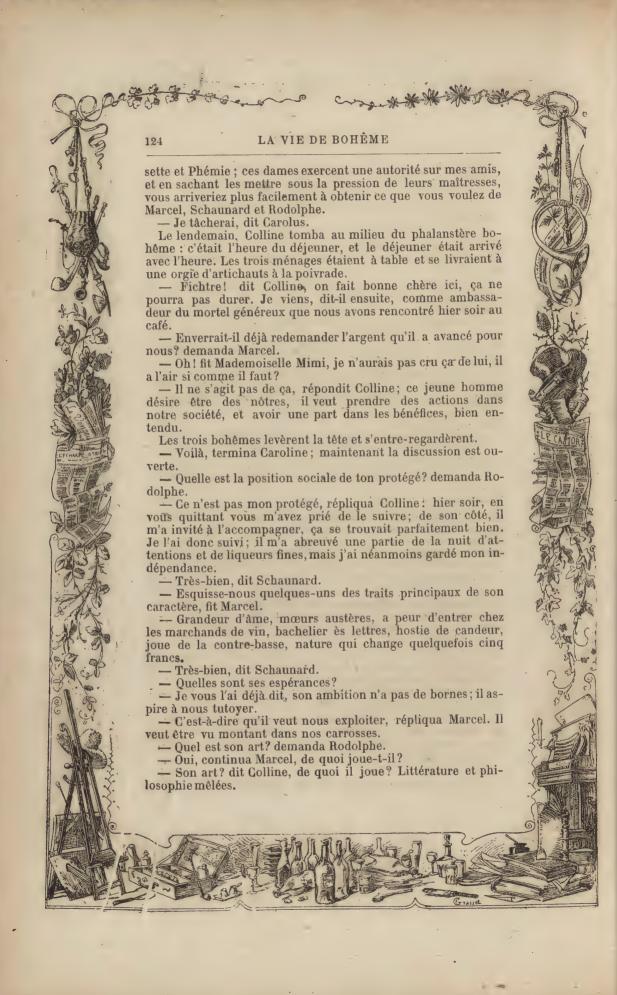


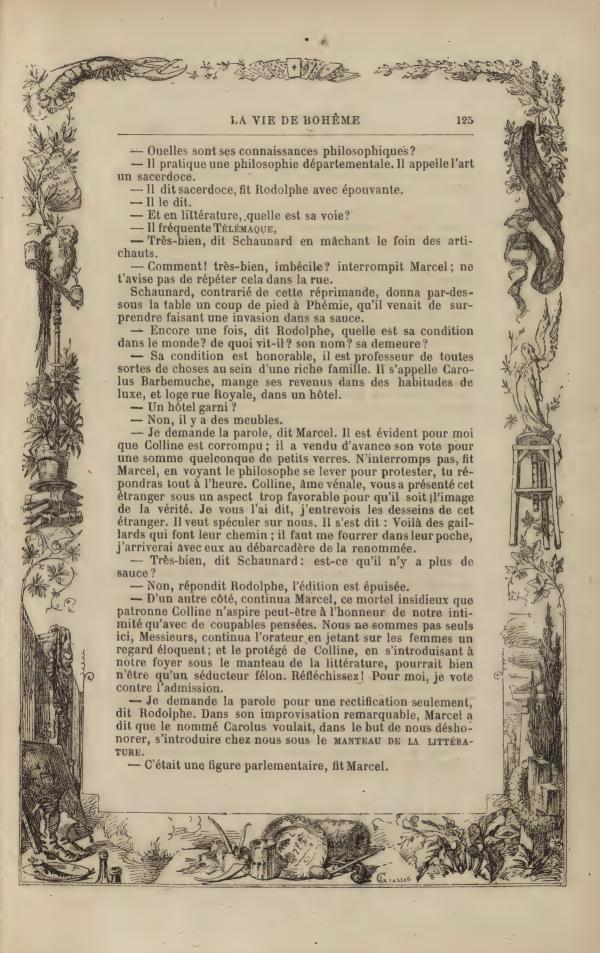


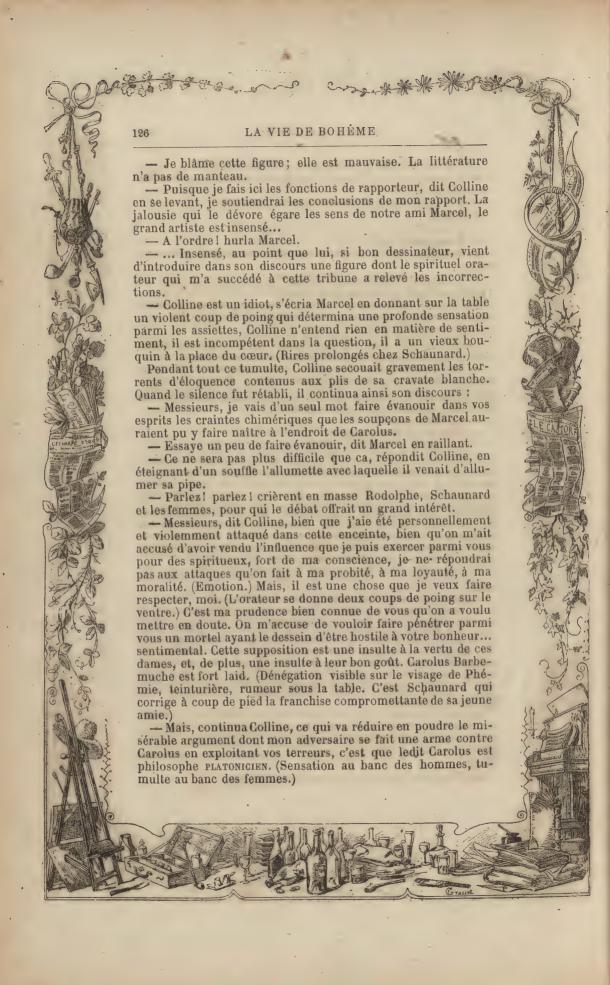
C'est la maladie des hommes qui n'osent pas embrasser les femmes.

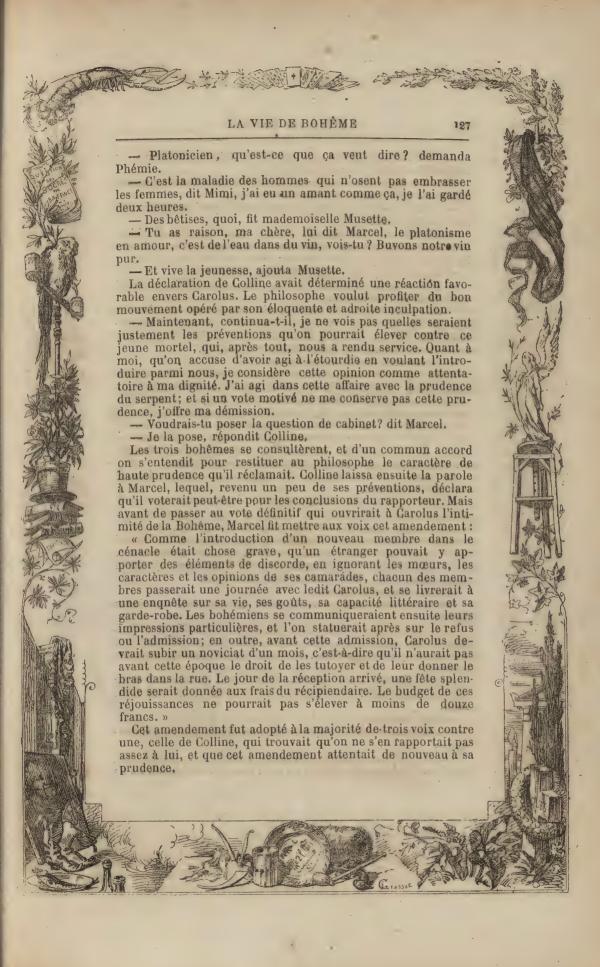


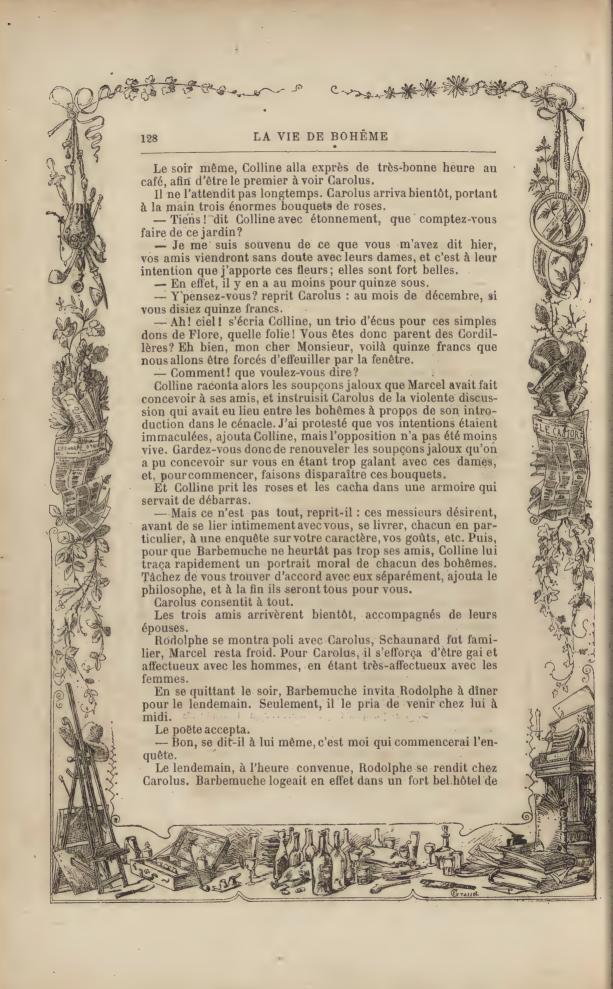










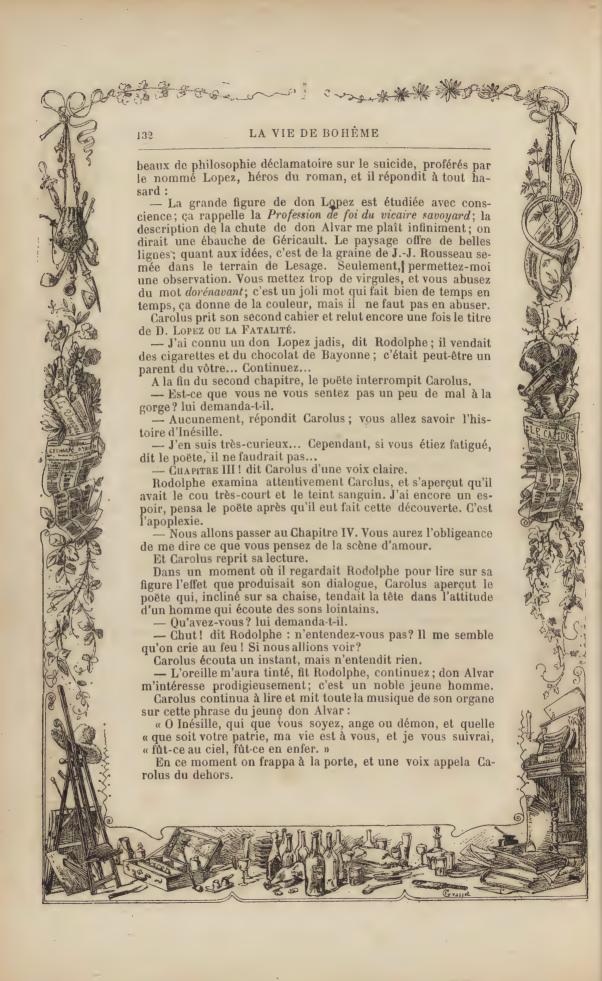


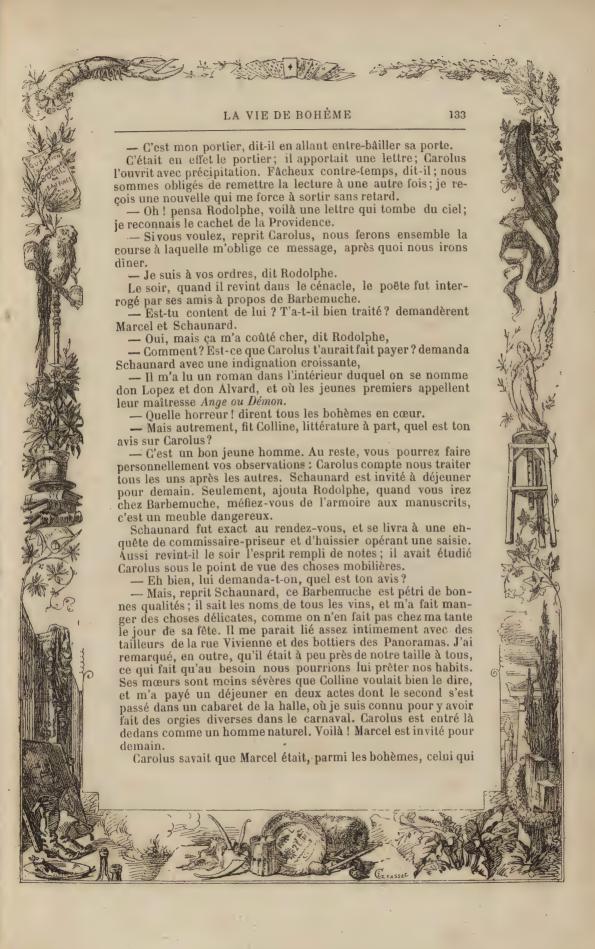


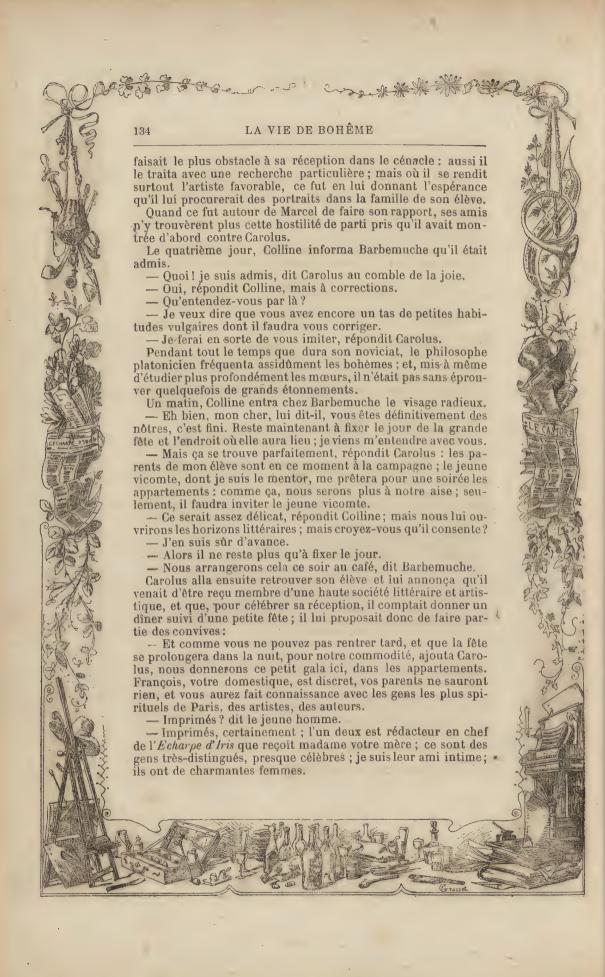
Et ceci, reprit Colline en montrant les bottines.

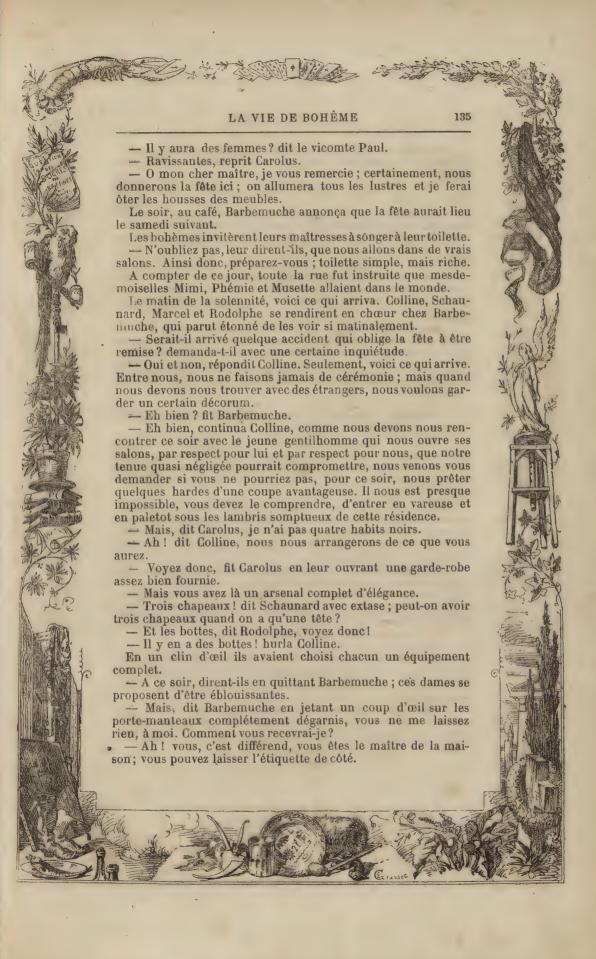


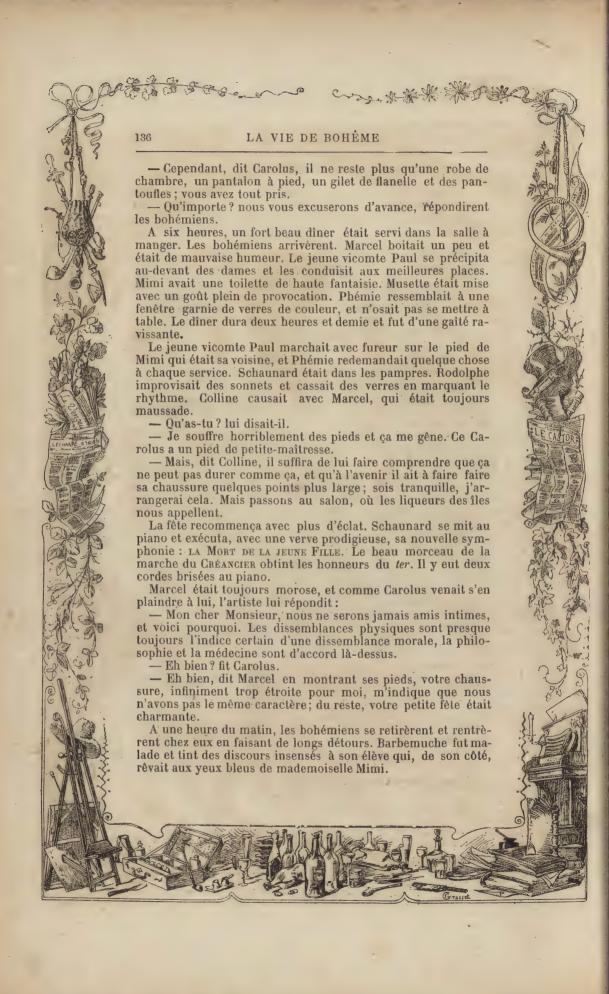






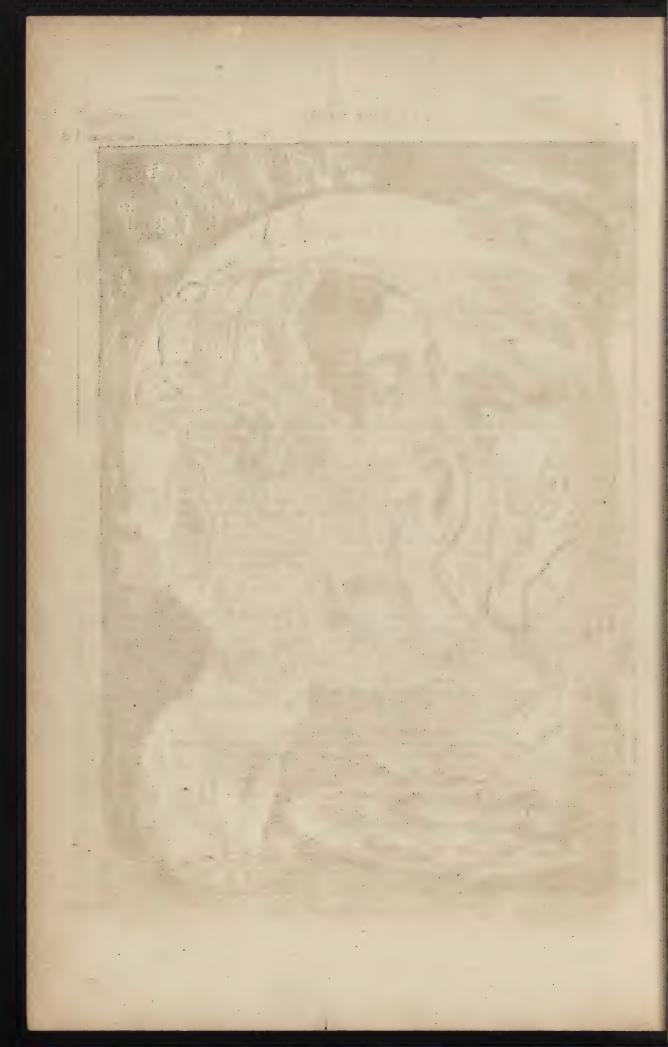


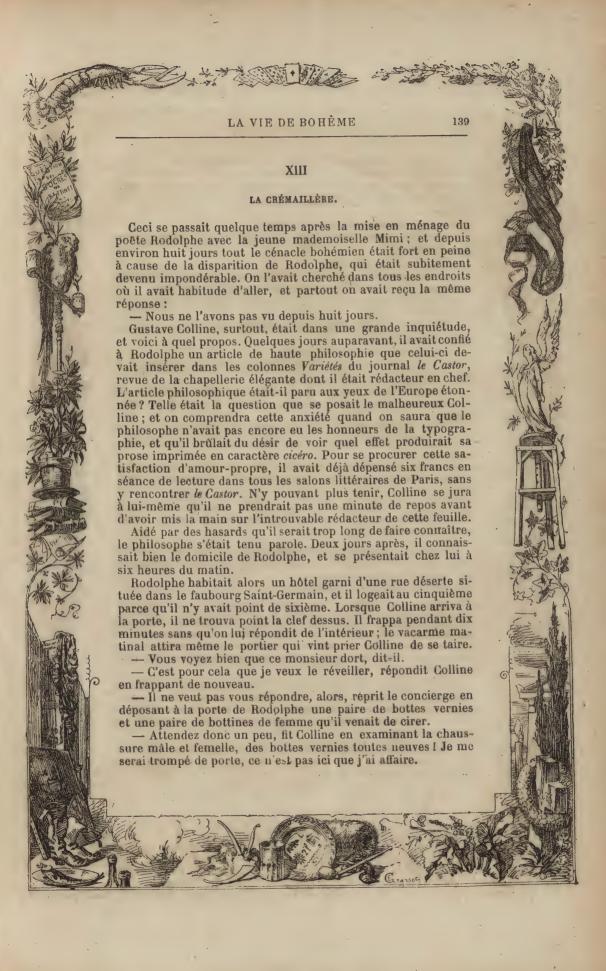


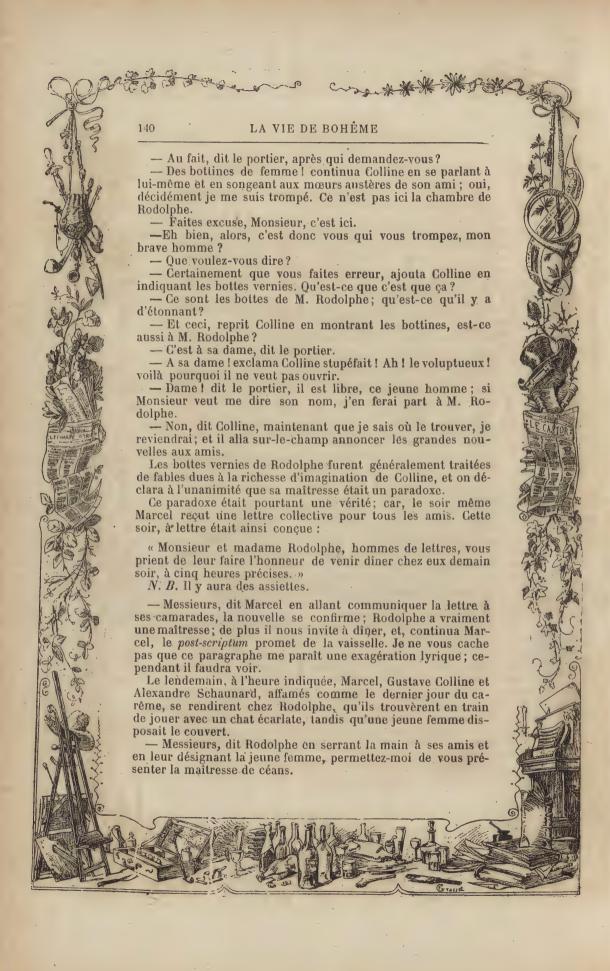


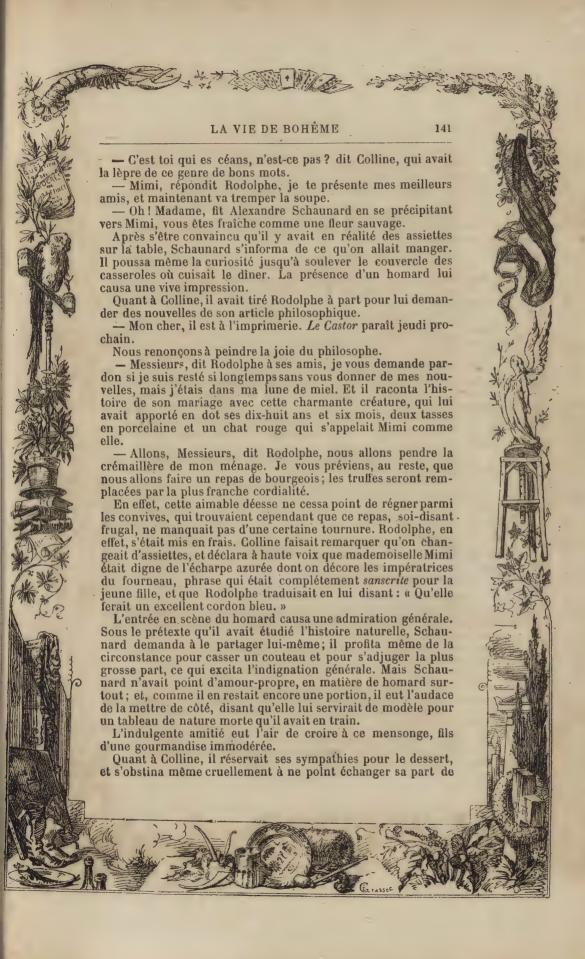


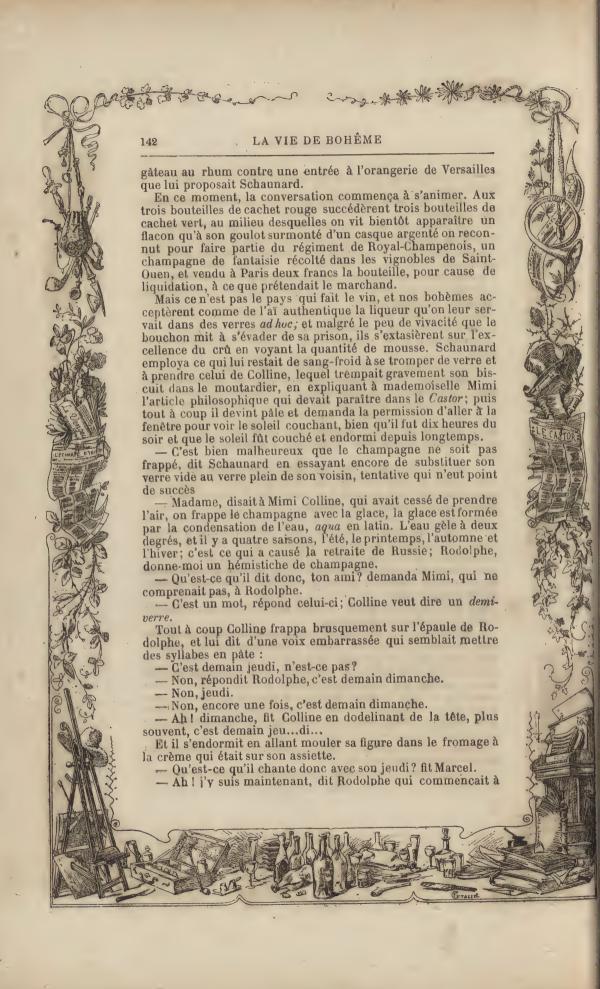
Mademoiselle Mimi.

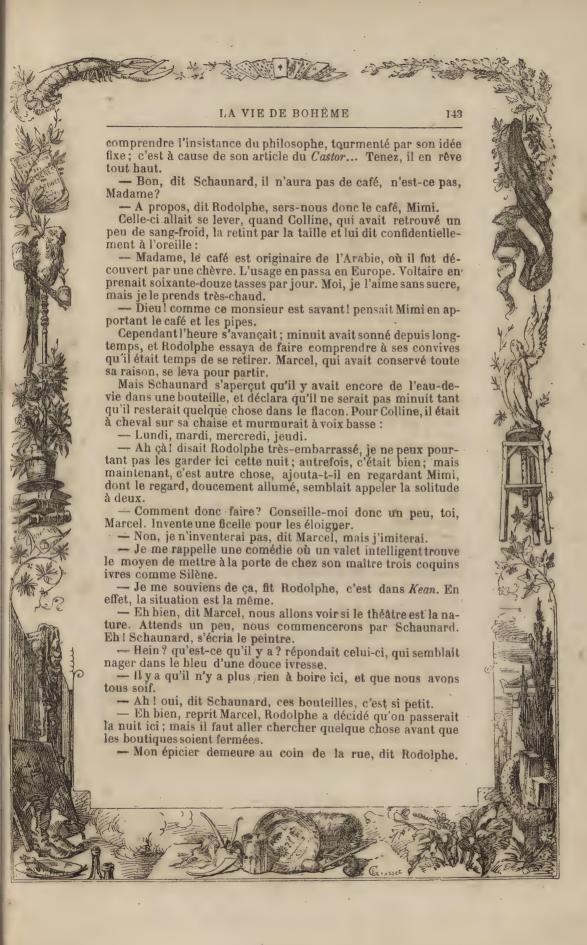


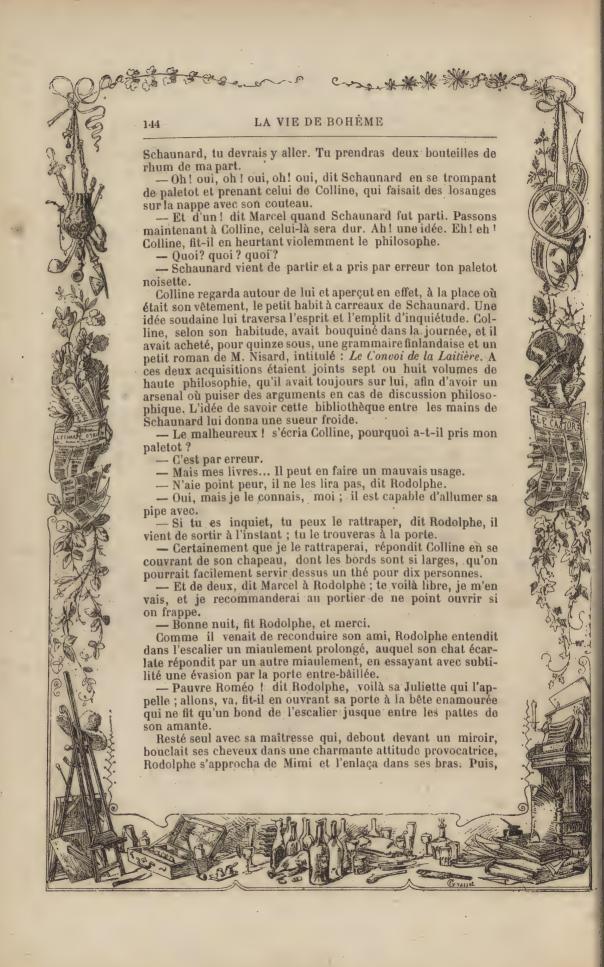






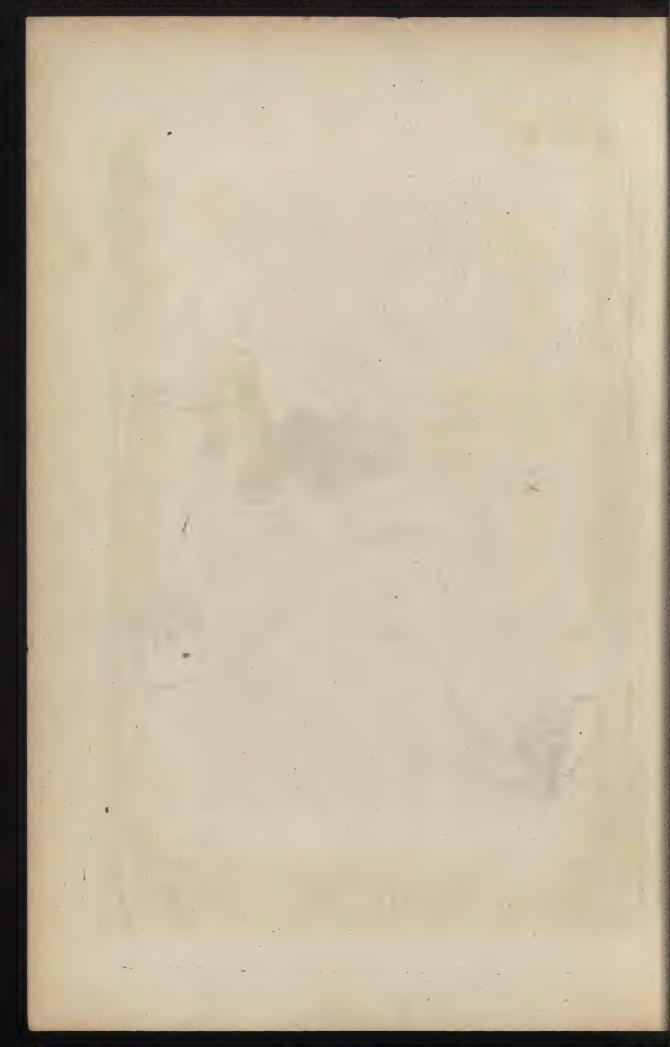


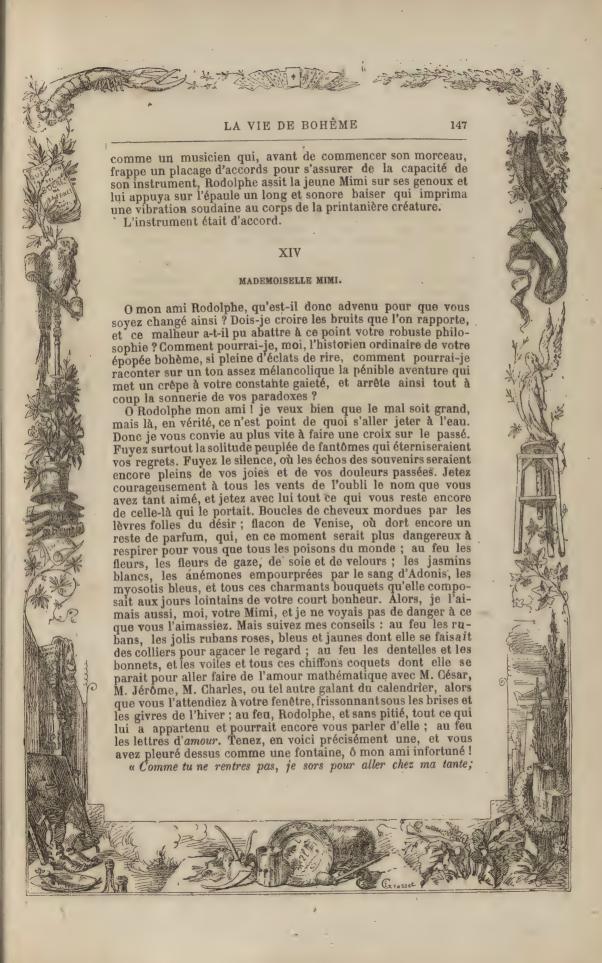


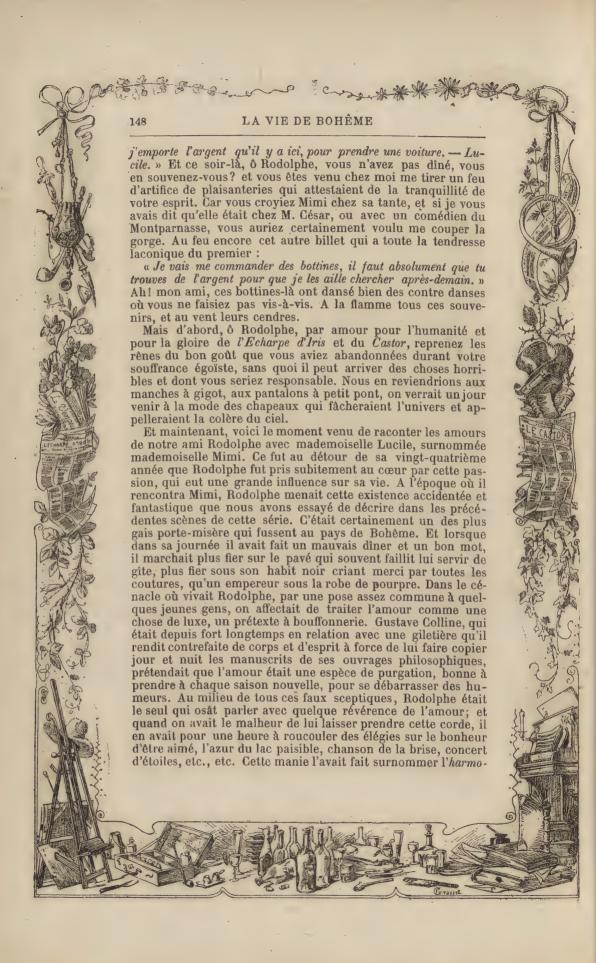


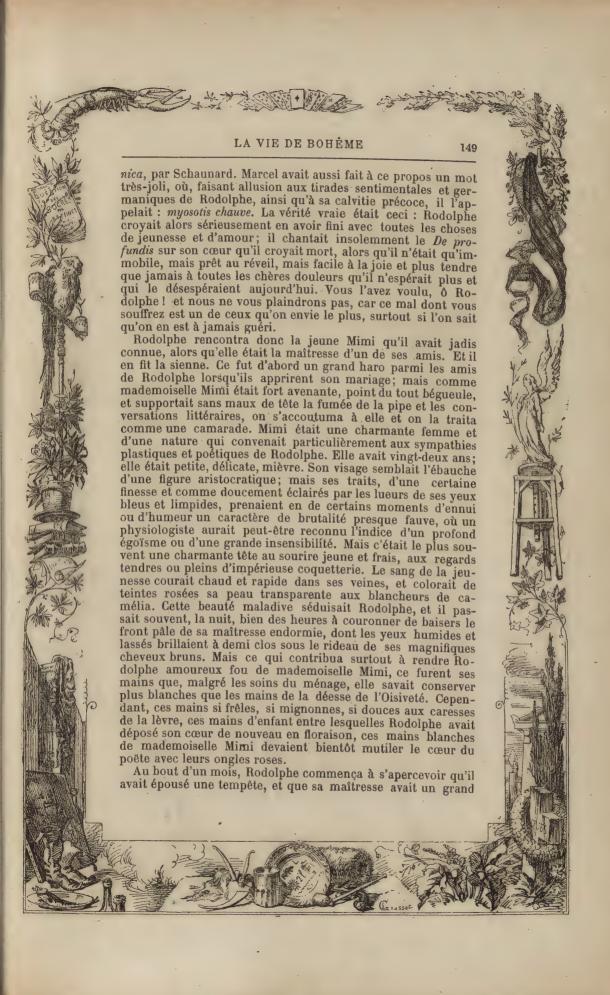


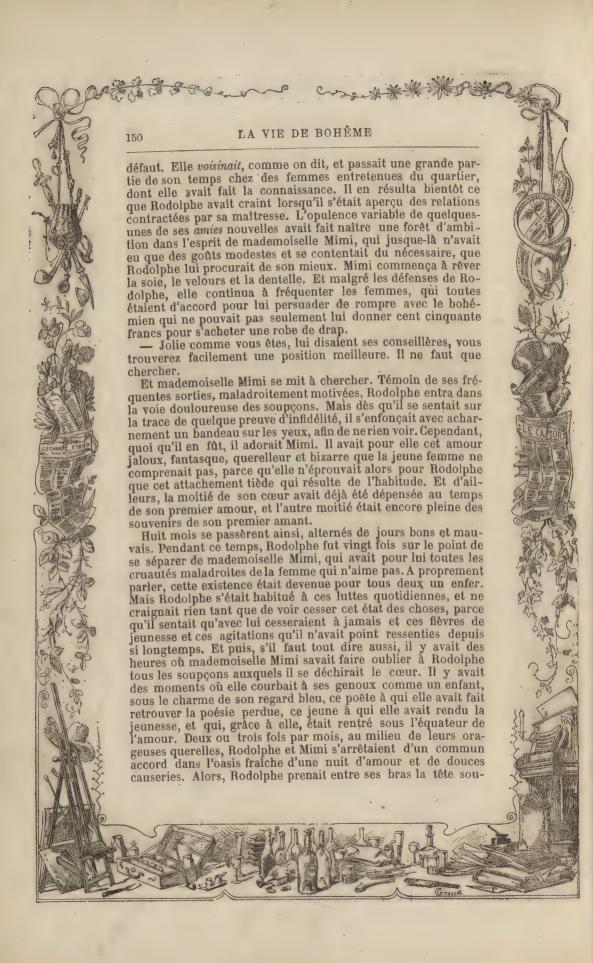
C'était un pas qu'on appelle le pas des regrets et soupirs.

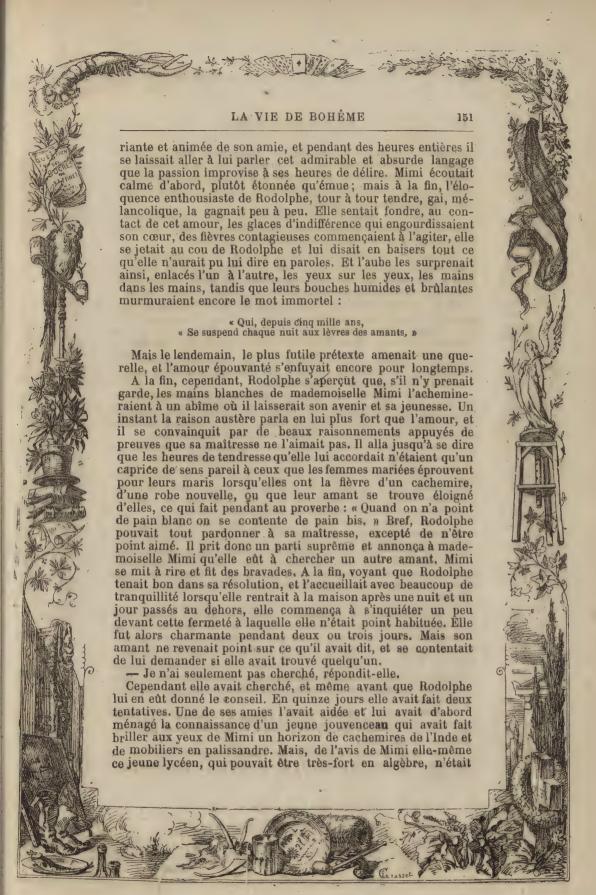


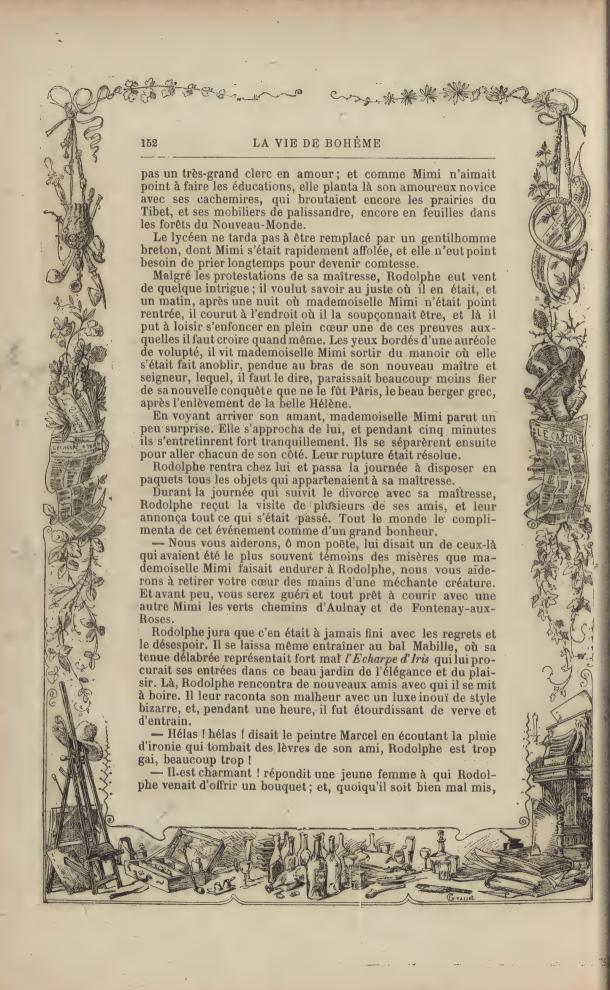






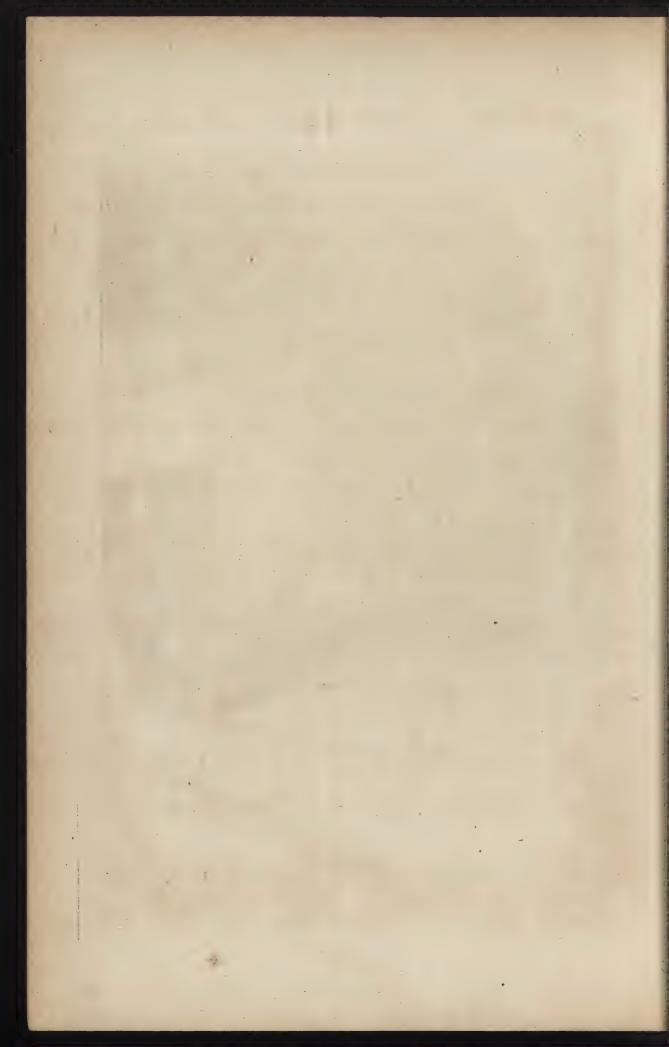


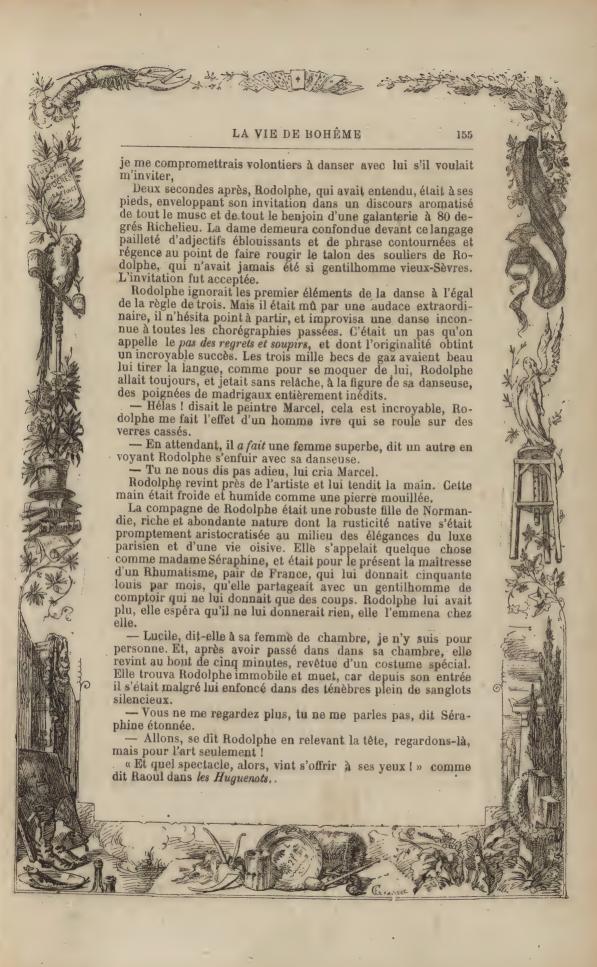


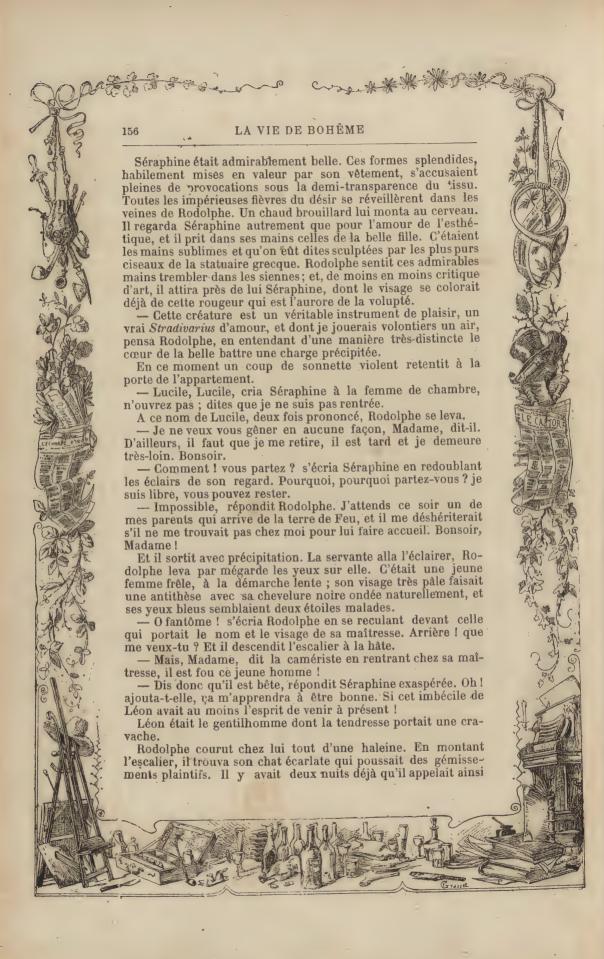


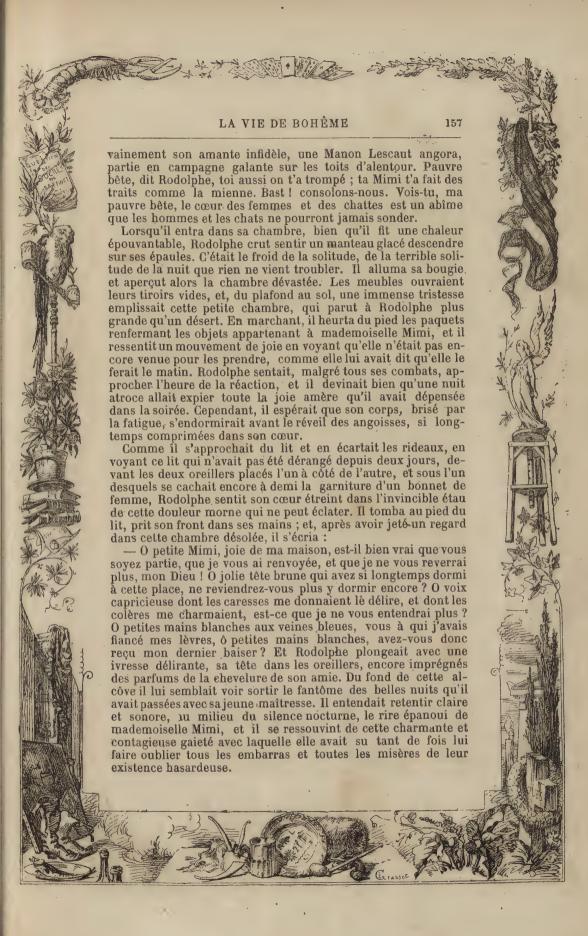


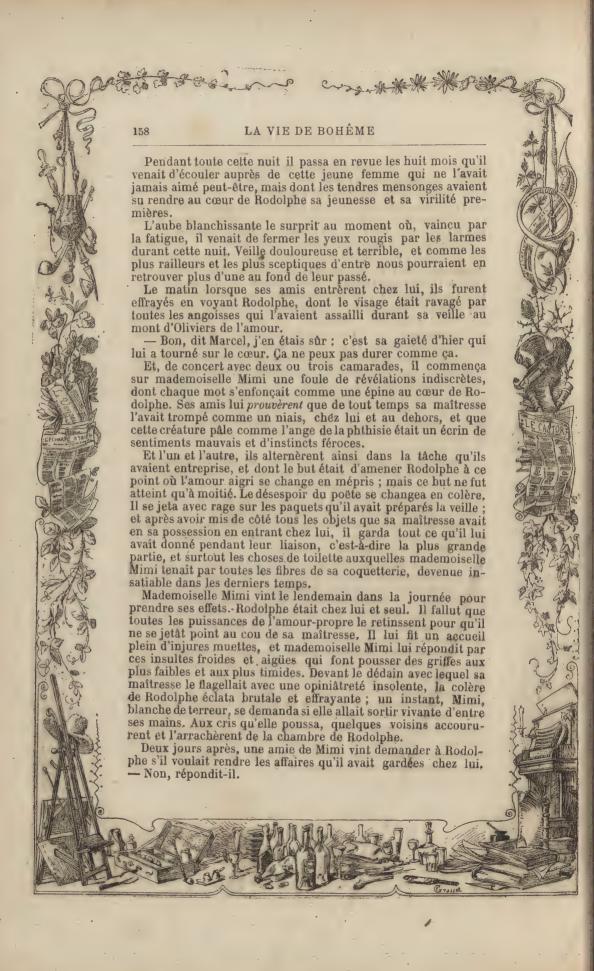
Je ne pouvais pas lutter contre des truffes, pensa-t-il.

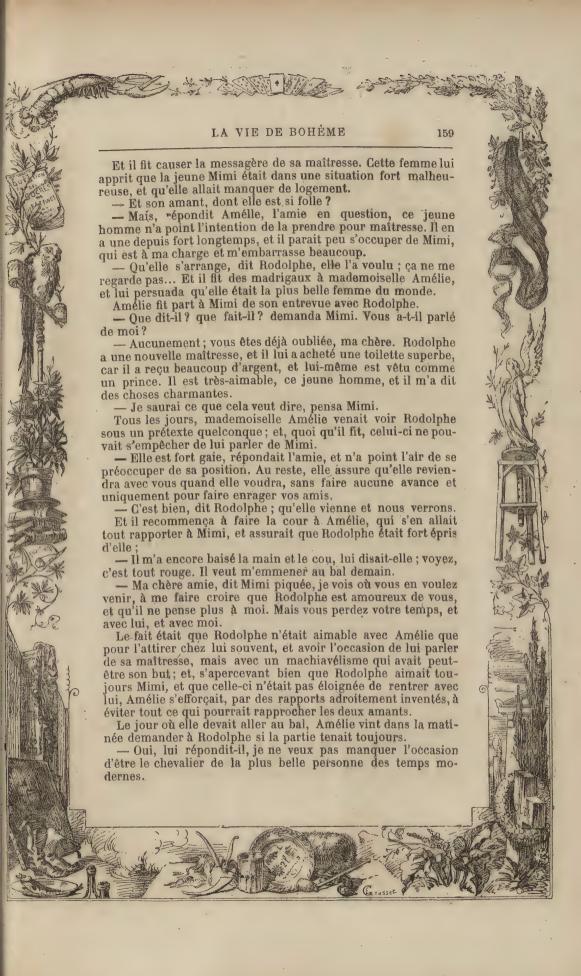


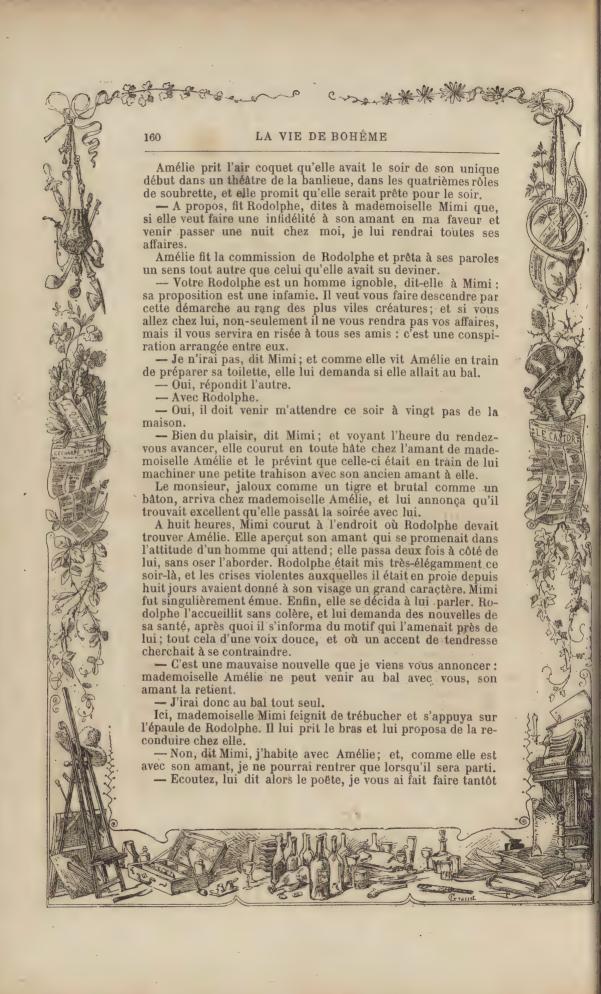






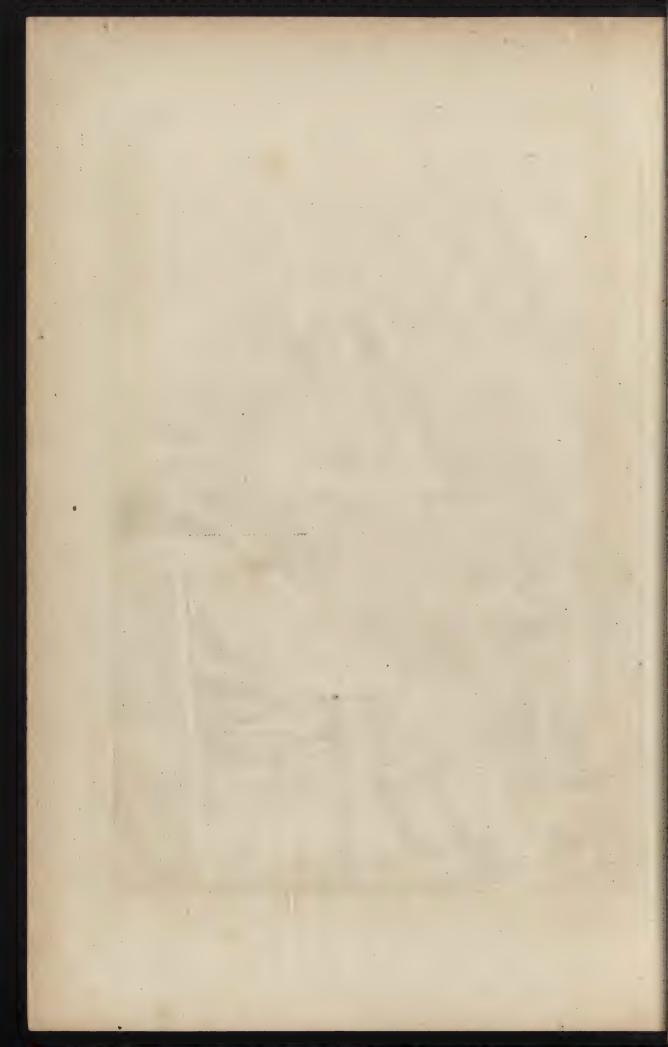


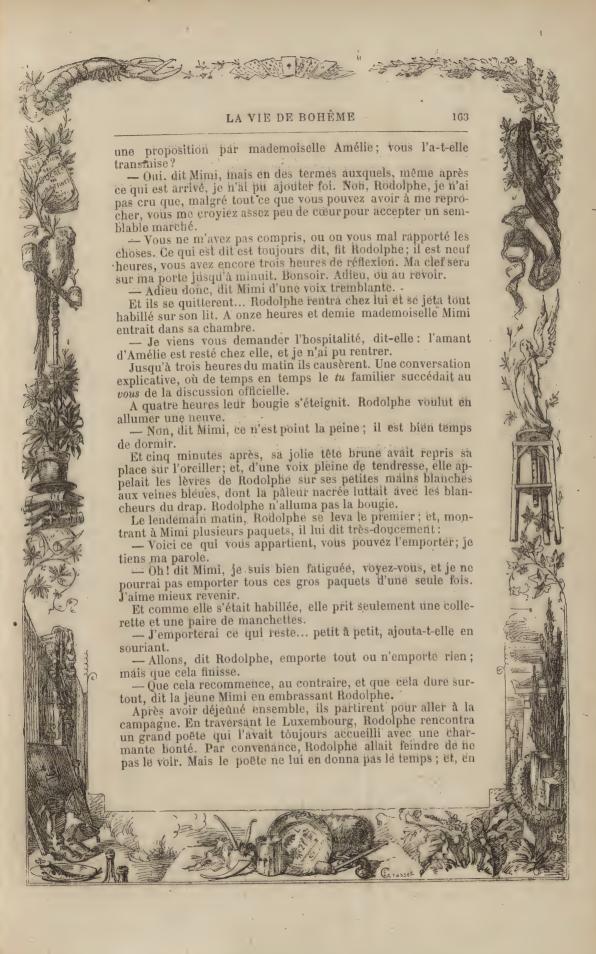


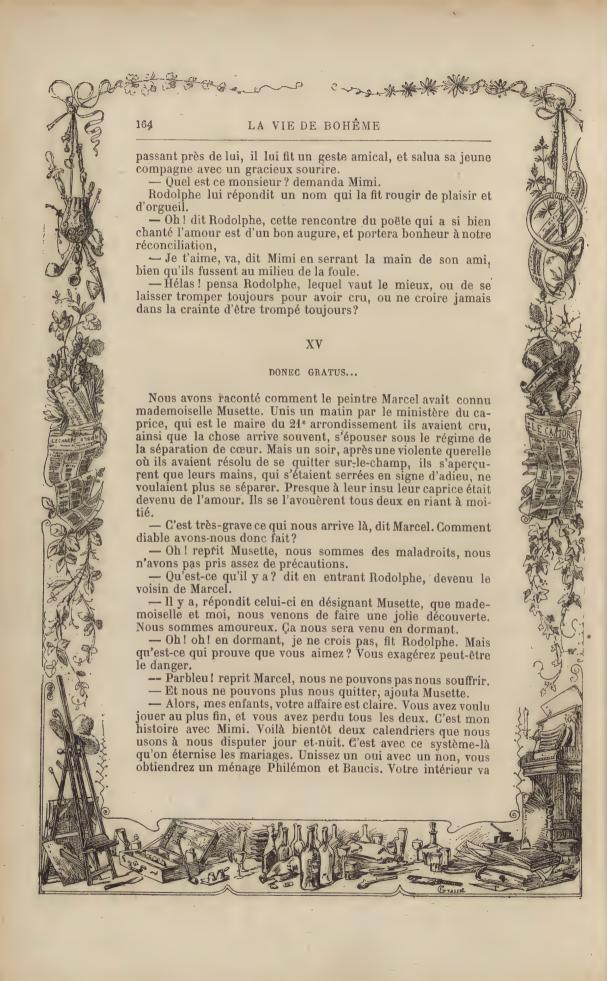


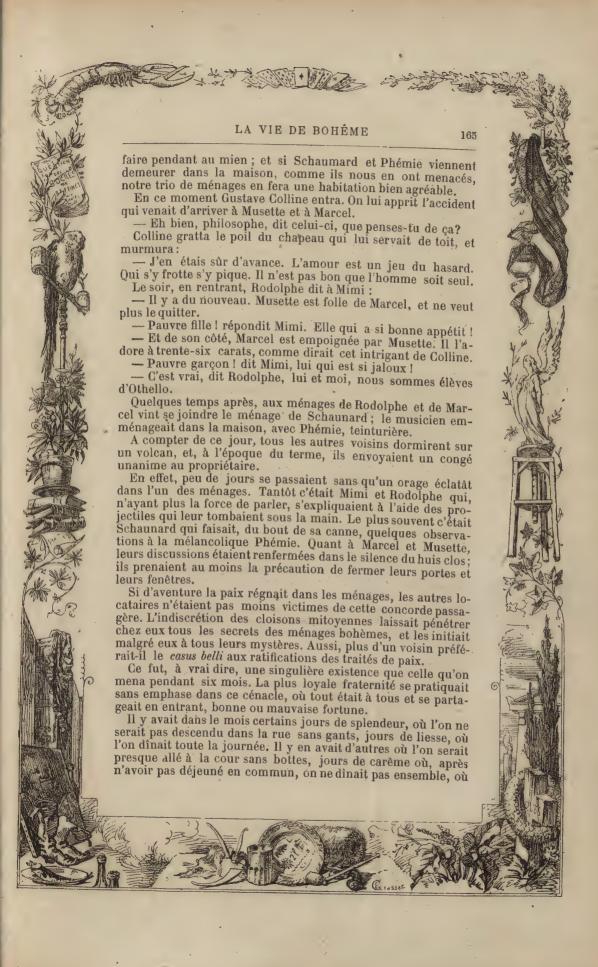


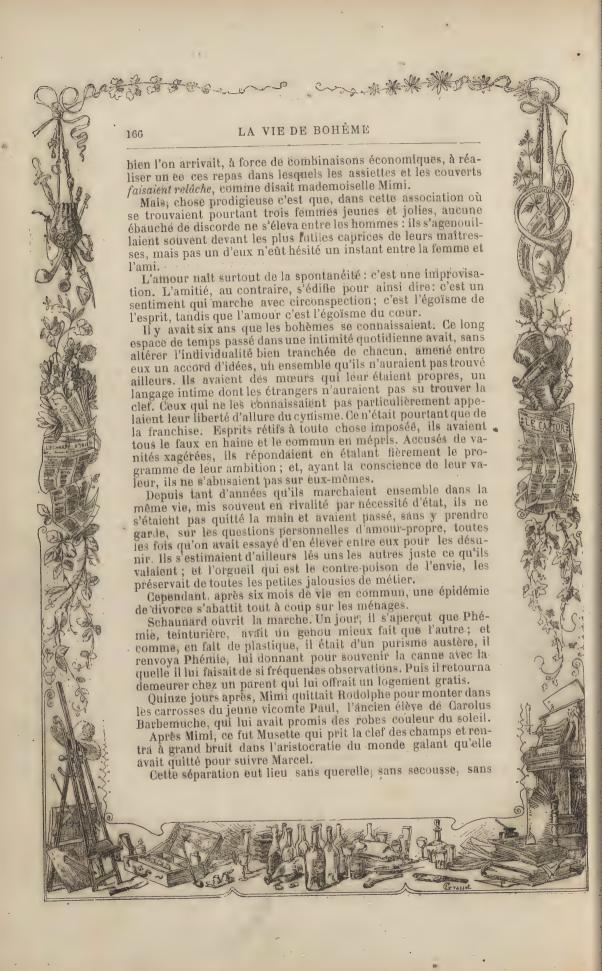
... De fixer vous-même le prix de cette œuvre qui n'en a pas.

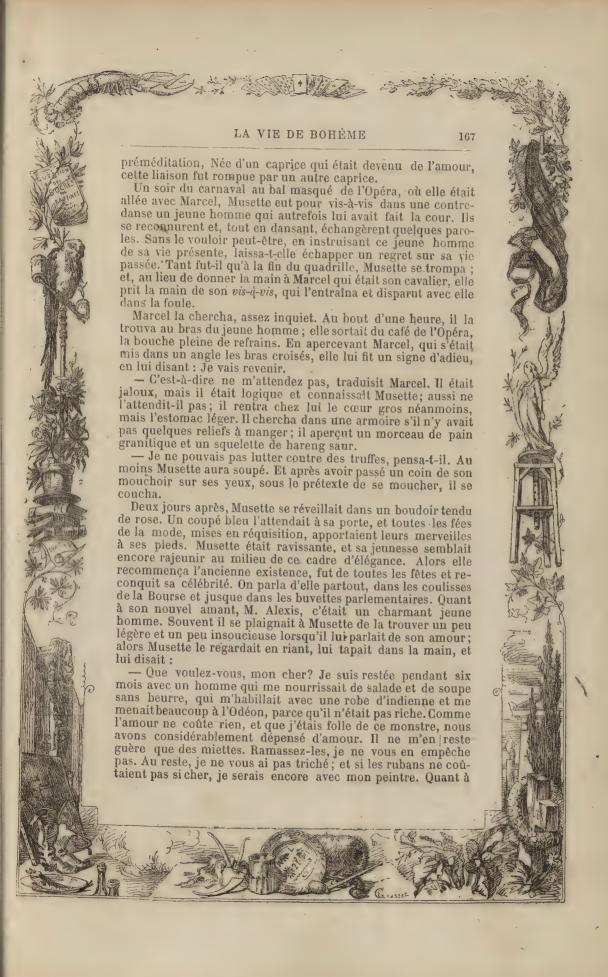


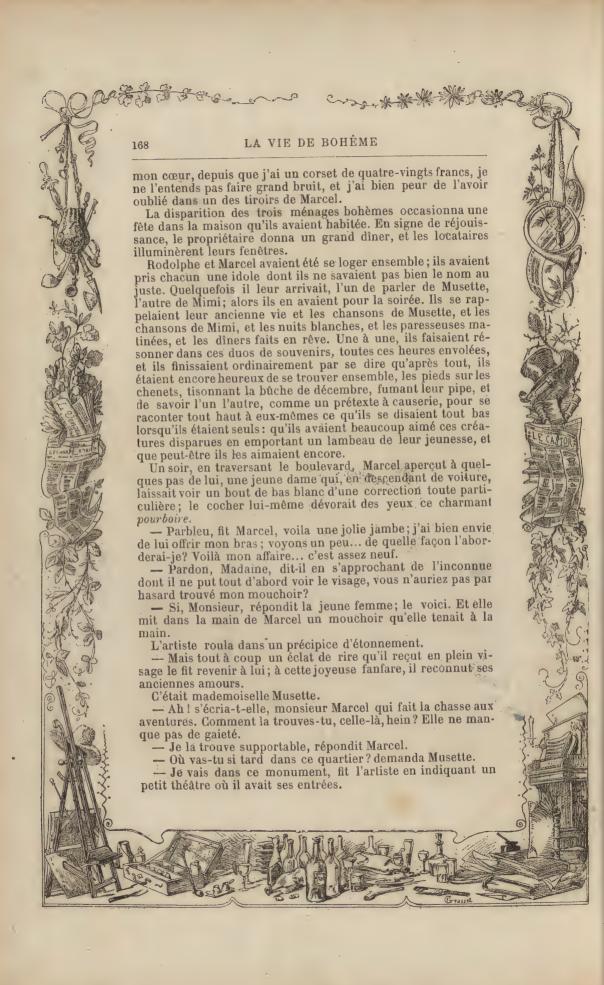






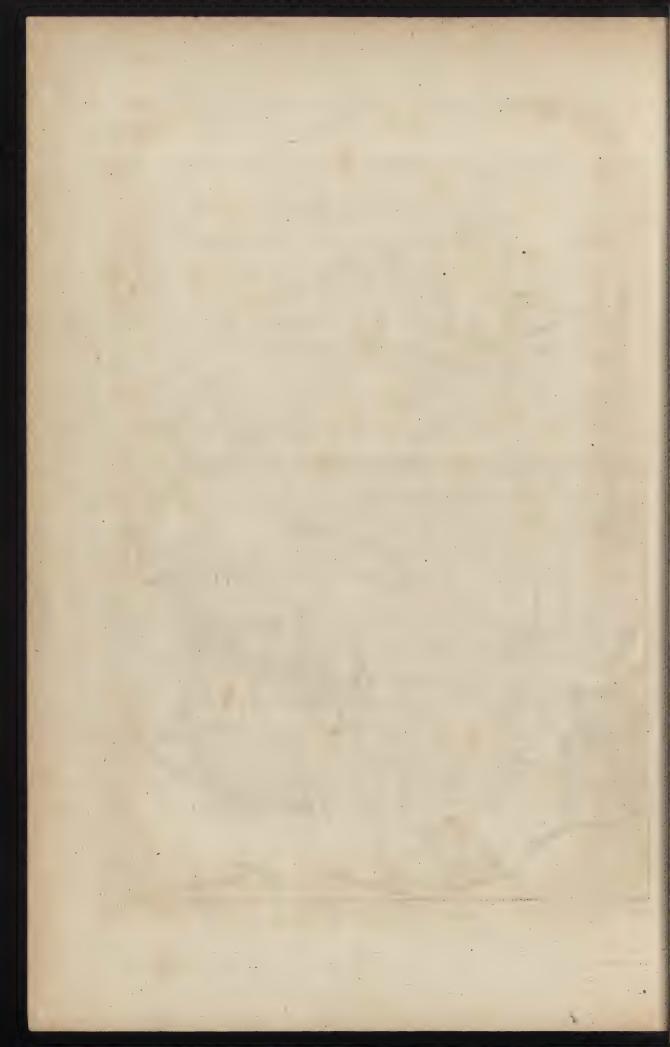


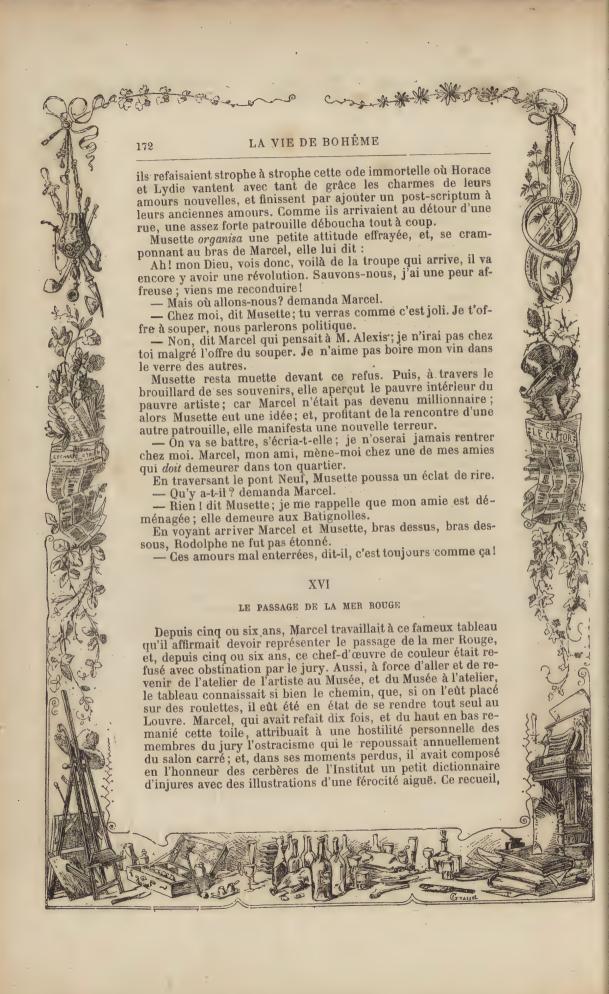


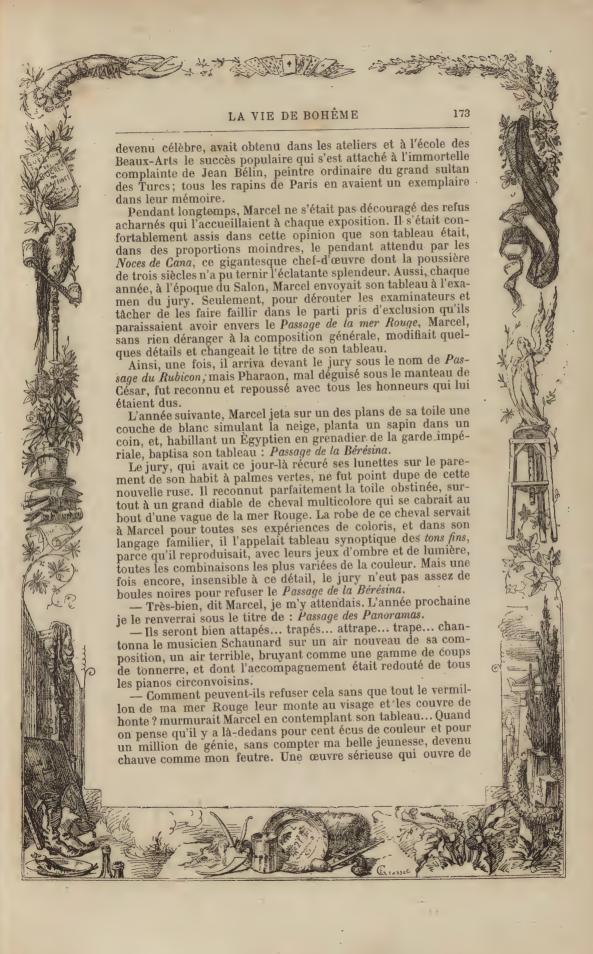


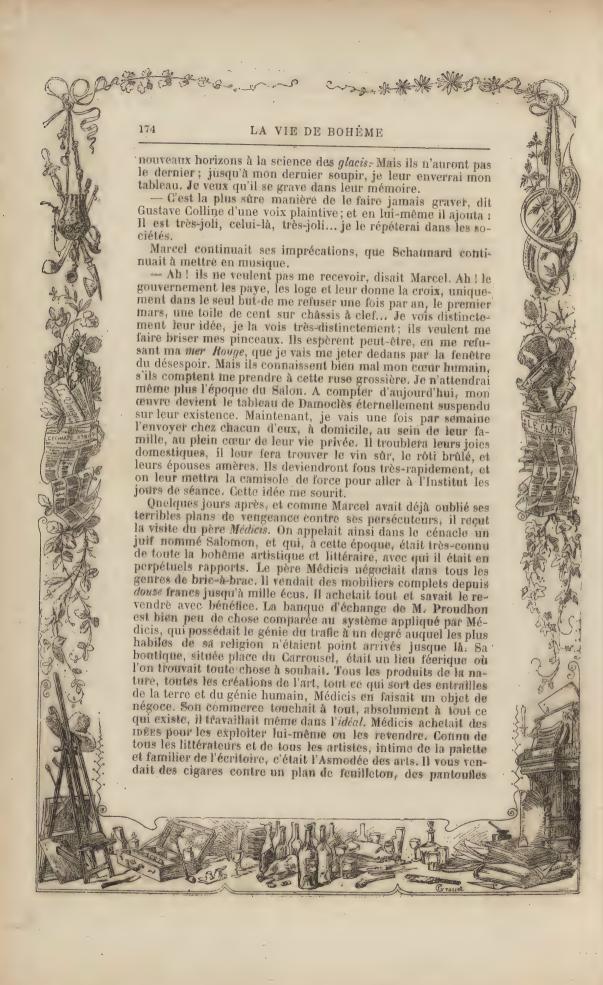


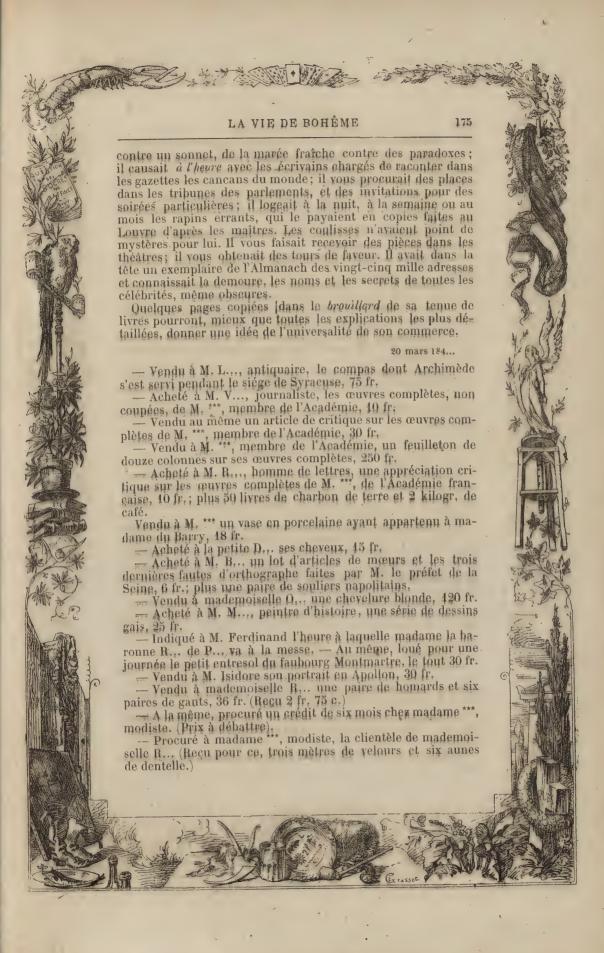
Il savait par cœur le répertoire de l'actrice.

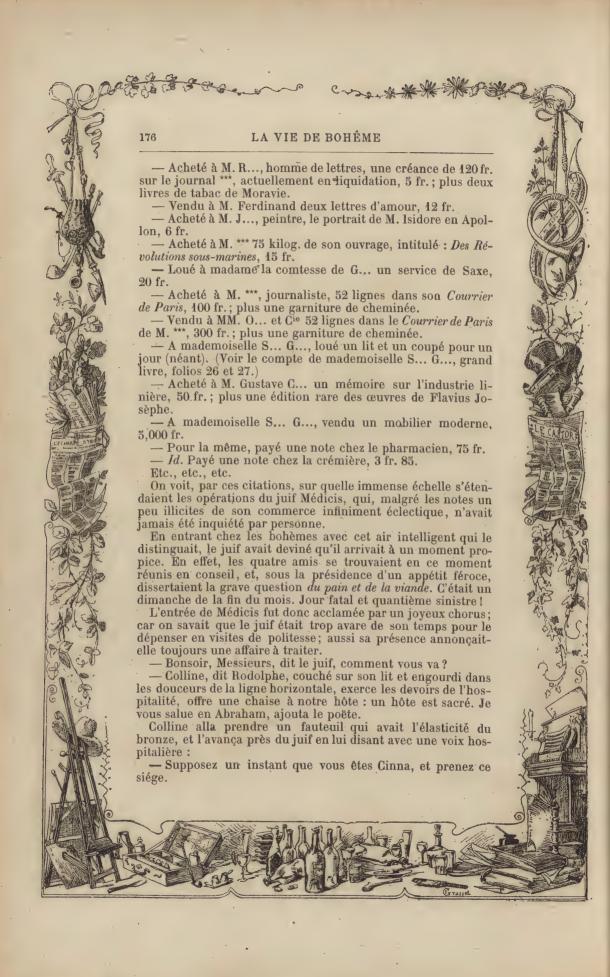






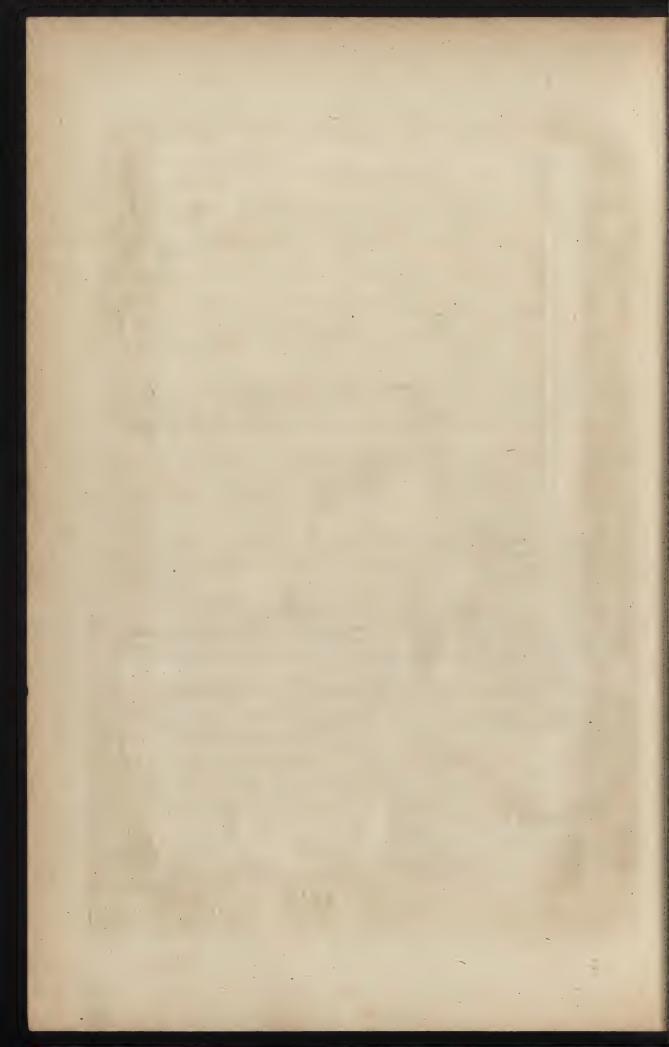


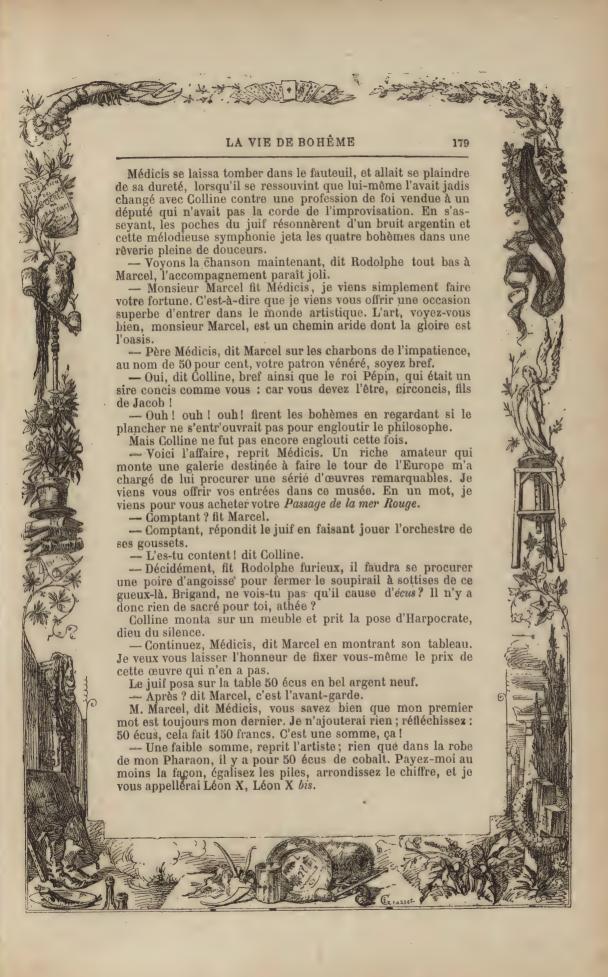


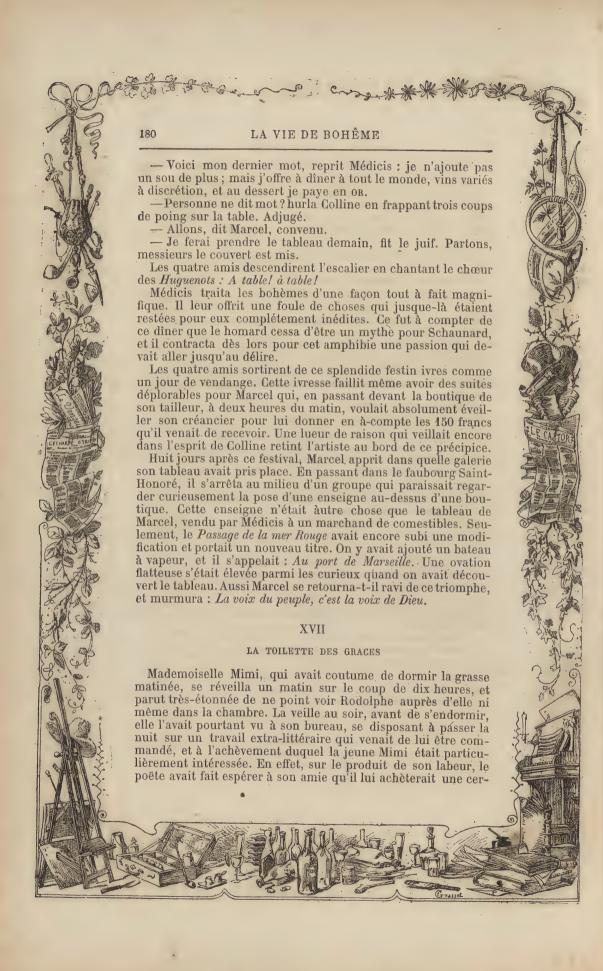


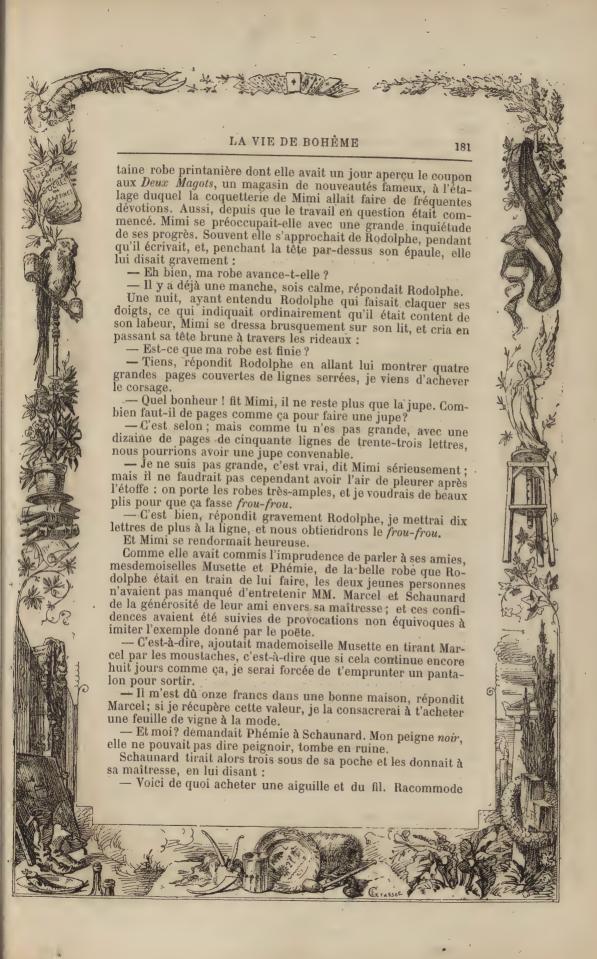


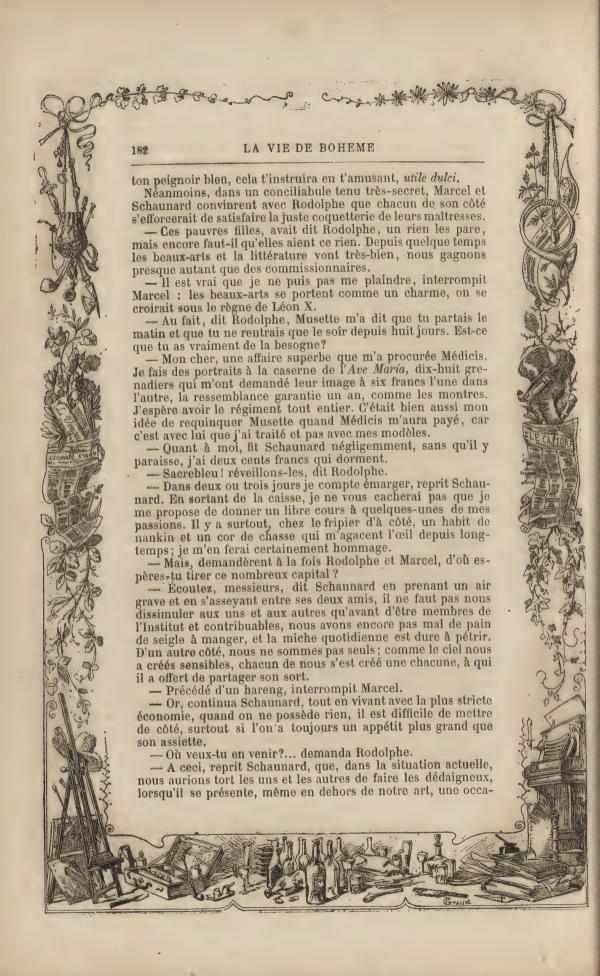
A jeûn depuis le matin et profondément triste.

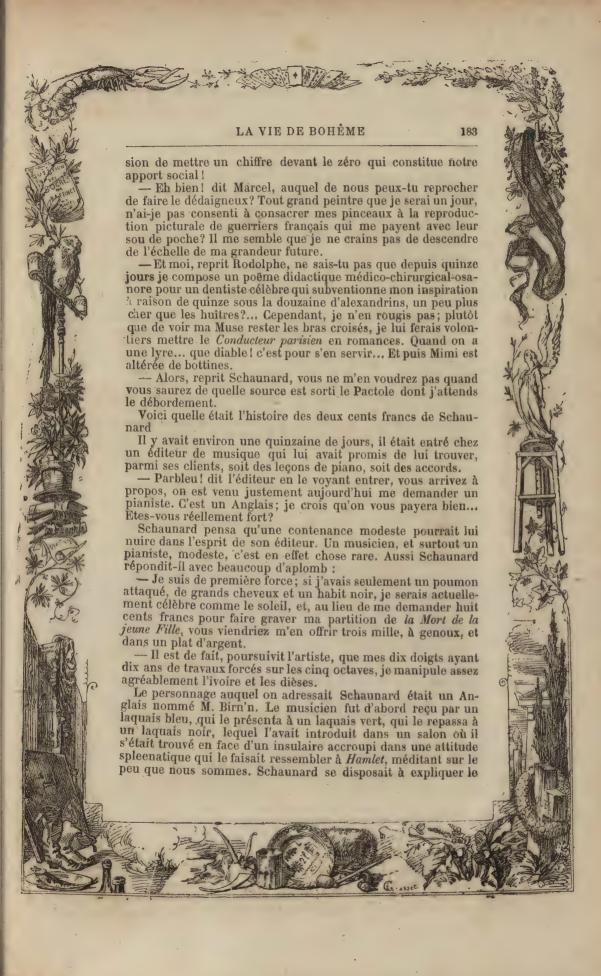


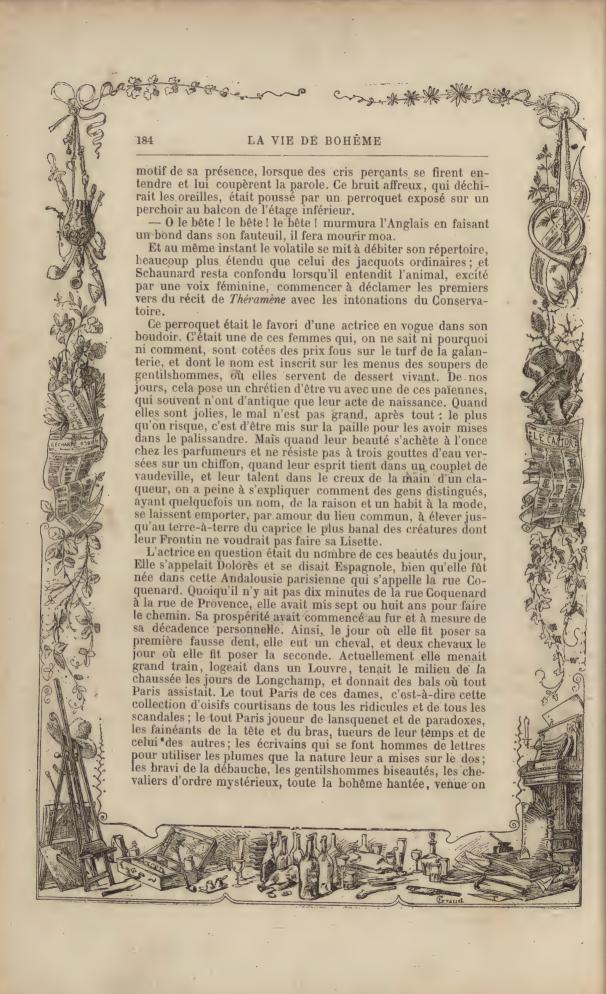








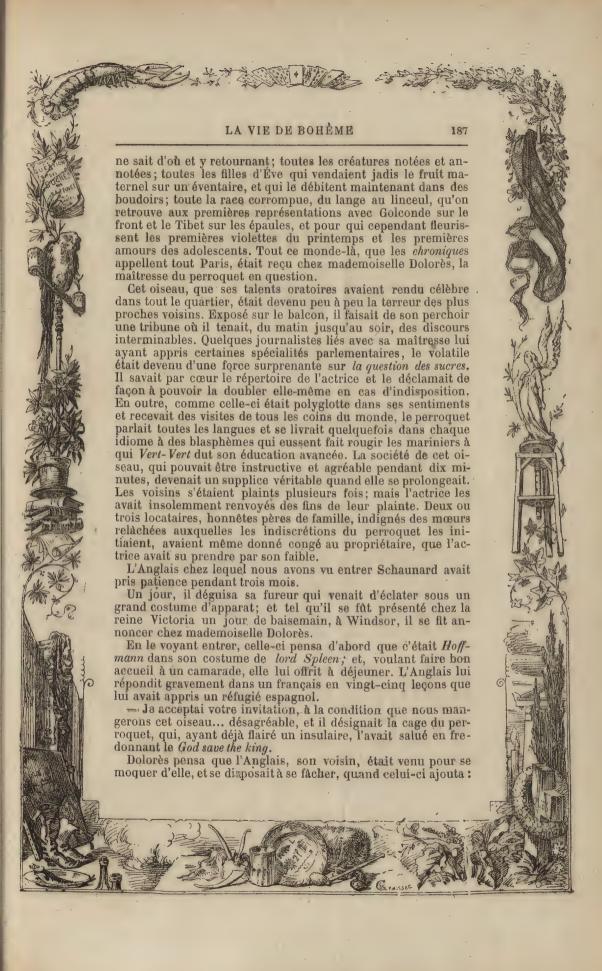


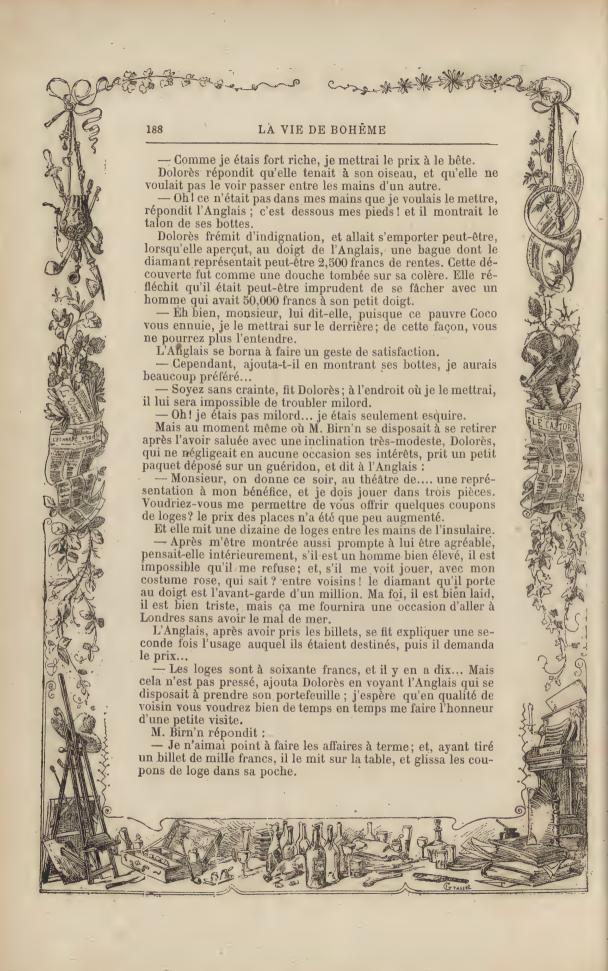


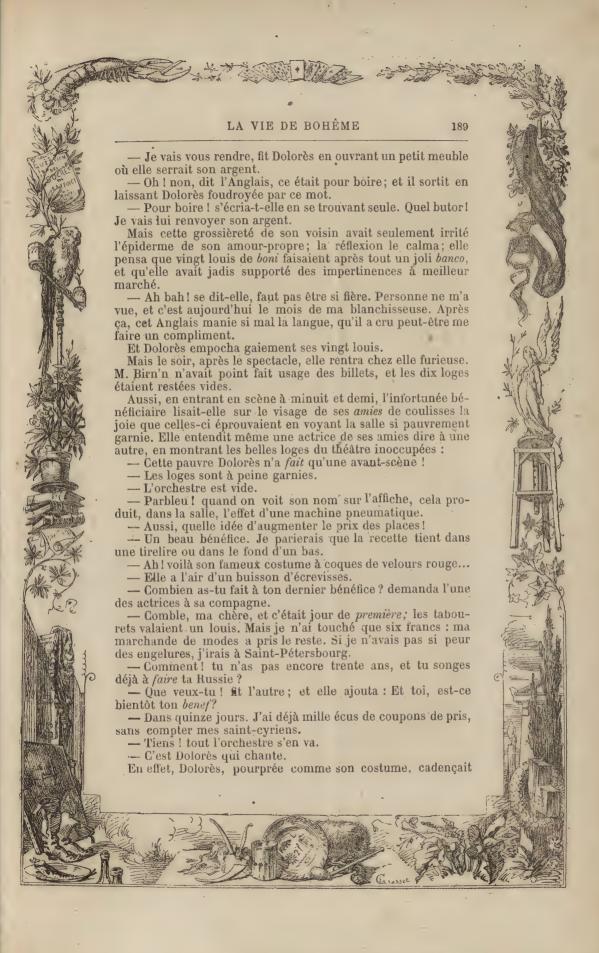


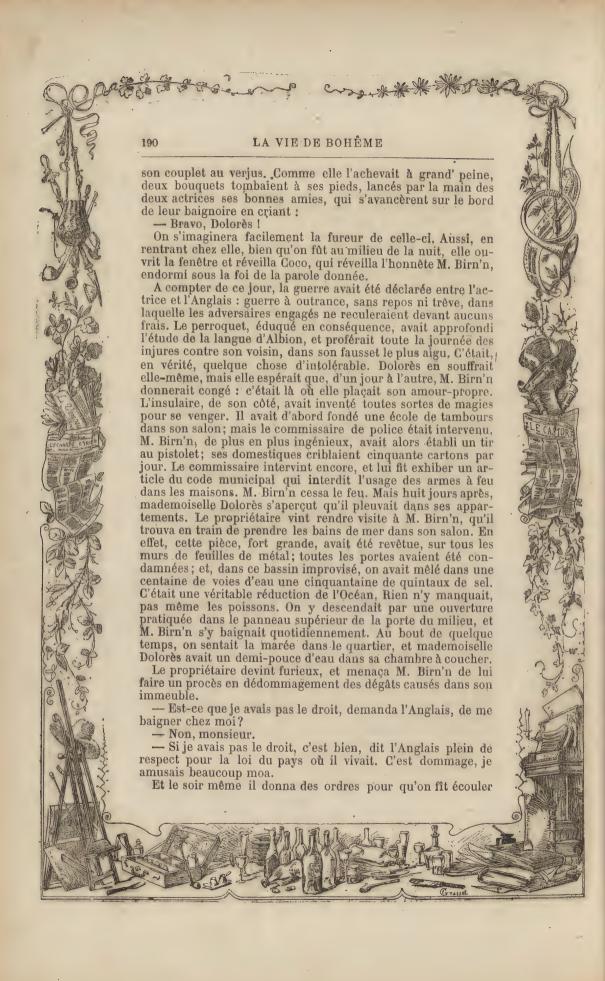
Francine,

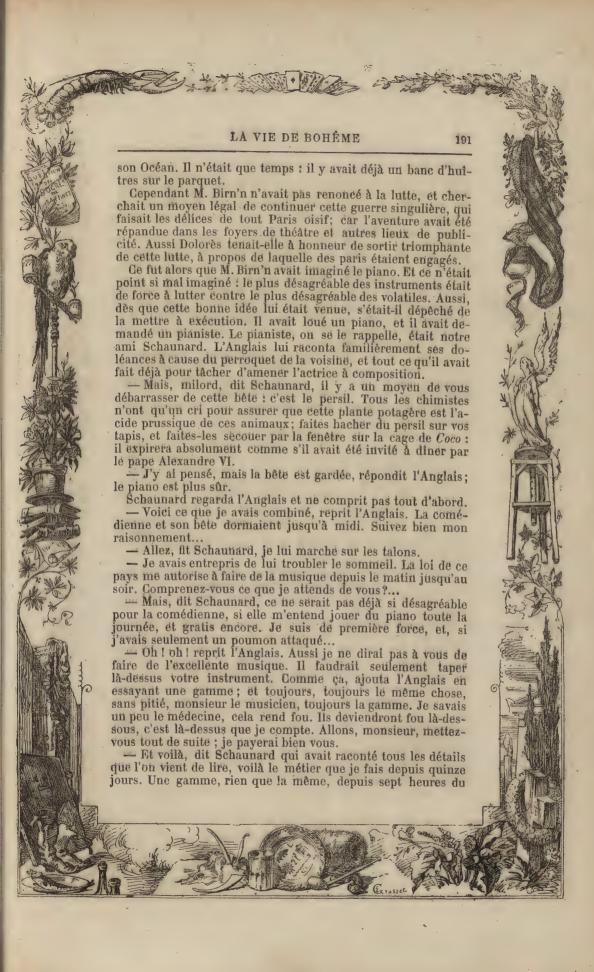


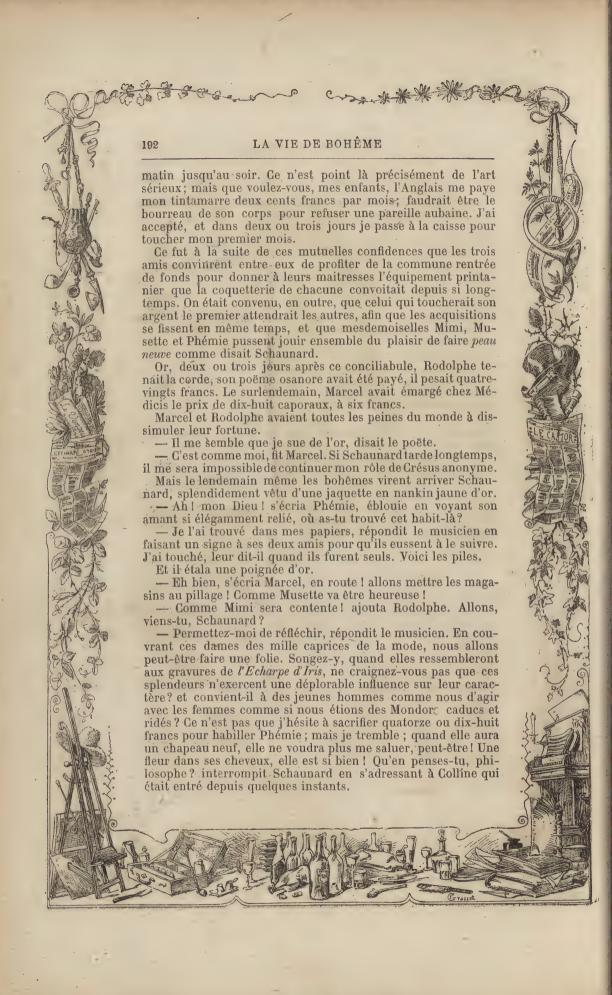










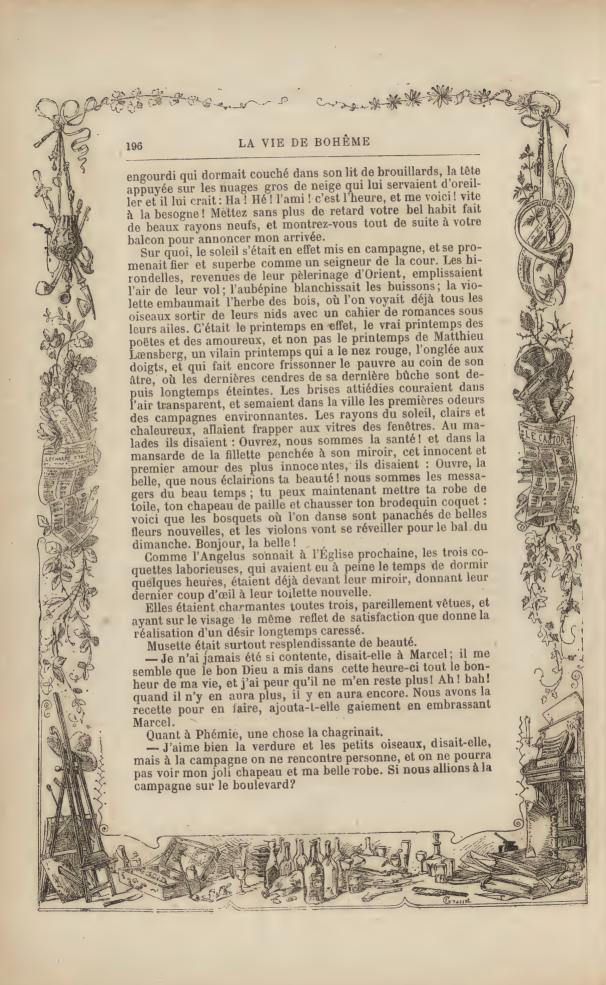


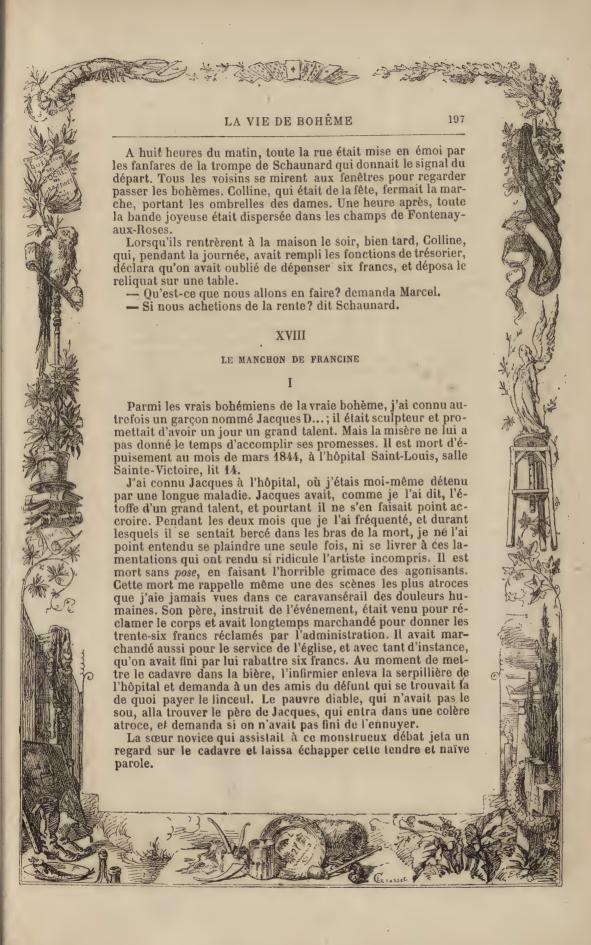


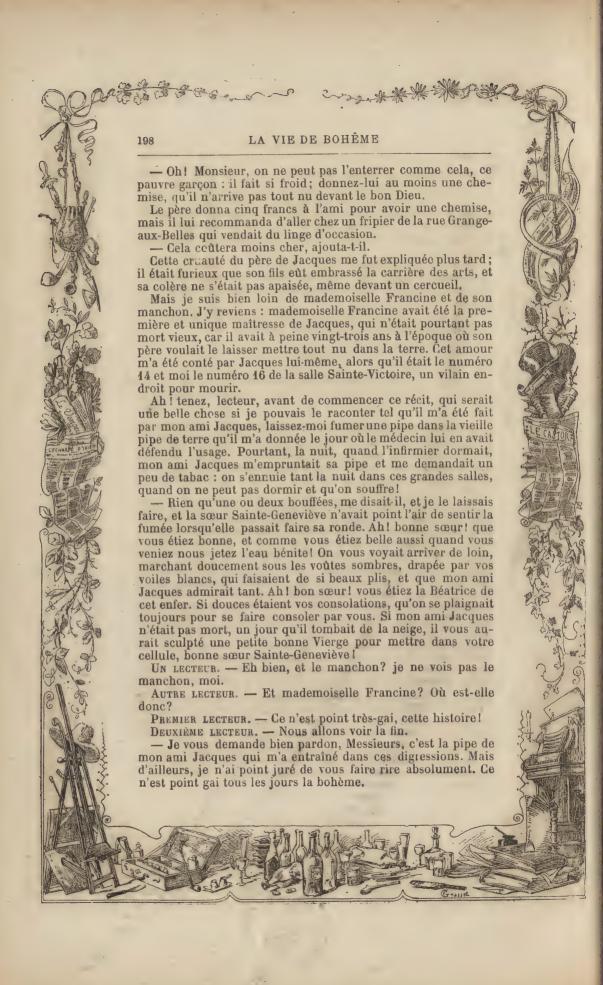
O ma jeunesse! c'est vous qu'on enterre.

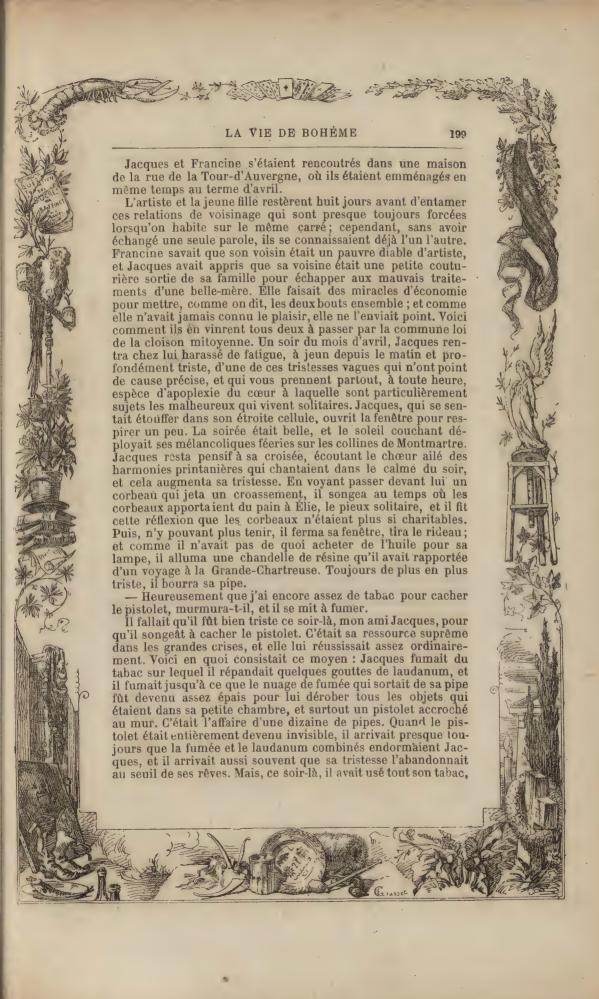


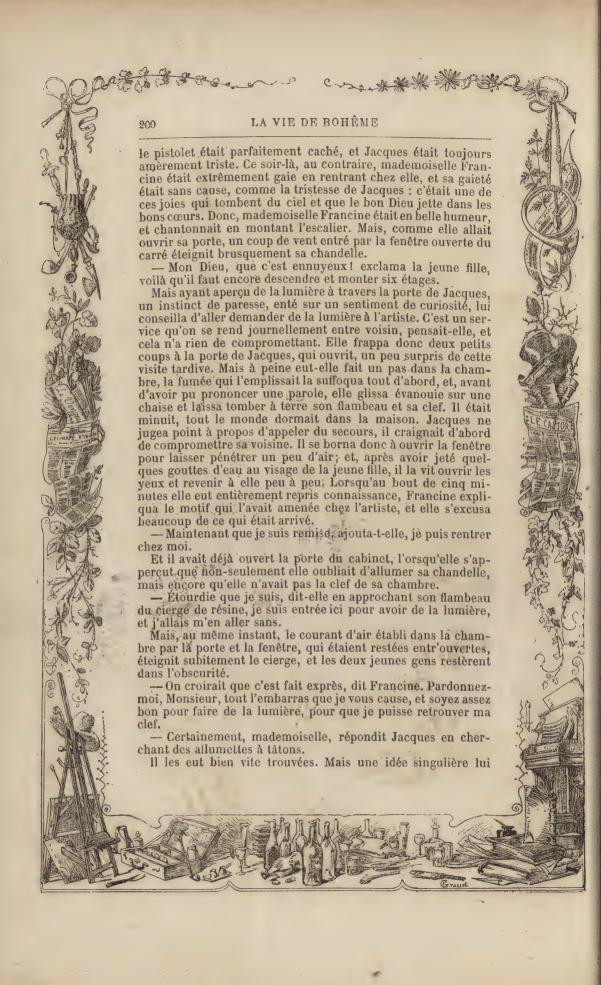






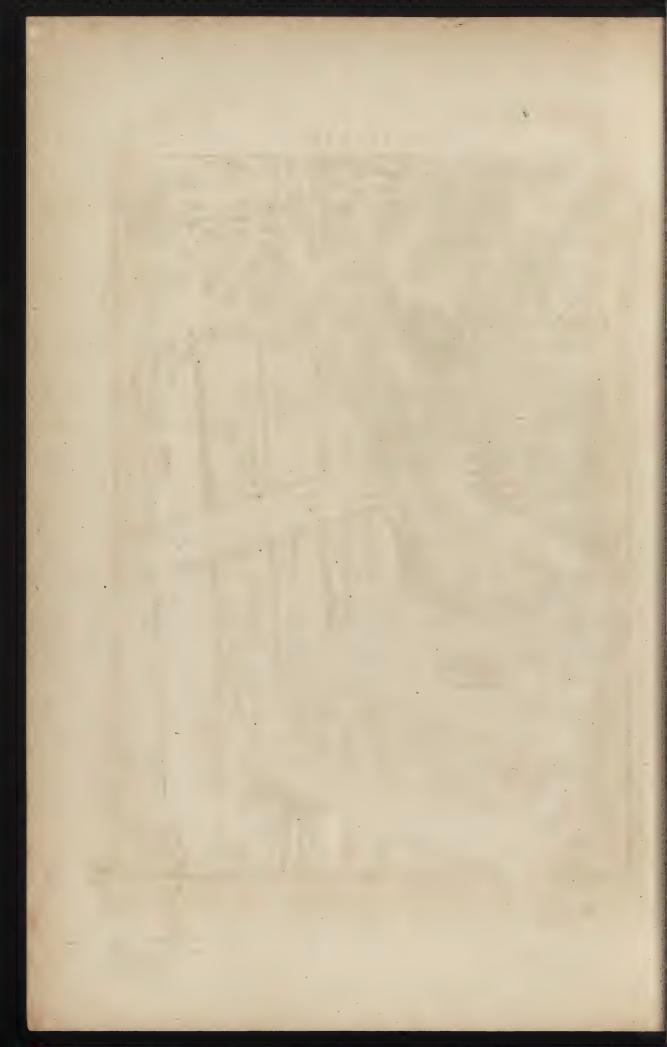


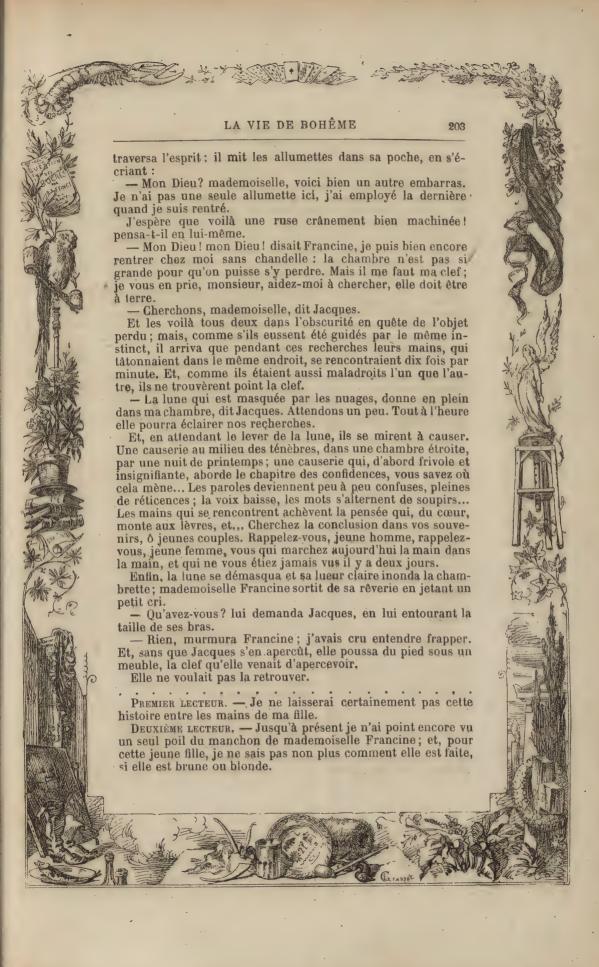


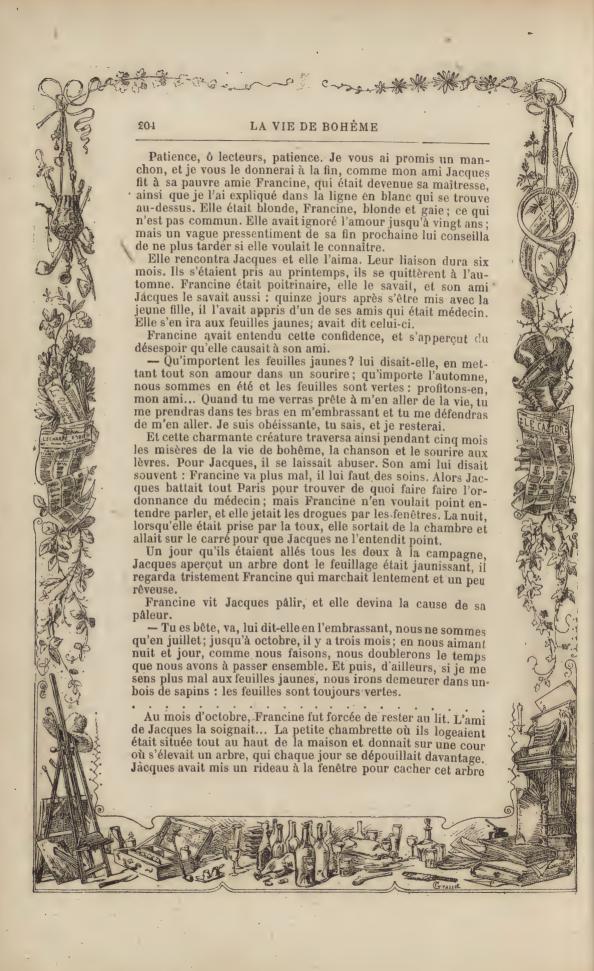


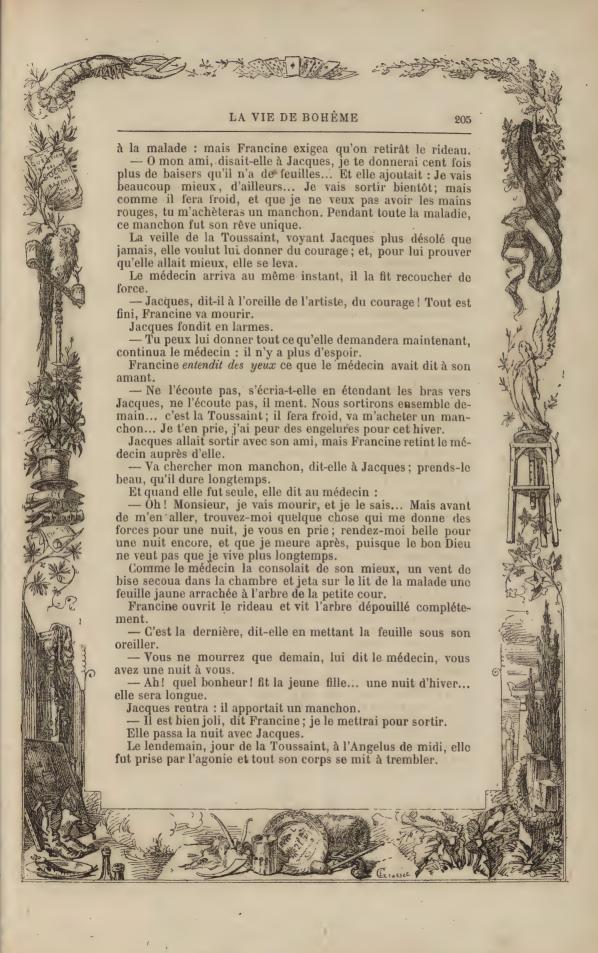


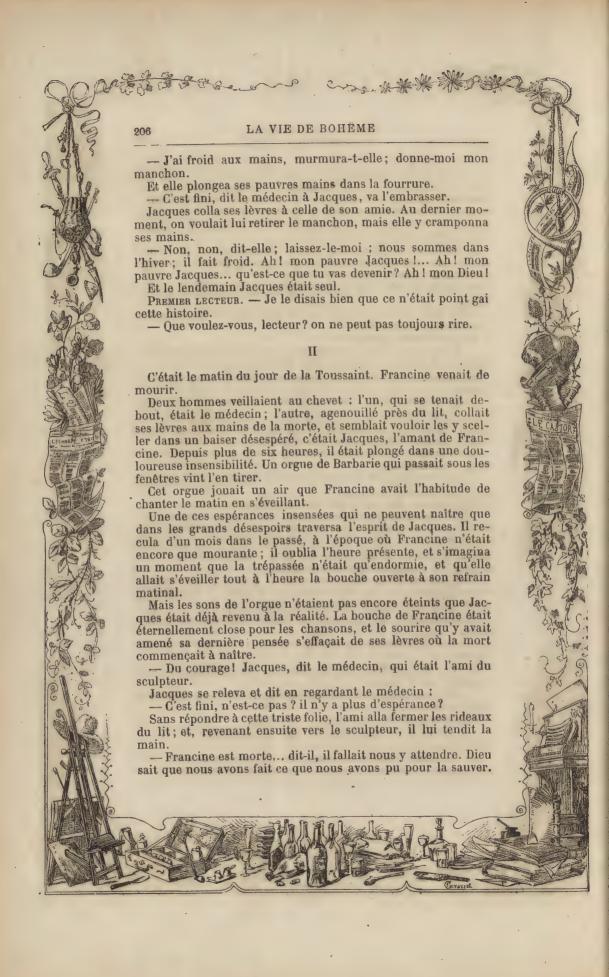
Il lui vola des pommes vertes qui pendaient aux arbres du jardin.

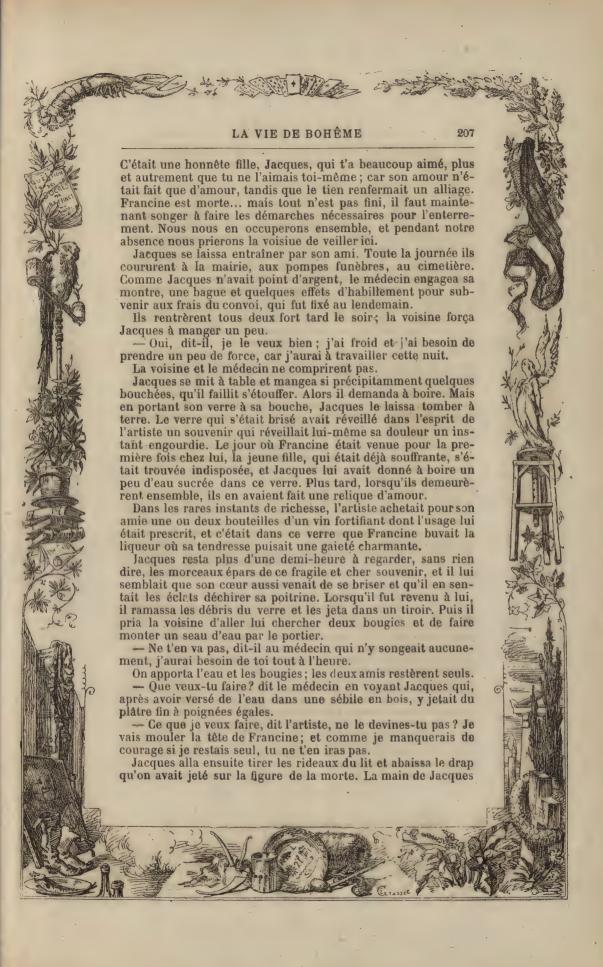


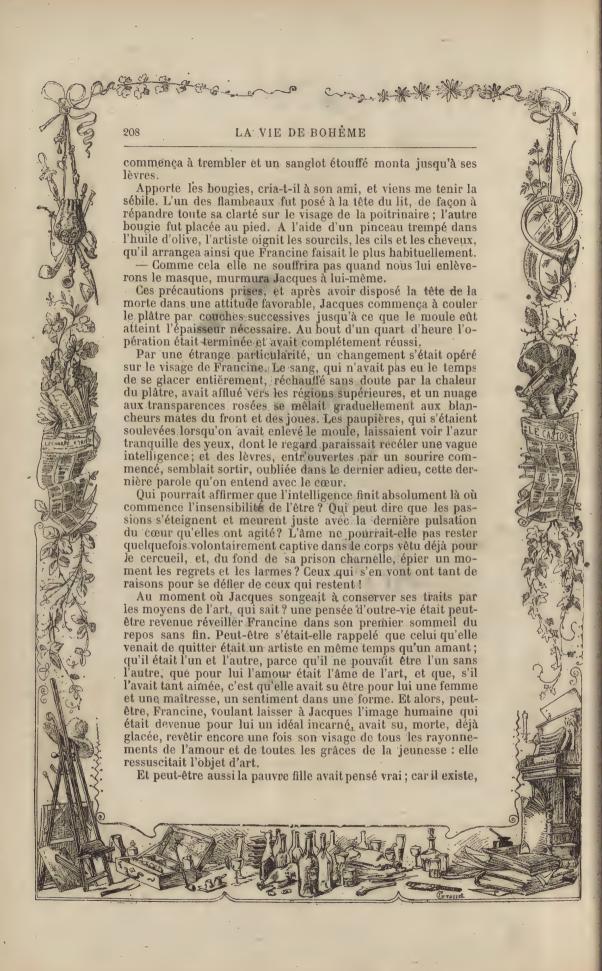






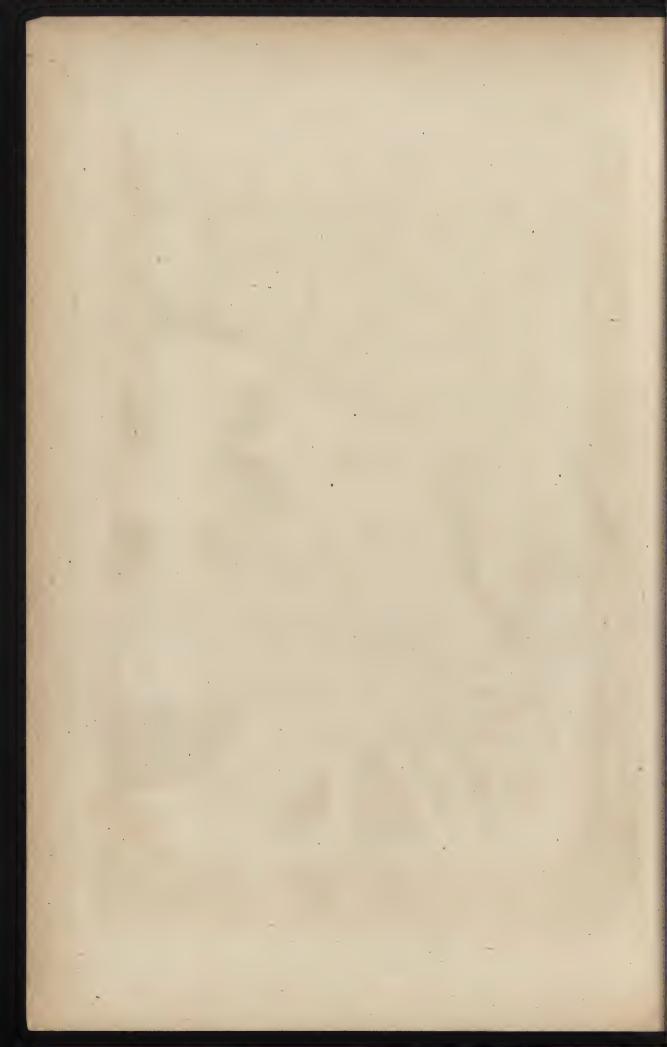


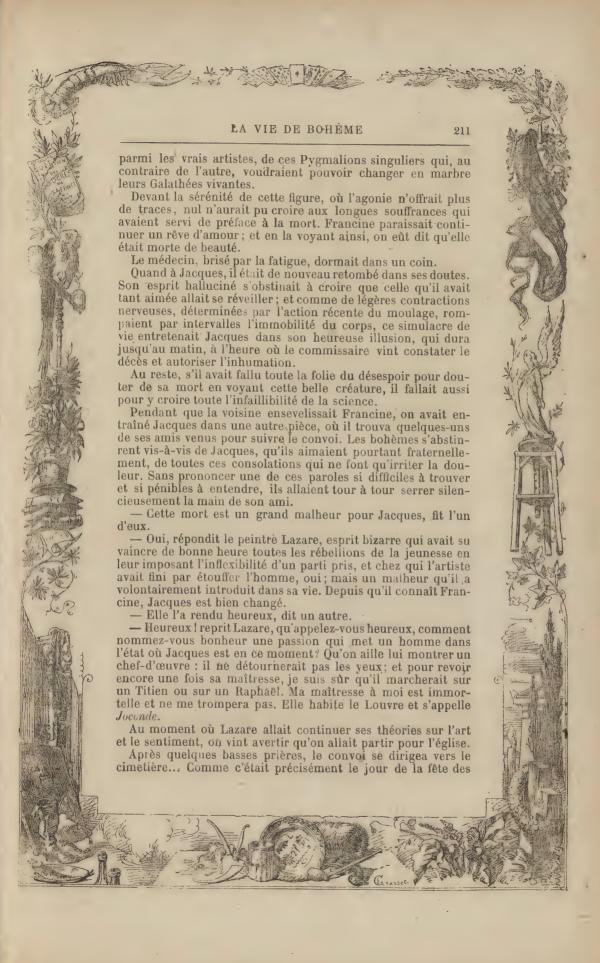


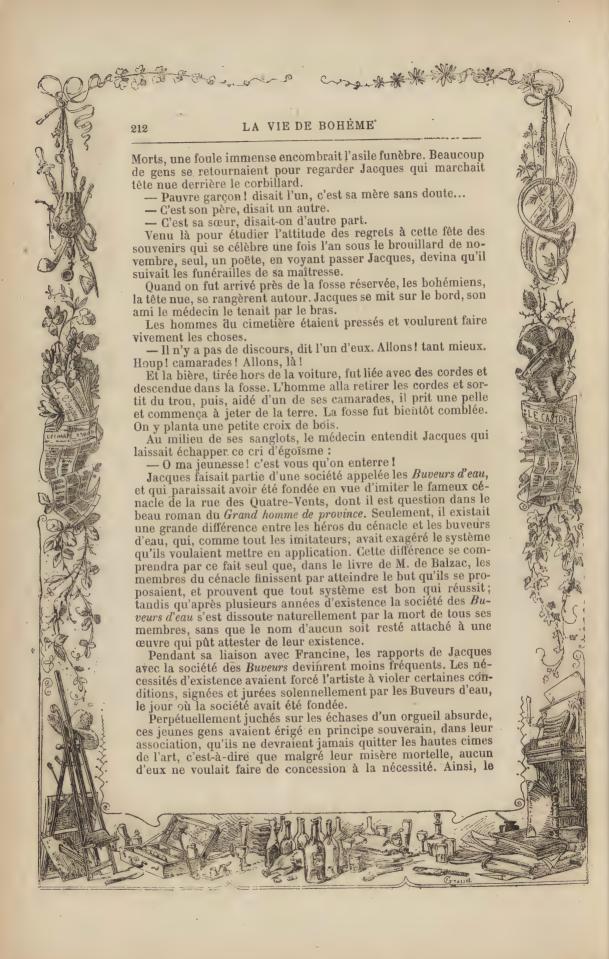


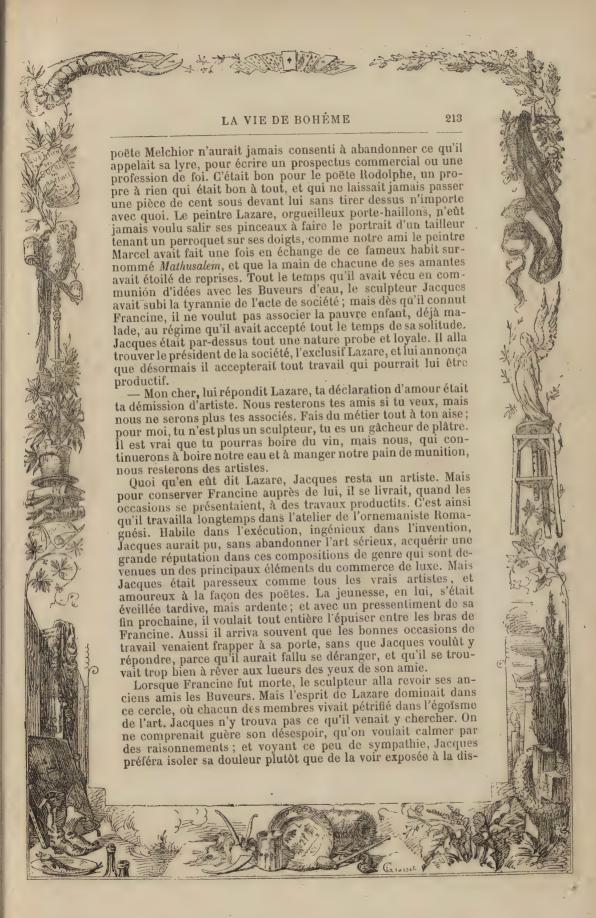


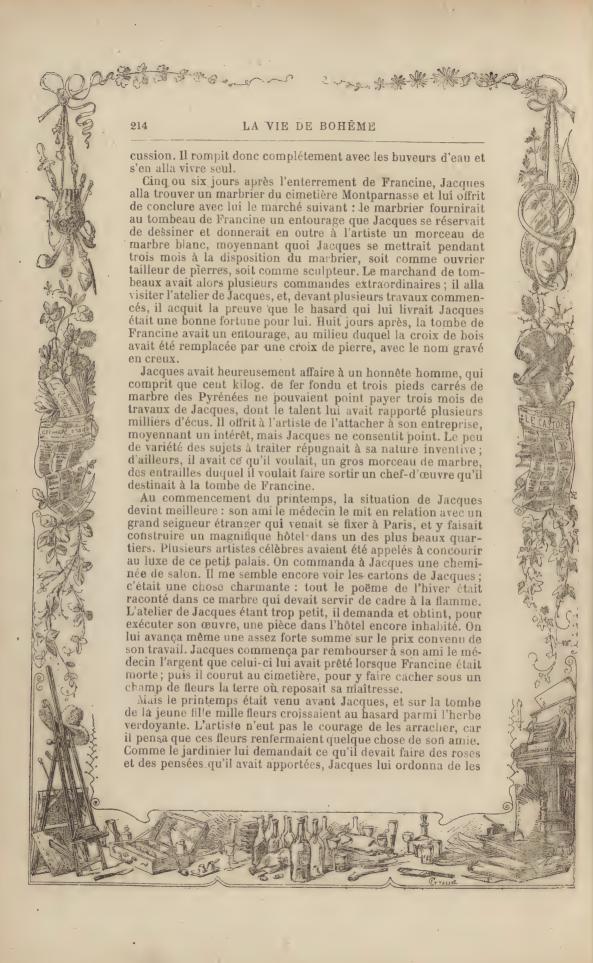
« Je t'embrasse autant que tu voudras. « Marcel »

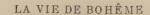












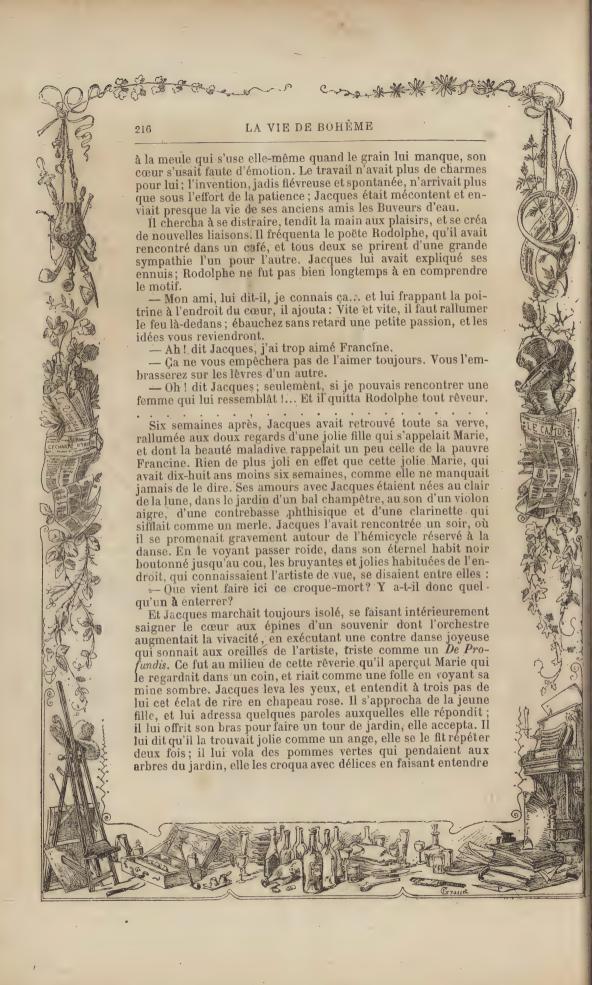
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planter sur une fosse voisine nouvellement creusée, pauvre tombe d'un pauvre, sans clôture, et n'ayant pour signe de reconnaissance qu'un morceau de bois piqué en terre, et surmonté d'une couronne de fleurs en papier noirci, pauvre offrande de la douleur d'un pauvre. Jacques sortit du cimetière tout autre qu'it était entré. Il regardait avec une curiosité pleine de joie ce beau soleil printanier, le même qui avait tant de fois doré les cheveux de Francine lorsqu'elle courait dans la campagne, fauchant les prés avec ses blanches mains. Tout un essaim de bonnes pensées chantait dans le cœur de Jacques. En passant devant un petit cabaret du boulevard extérieur, il se rappela qu'un jour, ayant été surpris par l'orage, il était entré dans ce bouchon avec Francine, et qu'ils y avaient dîné. Jacques entra et se fit servir à dîner sur la même table. On lui donna du désert dans une soucoupe à vignettes; il reconnut la soucoupe et se souvint que Francine était restée une demi-heure à deviner le rébus qui y était peint; et il se ressouvint aussi d'une chanson qu'avait chantée Francine, mis en belle humeur par un petit vin violet, qui ne coûte pas bien cher et qui contient plus de gaieté que de raisin. Mais cette crue de doux souvenirs réveillait son amour sans réveiller sa douleur. Accessible à la superstition, comme tous les esprits poétiques et rêveurs, Jacques s'imagina que c'était Francine qui, en l'entendant marcher tout à l'heure auprès d'elle, lui avait envoyée cette bouffée de bons souvenirs à travers sa tombe, et il ne voulut pas les mouiller d'une larme. Et il sortit du cabaret, pied leste, front haut, œil vif, cœur battant, presque un sourire aux lèvres, et murmurant en chemin ce refrain de la chanson de Francine:

L'amour rôde dans mon quartier Il faut tenir ma porte ouverte.

Ce re rain dans la boucfle de Jacques, c'était encore un souvenir, mais aussi c'était déjà une chanson; et peut-être, sans s'en douter, Jacques fit-il ce soir-là le premier pas dans ce chemin de transition qui de la tristesse mène à la mélancolie, et de là à l'oubli. Hélas! quoi qu'on veuille ét quoi qu'on fasse, l'éternelle et juste loi de la mobilité le veut ainsi.

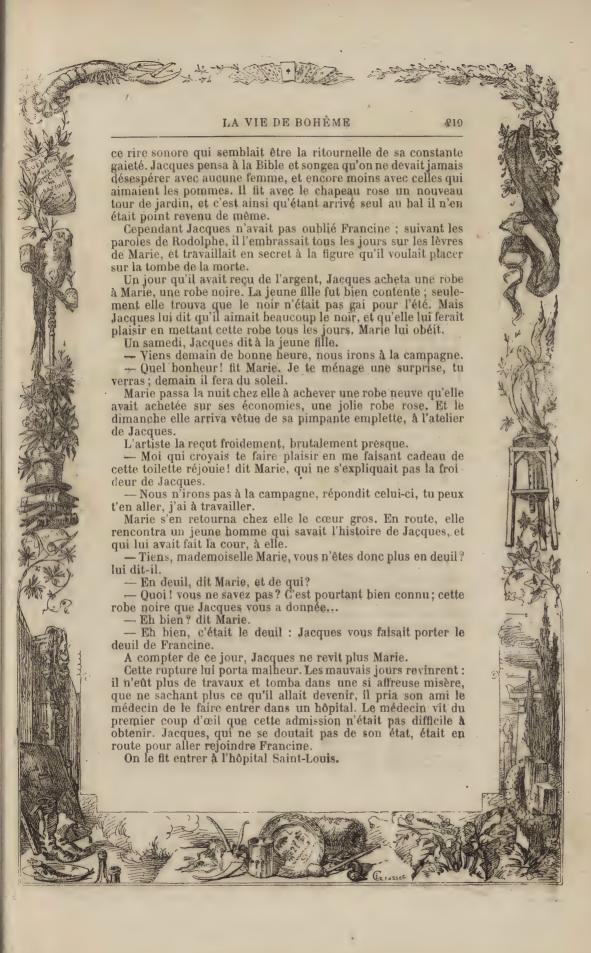
De même que les fleurs qui, nées peut-être du corps de Francine, avaient poussé sur sa tombe, des sèves de jeunesse fleurissaient dans le cœur de Jacques, où les souvenirs de l'amour ancien éveillaient de vagues aspirations vers de nouvelles amours. D'ailleurs, Jacques était de cette race d'artistes et de poëtes qui font de la passion un instrument de l'art et de la poésie, et dont l'esprit n'a d'activité qu'autant qu'il est mis en mouvement par les forces motrices du cœur. Chez Jacques, l'invention était vraiment fille du sentiment, et il mettait une parcelle de lui-même dans les plus petites choses qu'il faisait. Il s'aperçut que les souvenirs ne lui suffisaient plus, et que, parcil

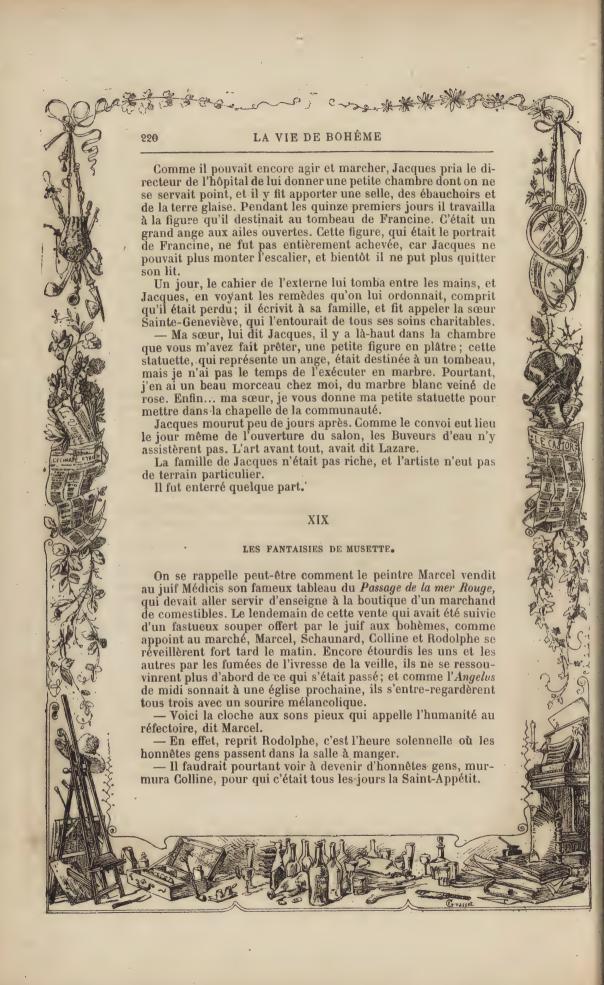


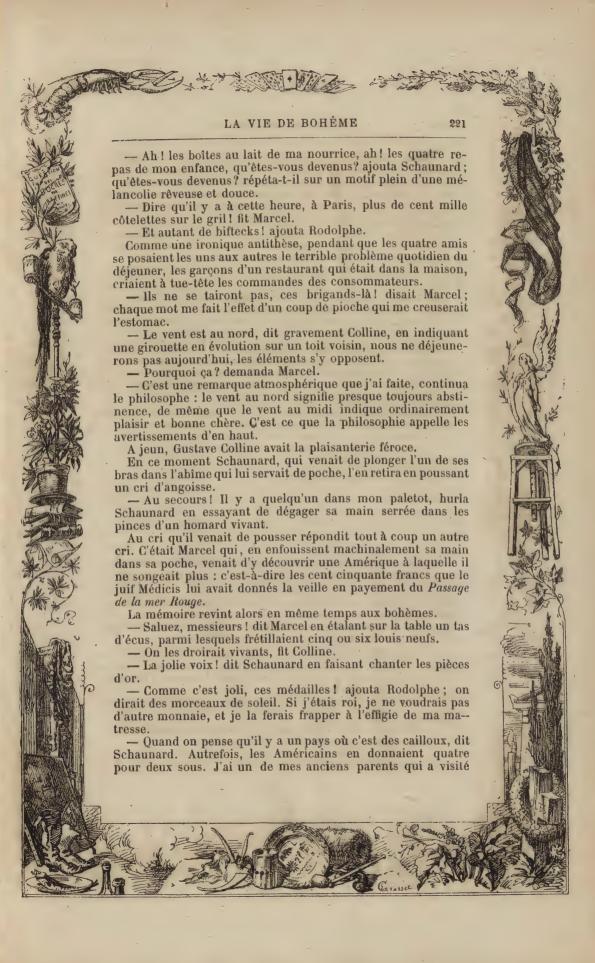


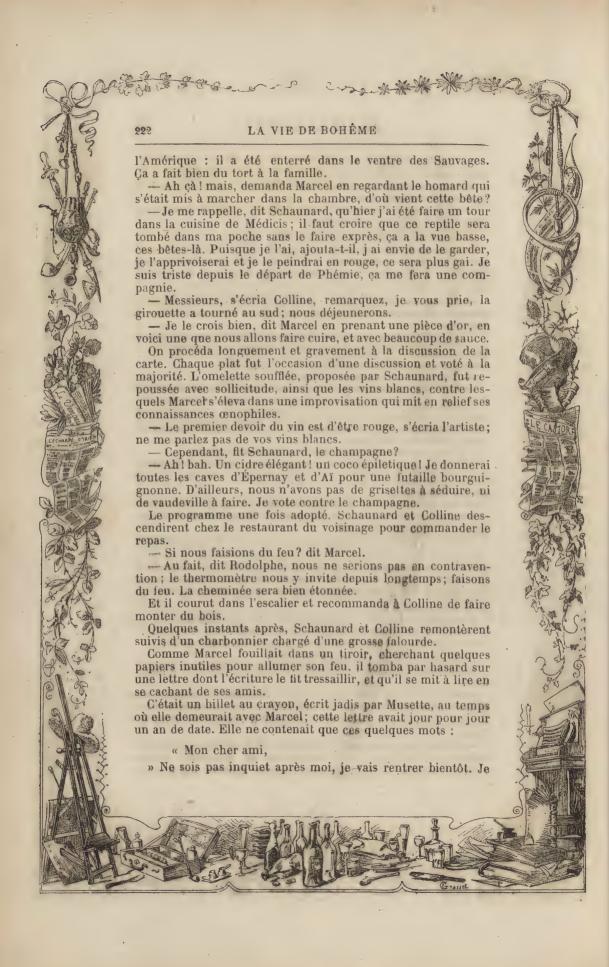
Et, comme son épouse s'appelait Hélène, il se compara à Ménélas.

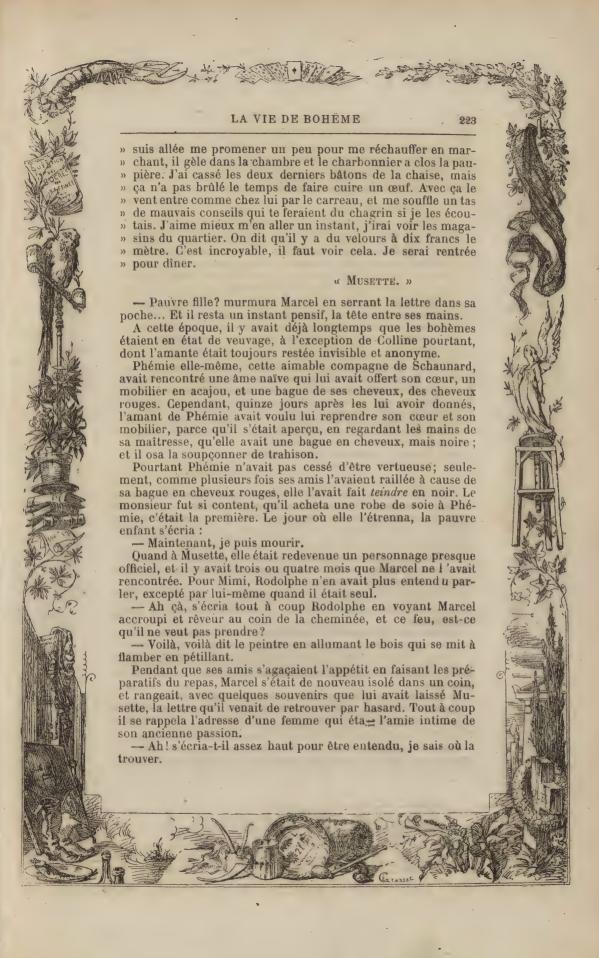


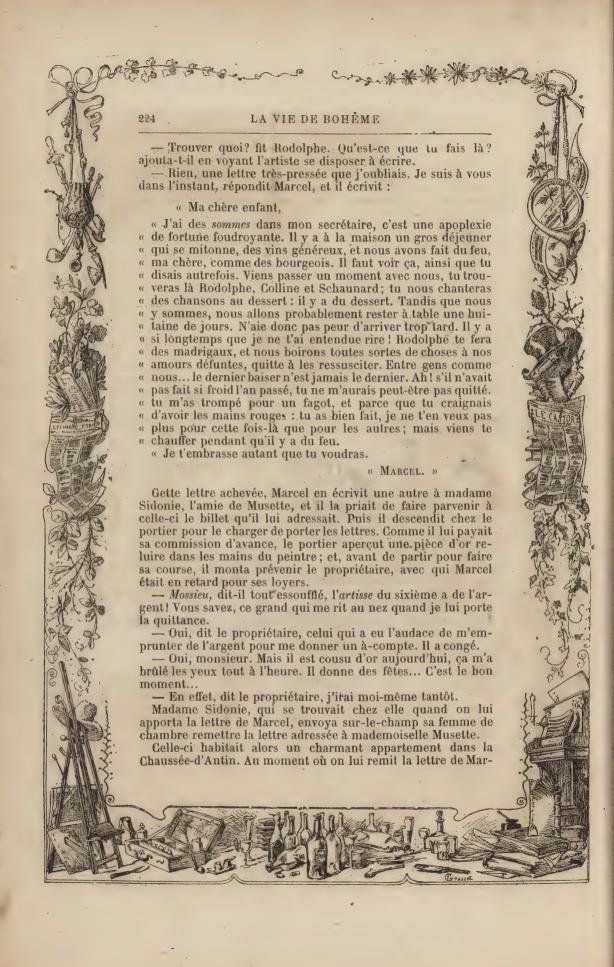






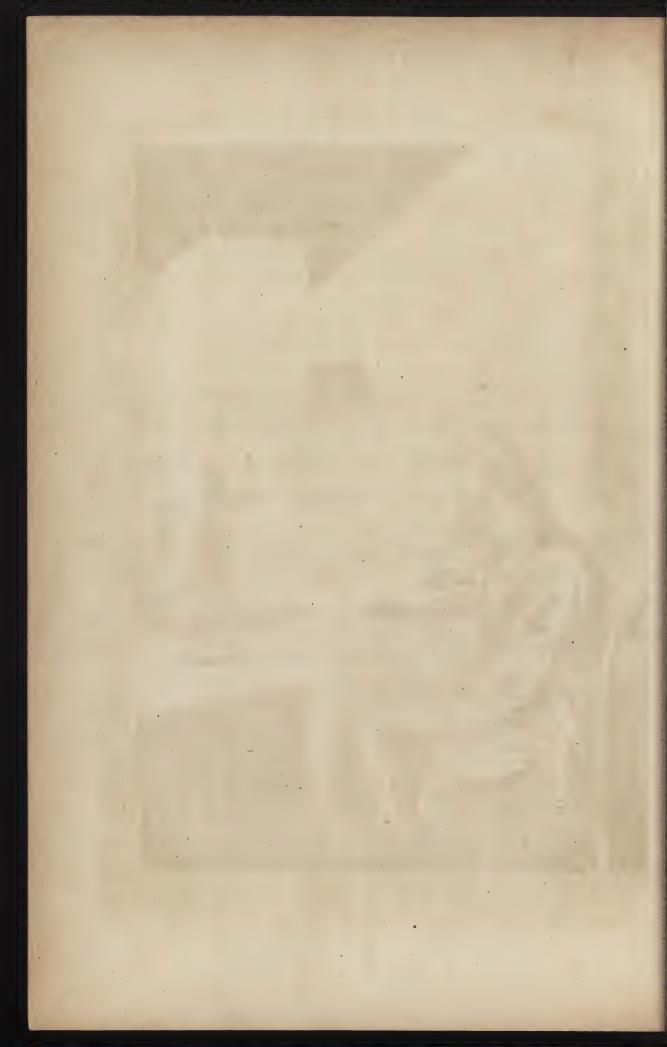


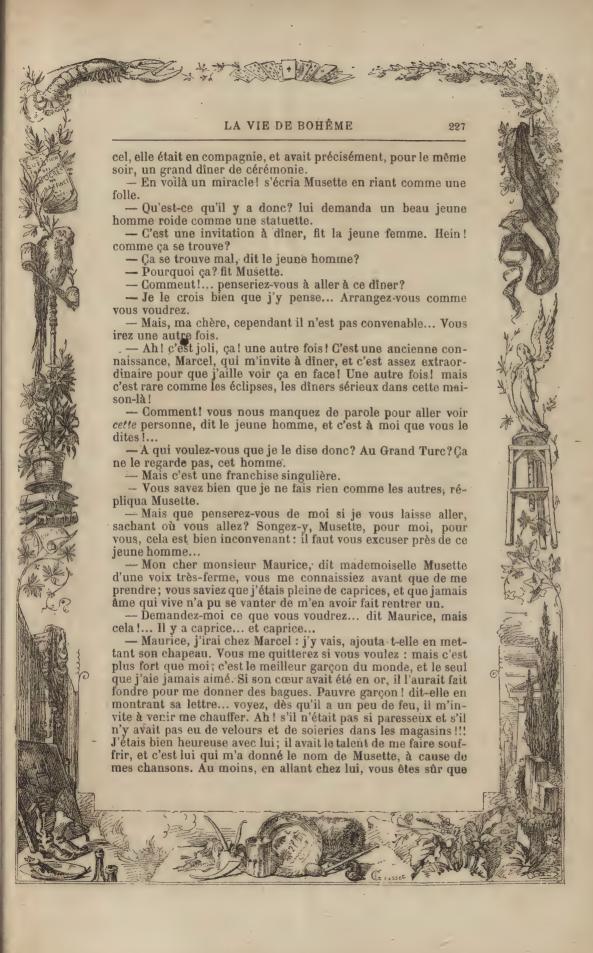


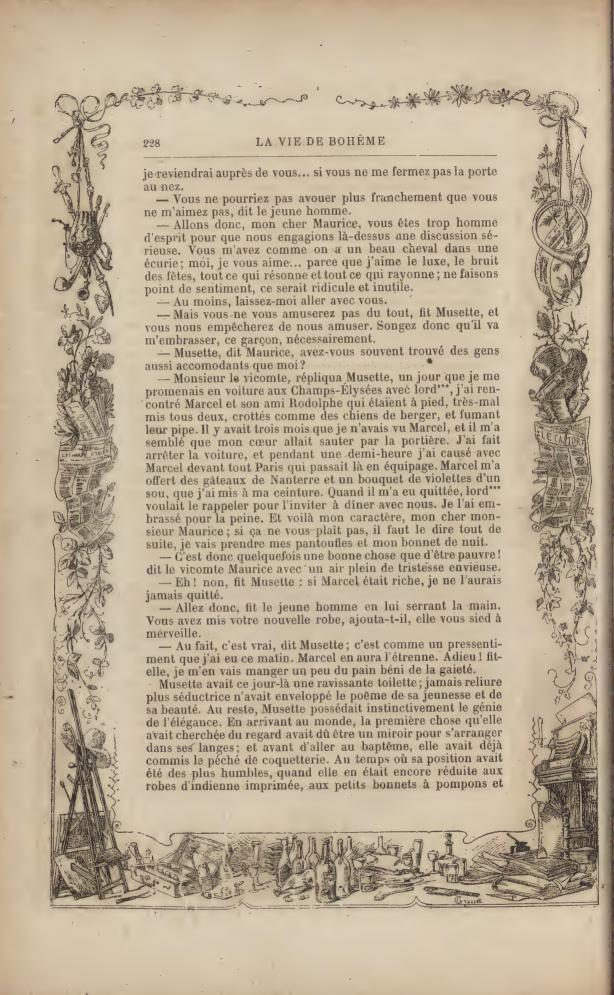


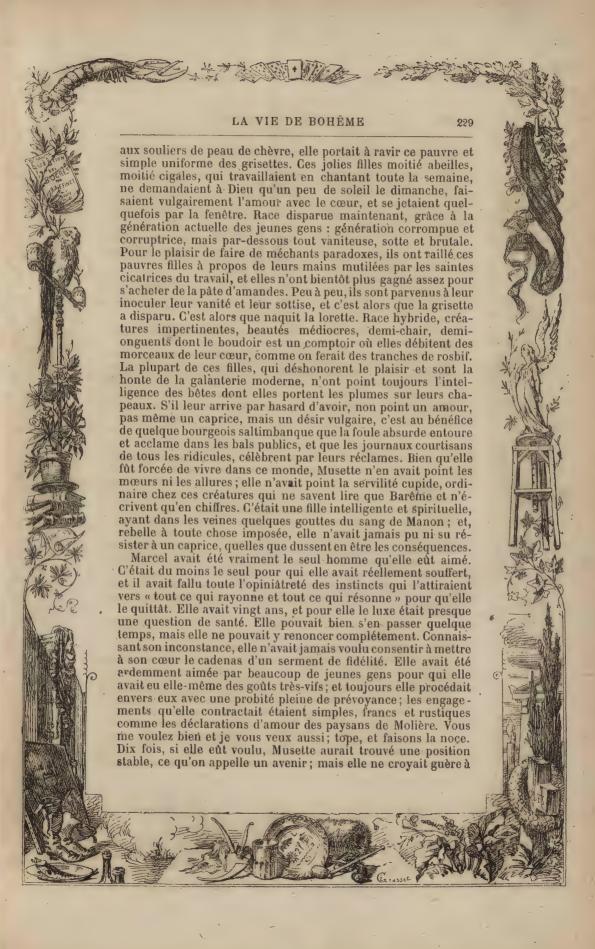


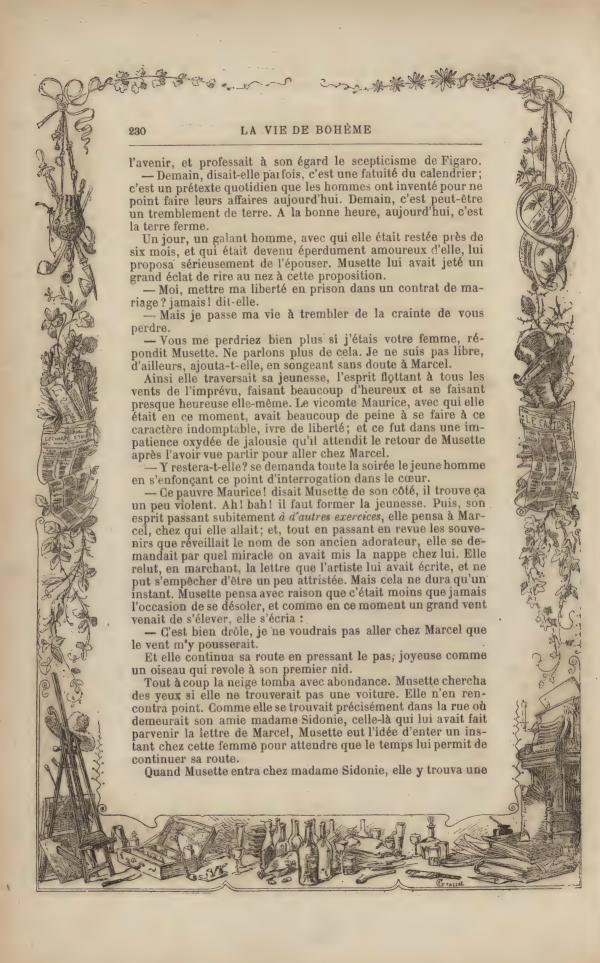
C'est le souper des funérailles de nos amours, me dit-il tout bas.

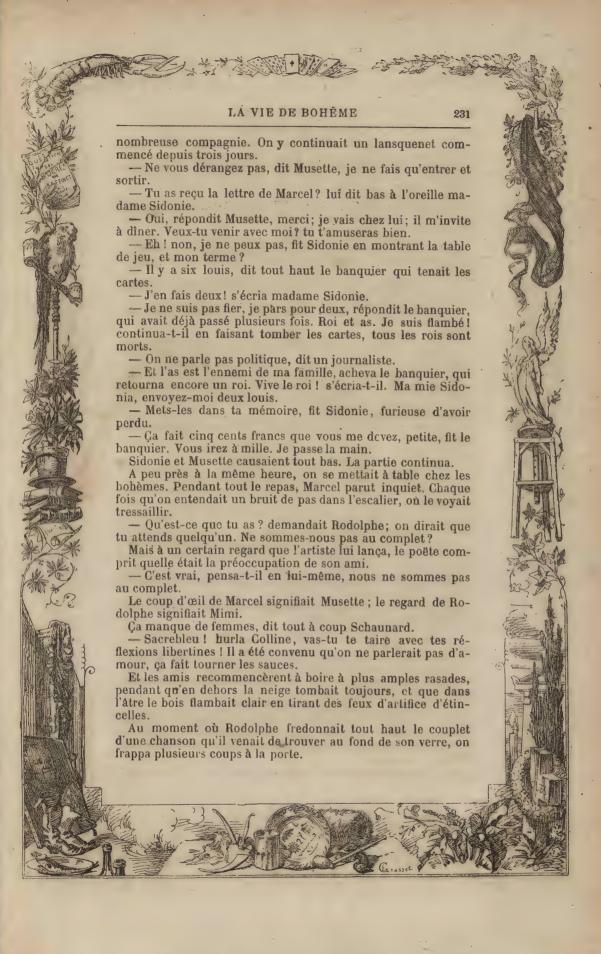


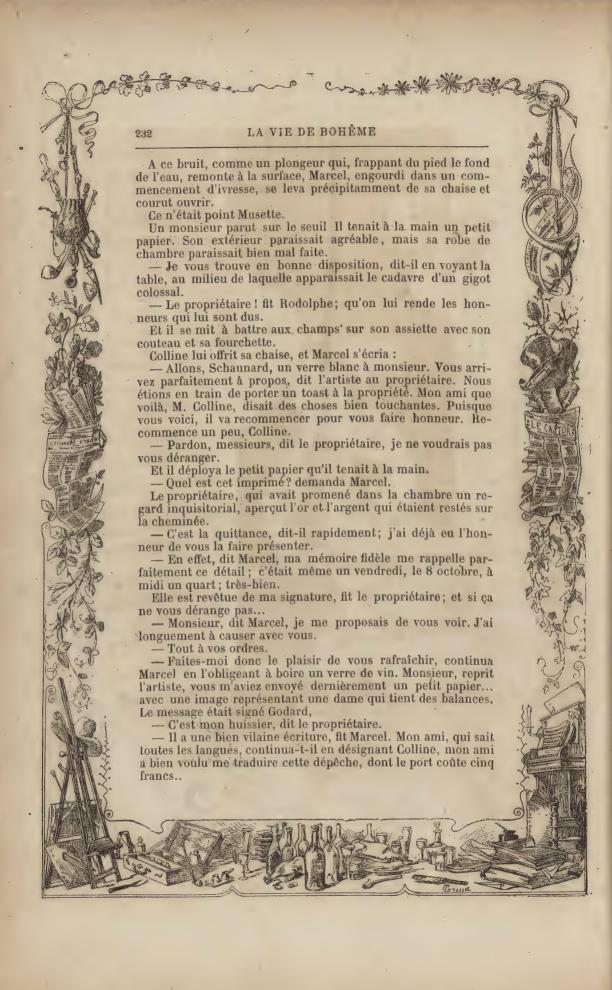








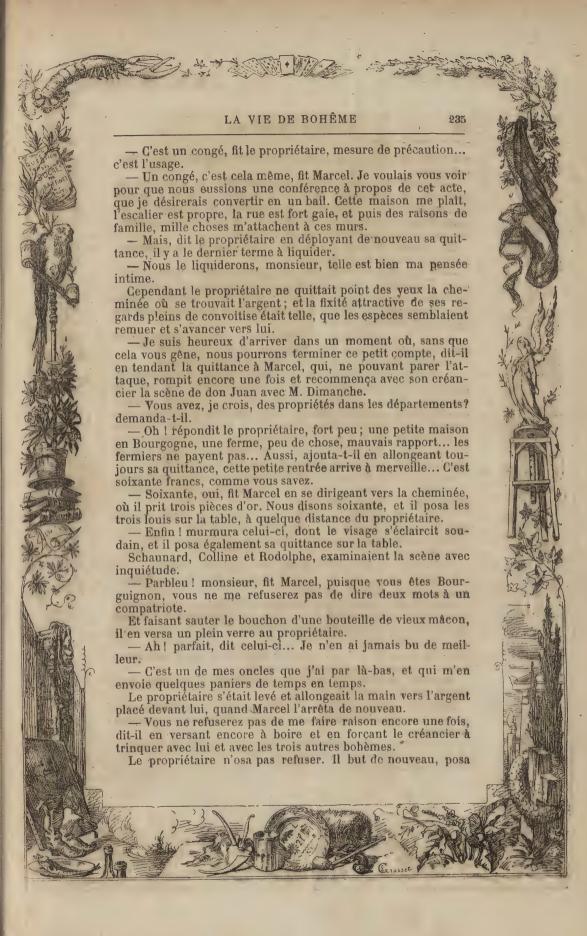


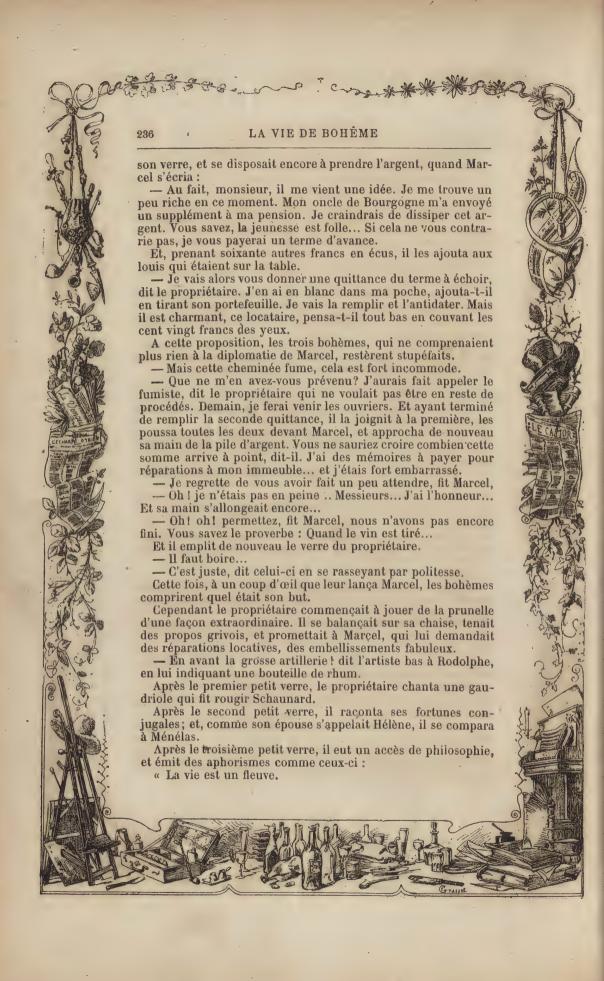


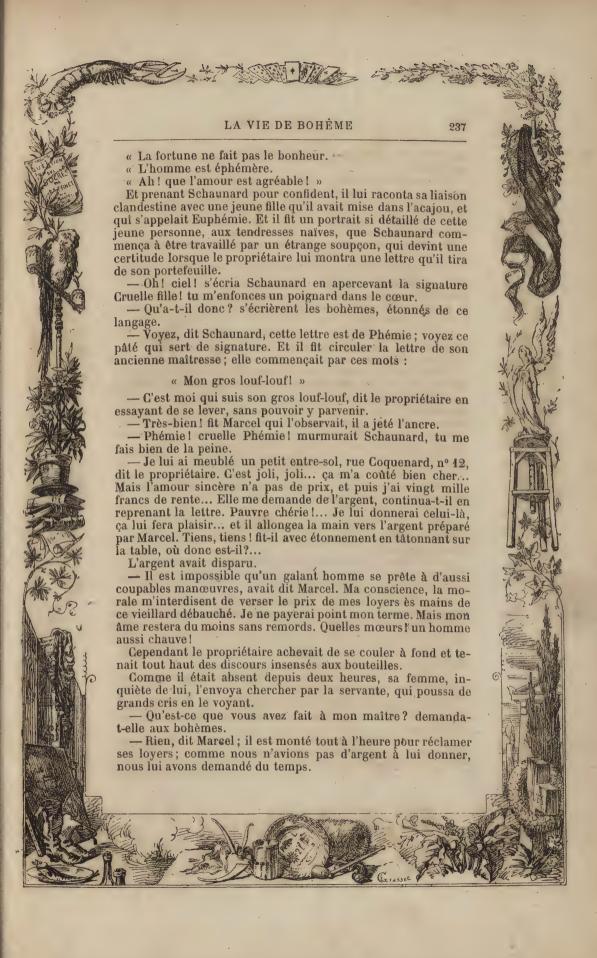


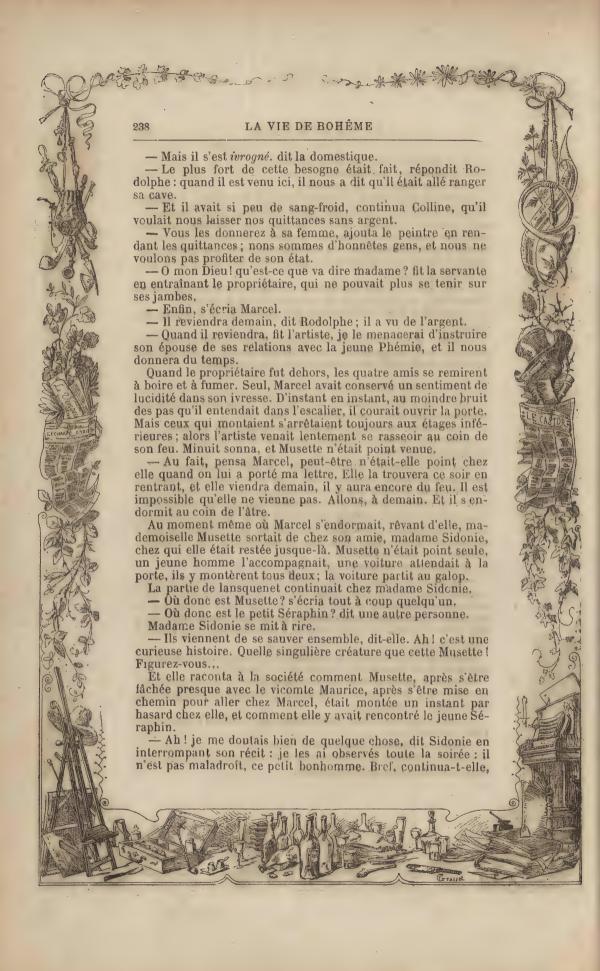
L'endroit d'ailleurs est habitable et parfaitement réparé.

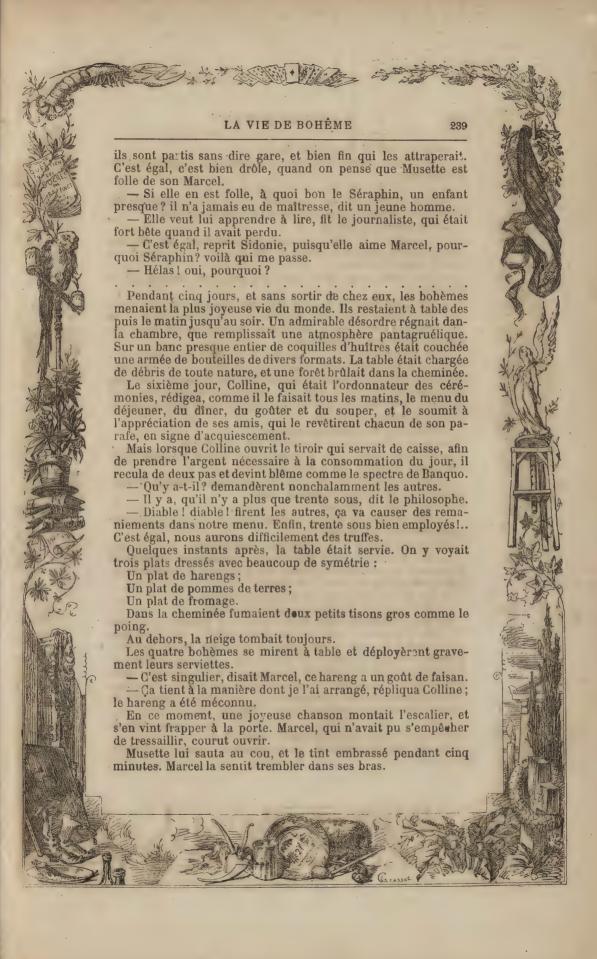


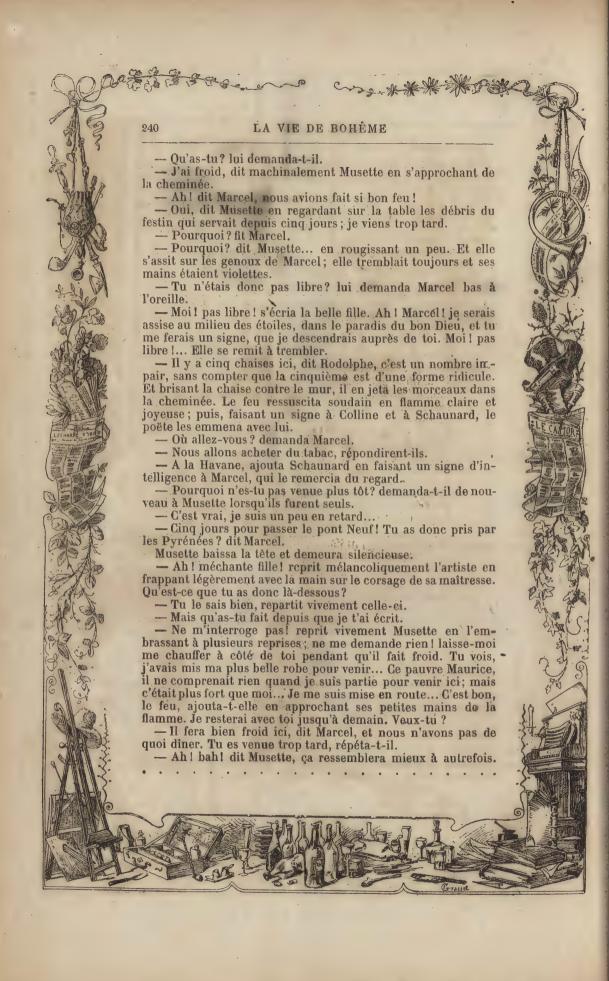








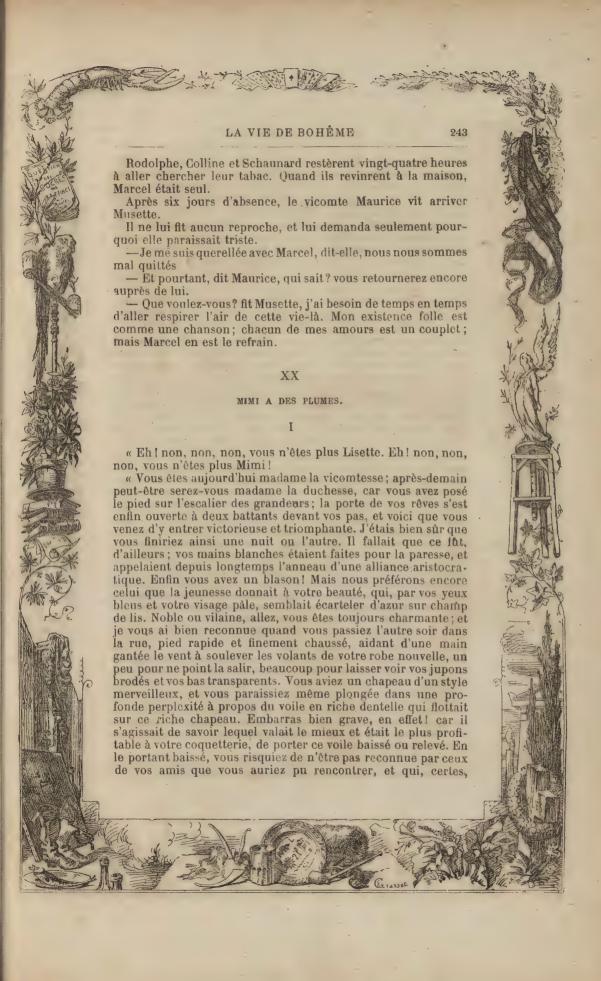


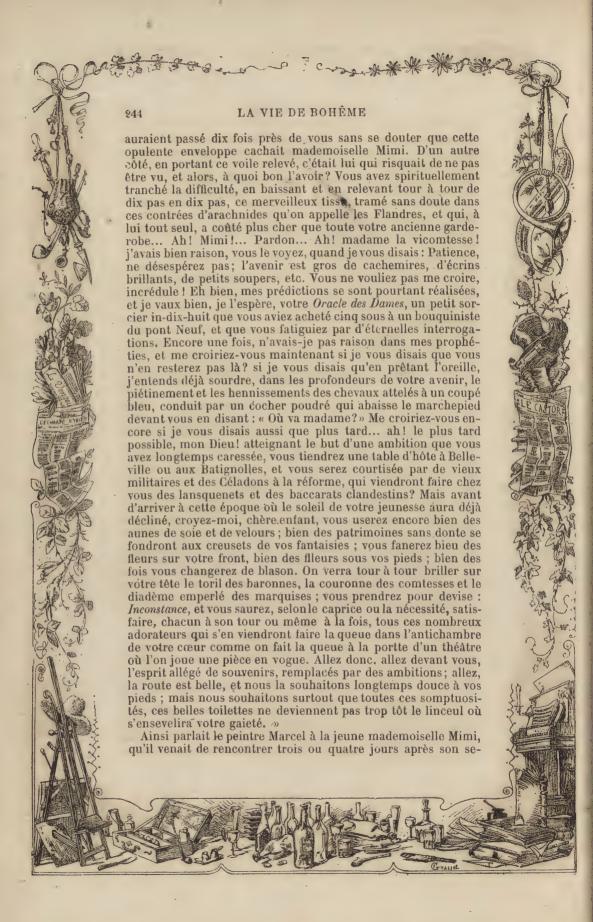


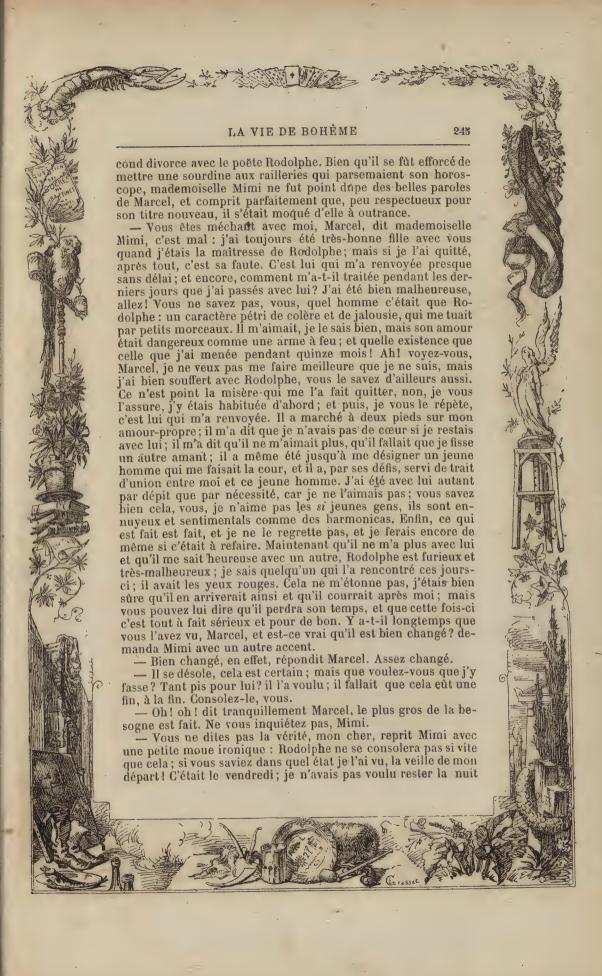


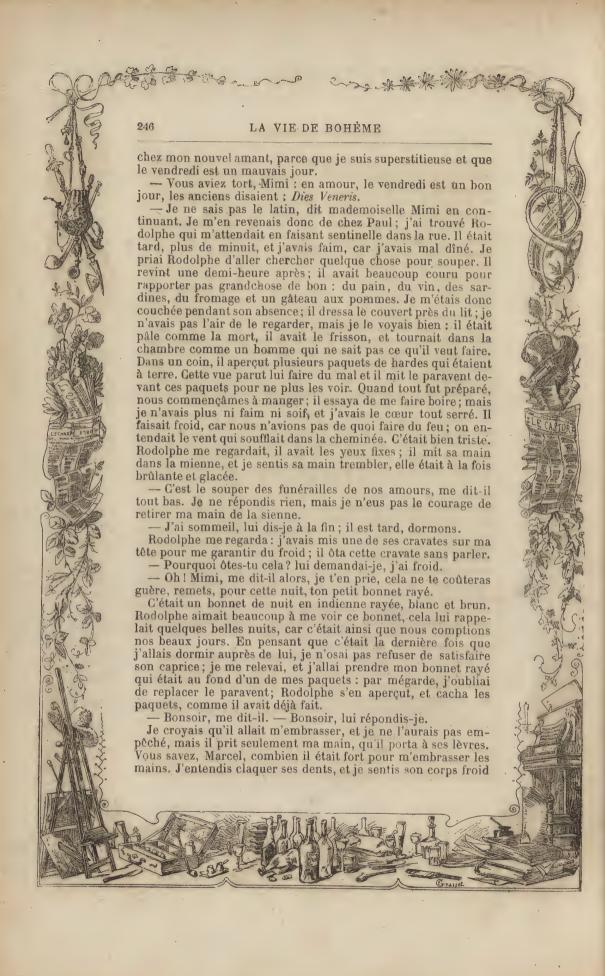
Je n'ai plus le sou, ma chère, et le Code, dans un cas pareil indique etc etc.

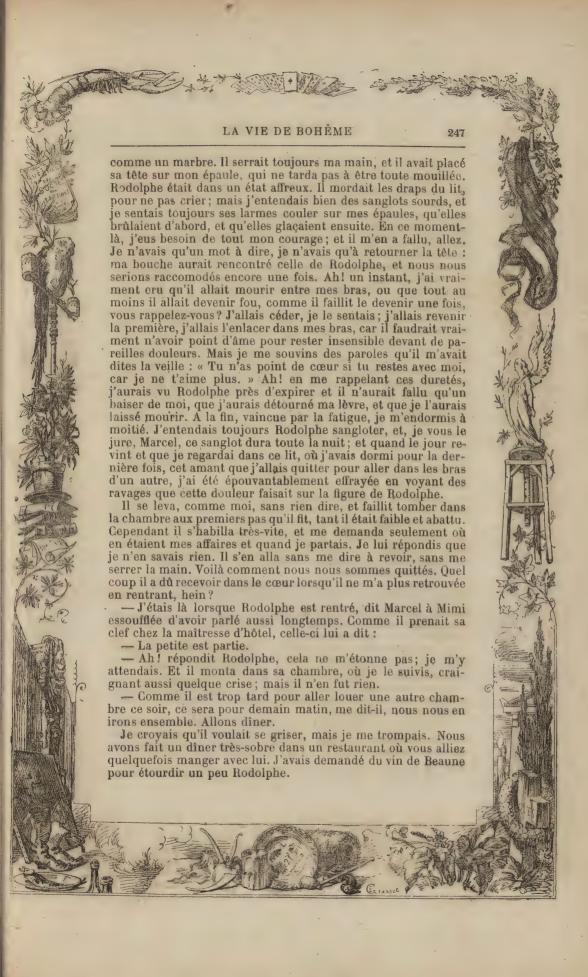


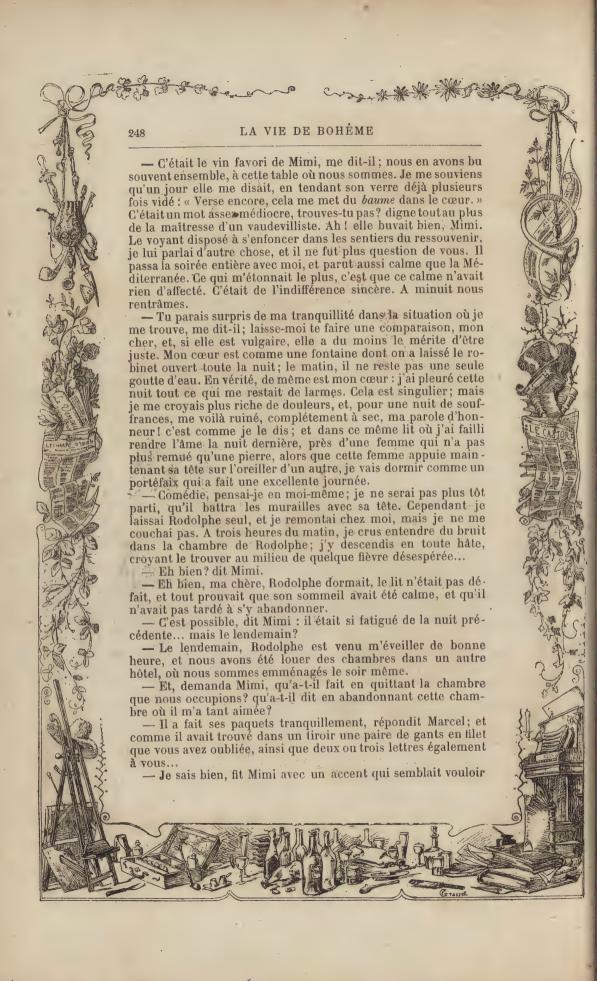






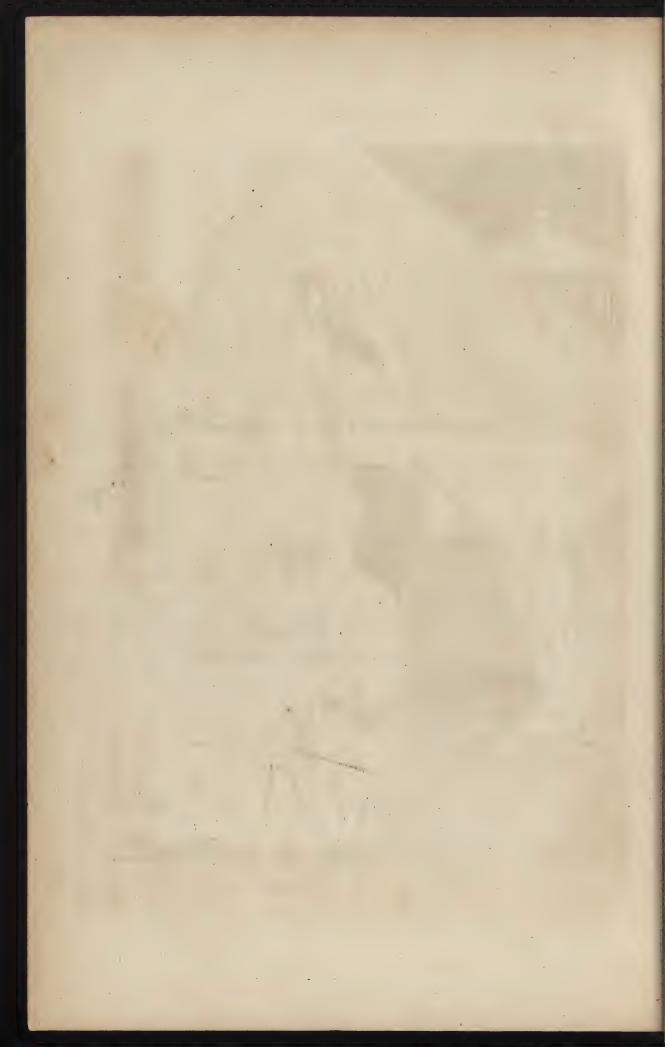


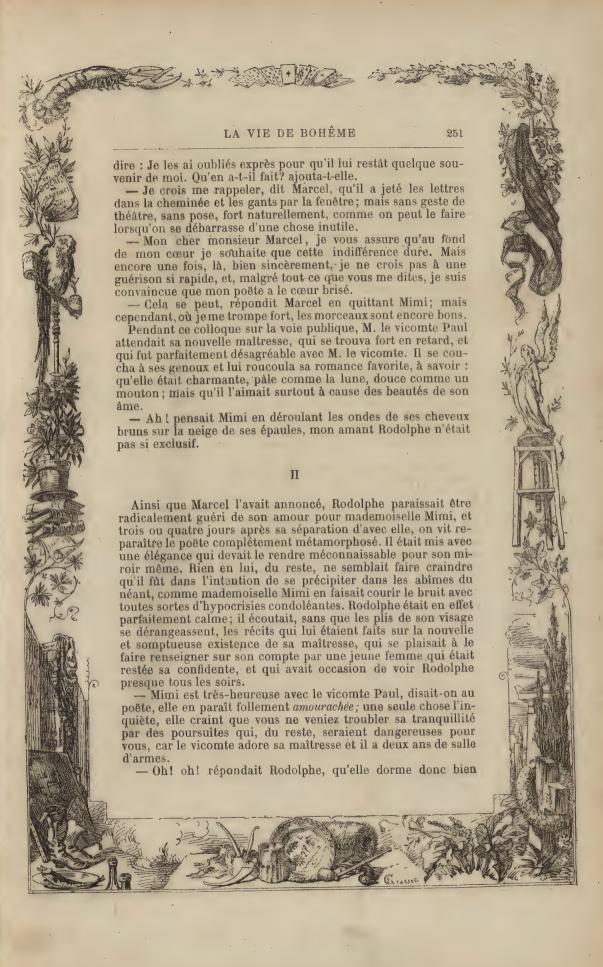


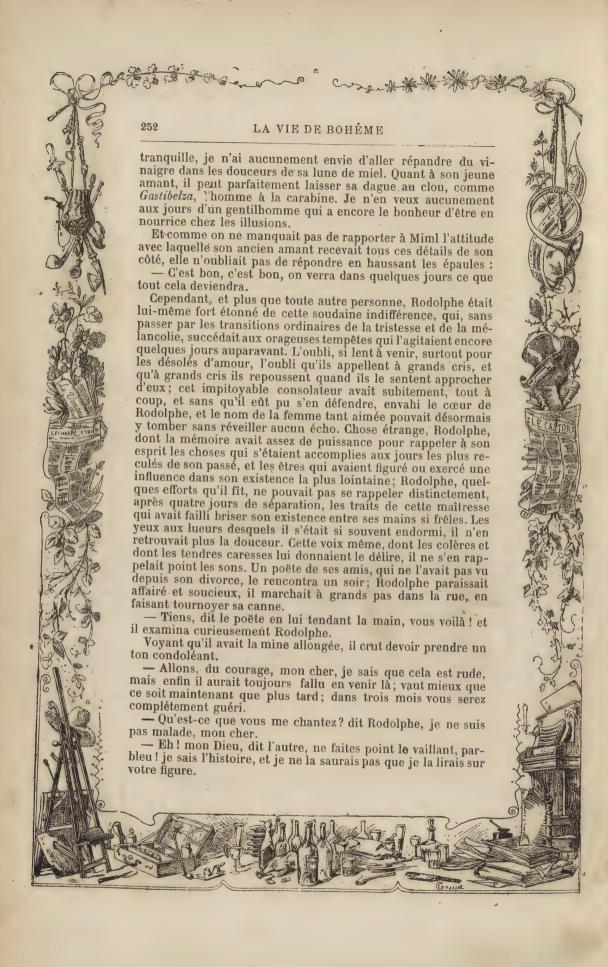


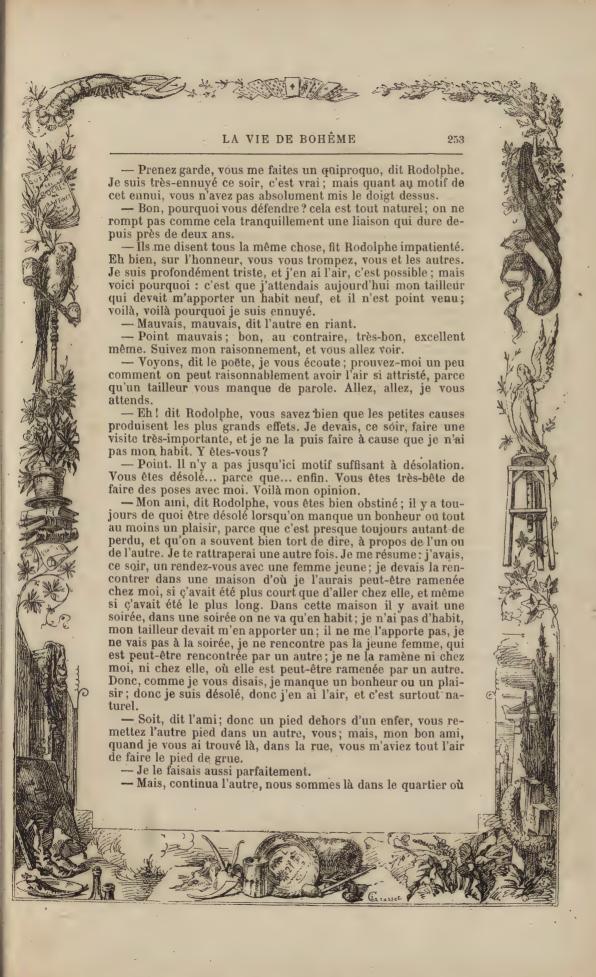


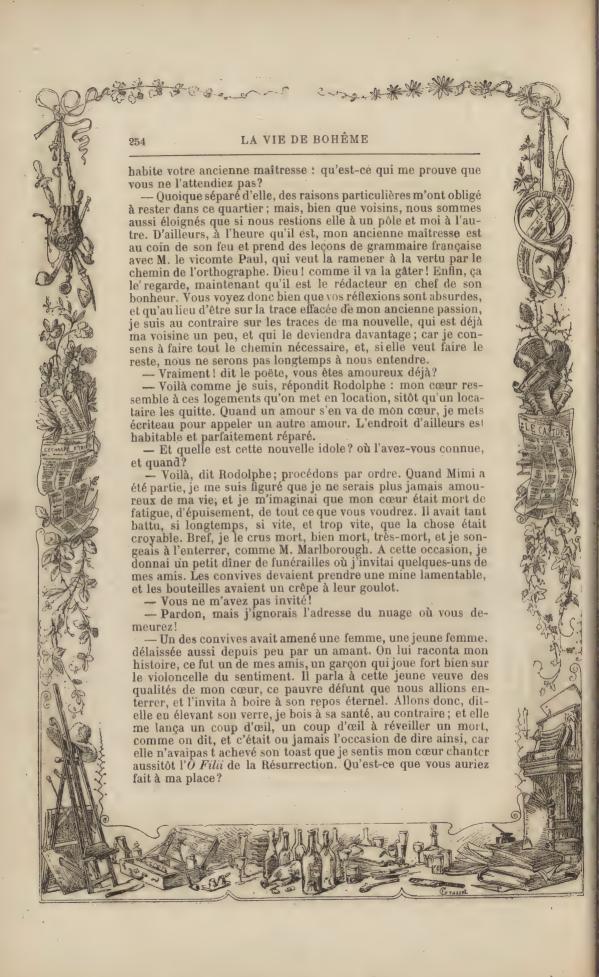
Le pigeon chantait toujours, c'était sa romance du saule.

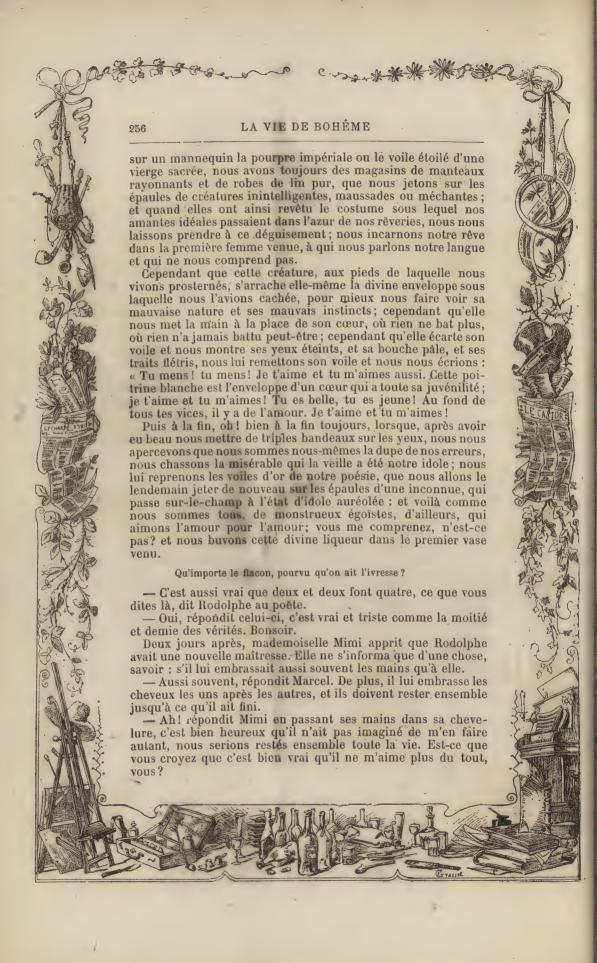




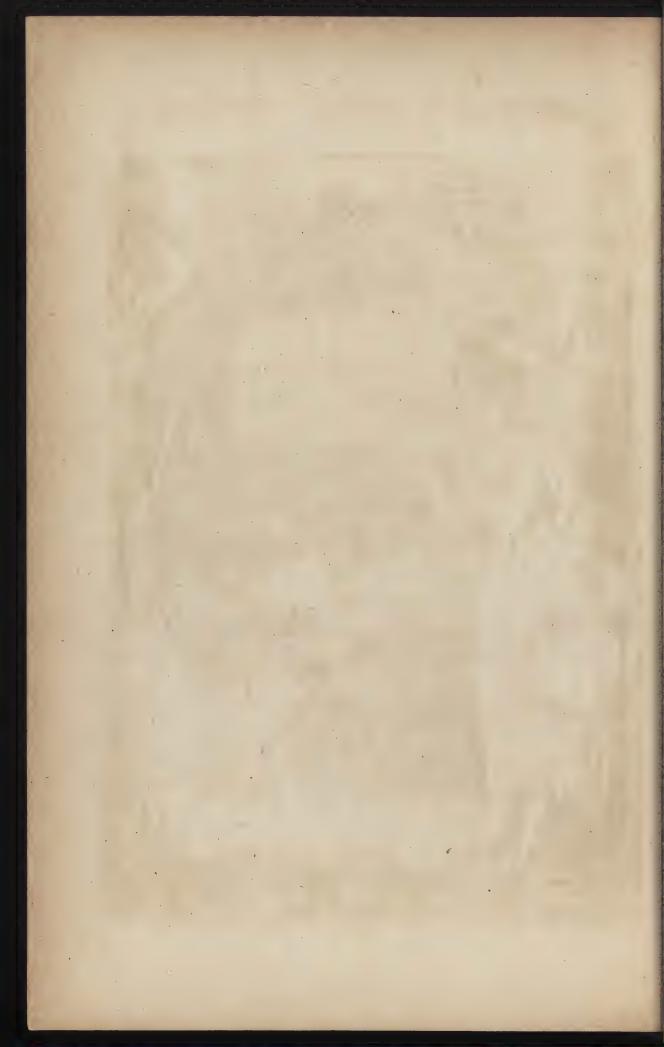


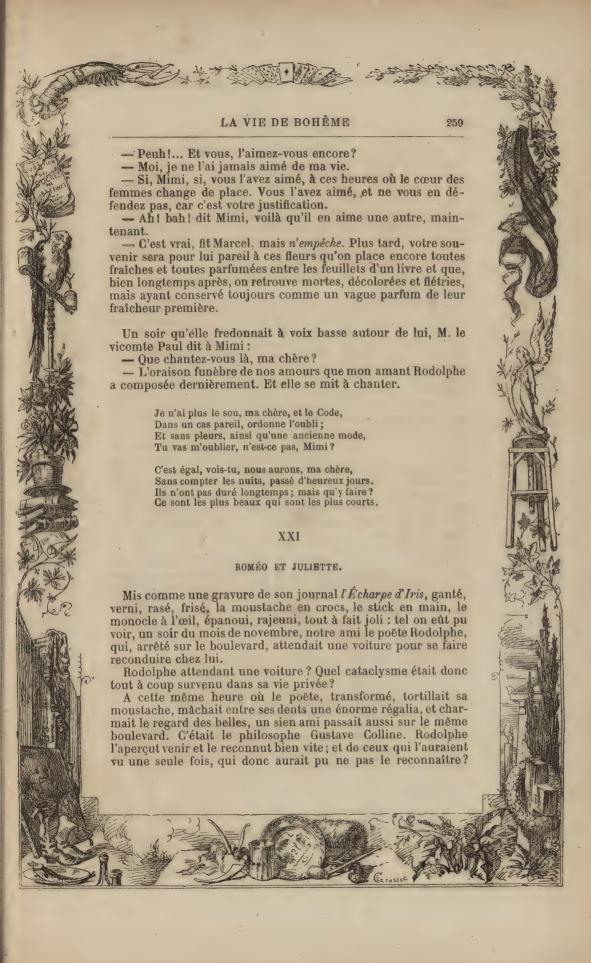


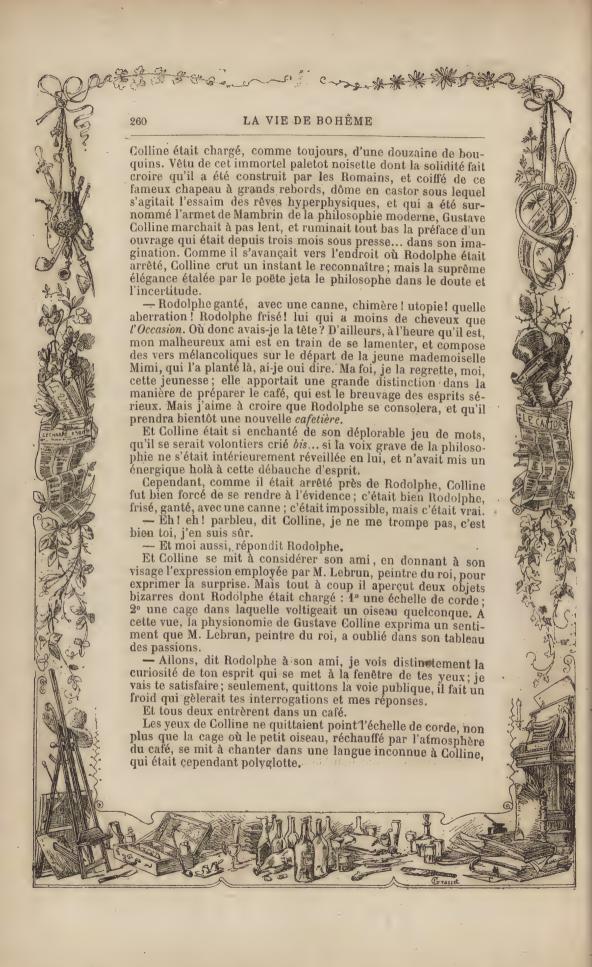


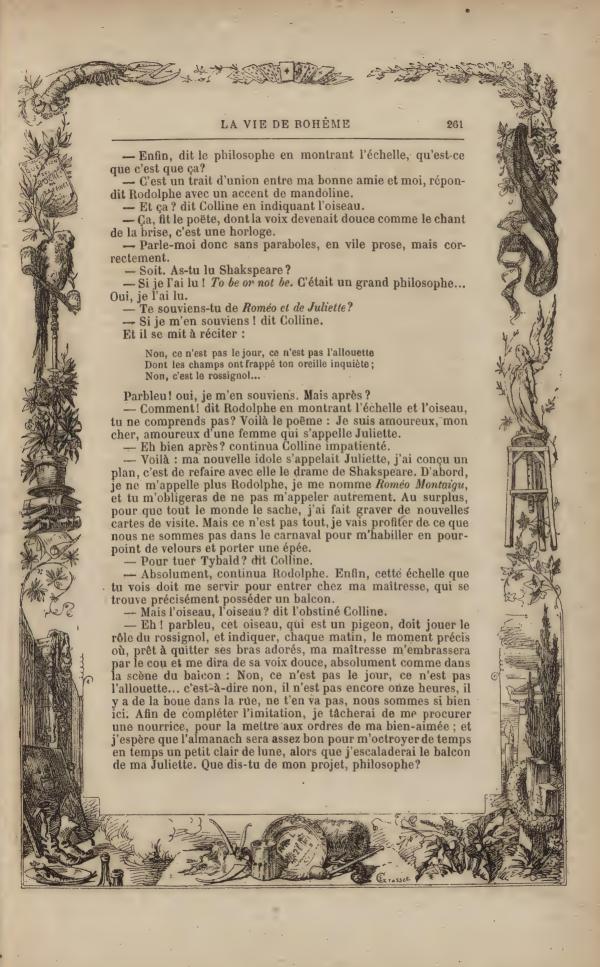


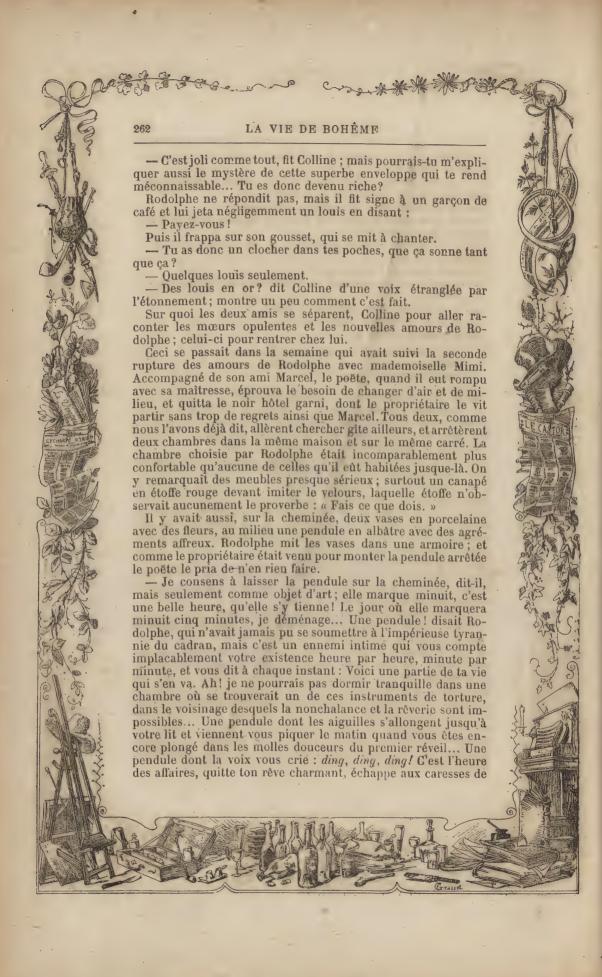


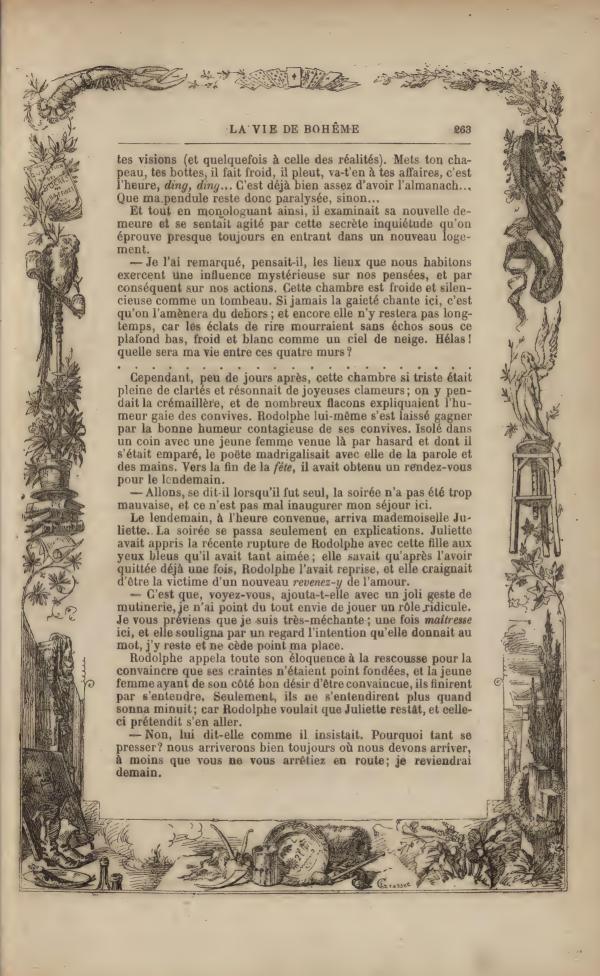


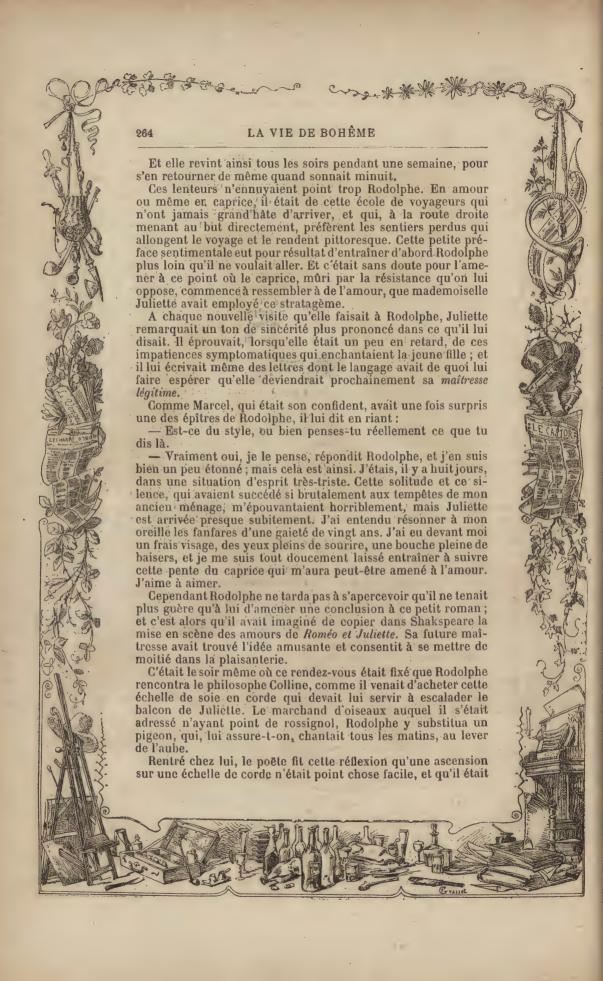








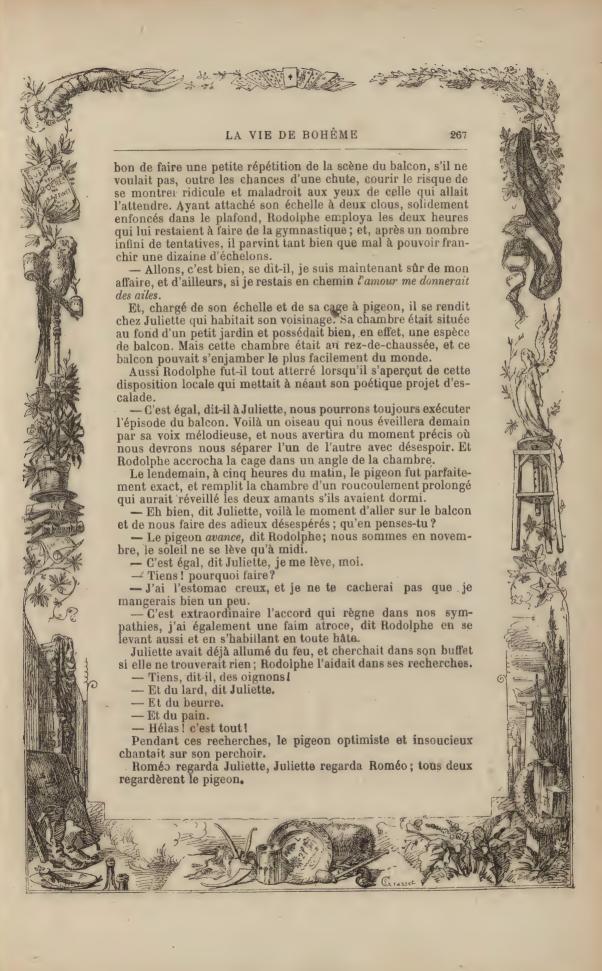


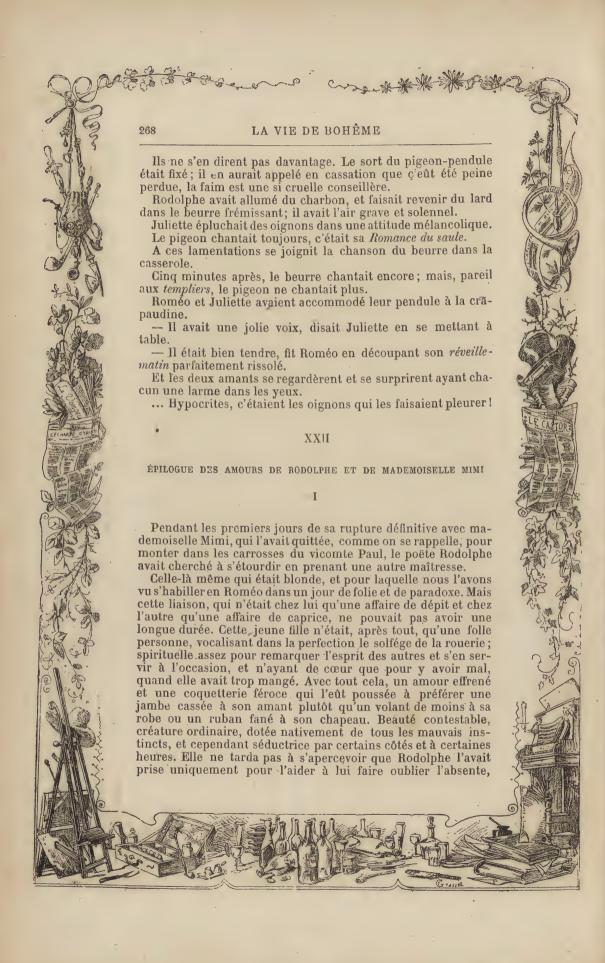


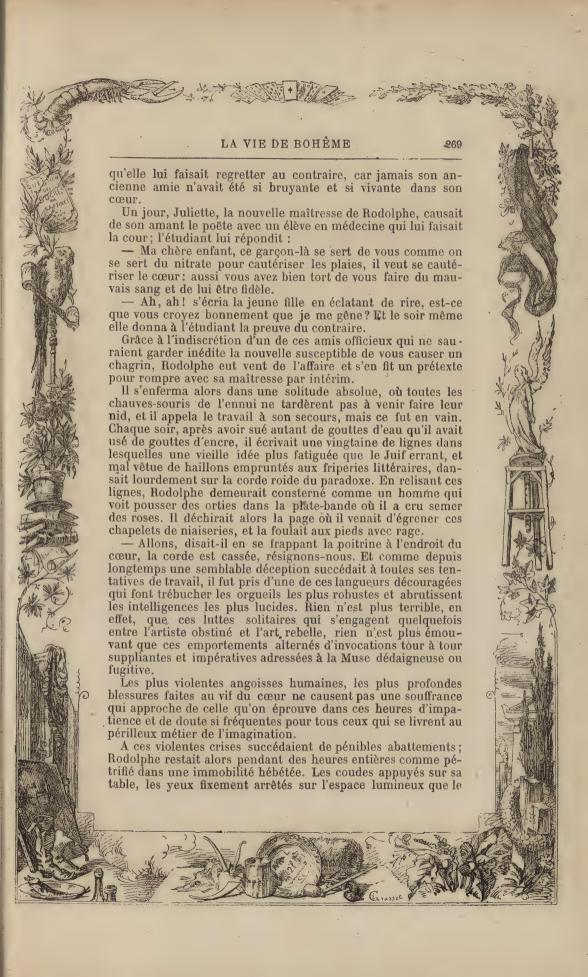


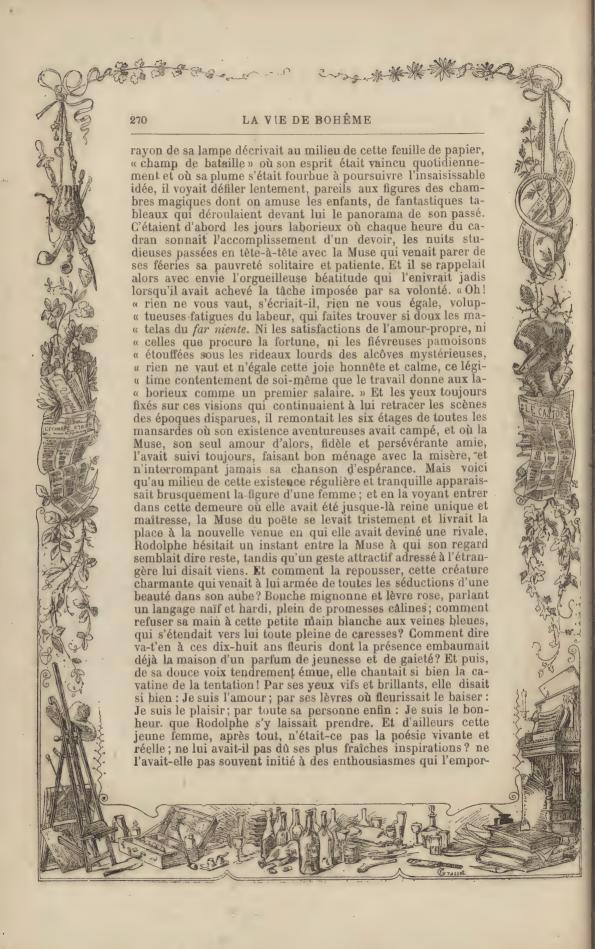
Il ne suffit point de mettre un paletot d'été dans le mois de décembre pour avoir du talent.

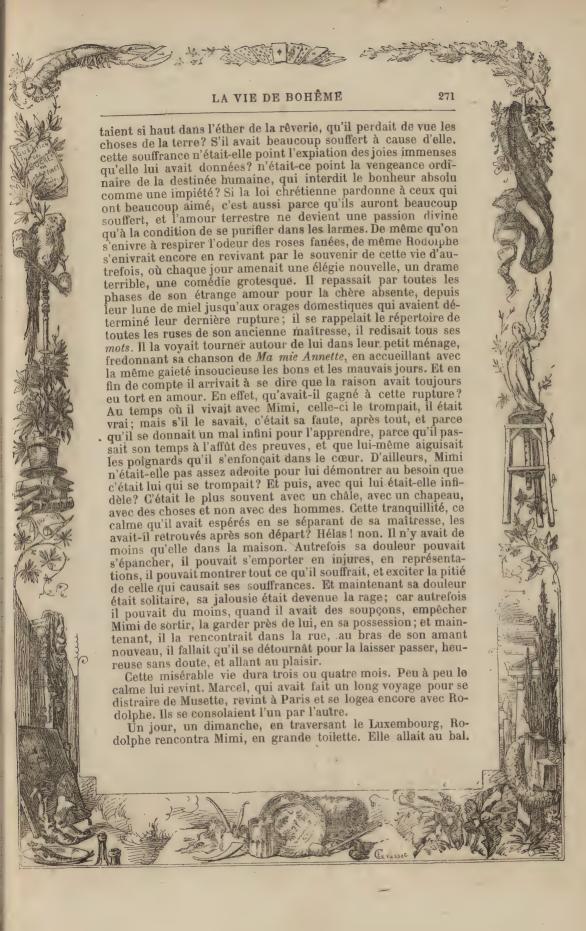


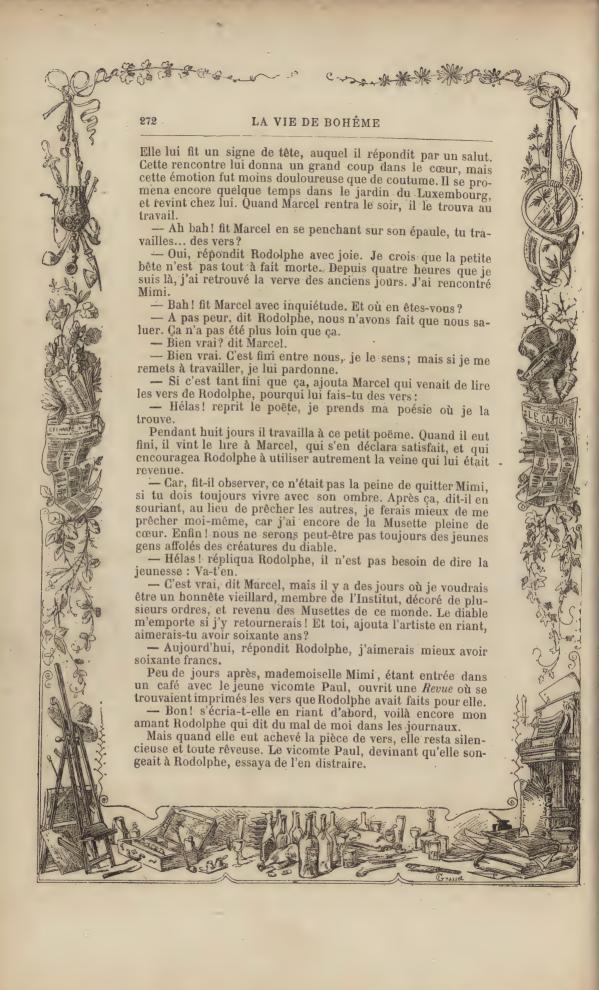








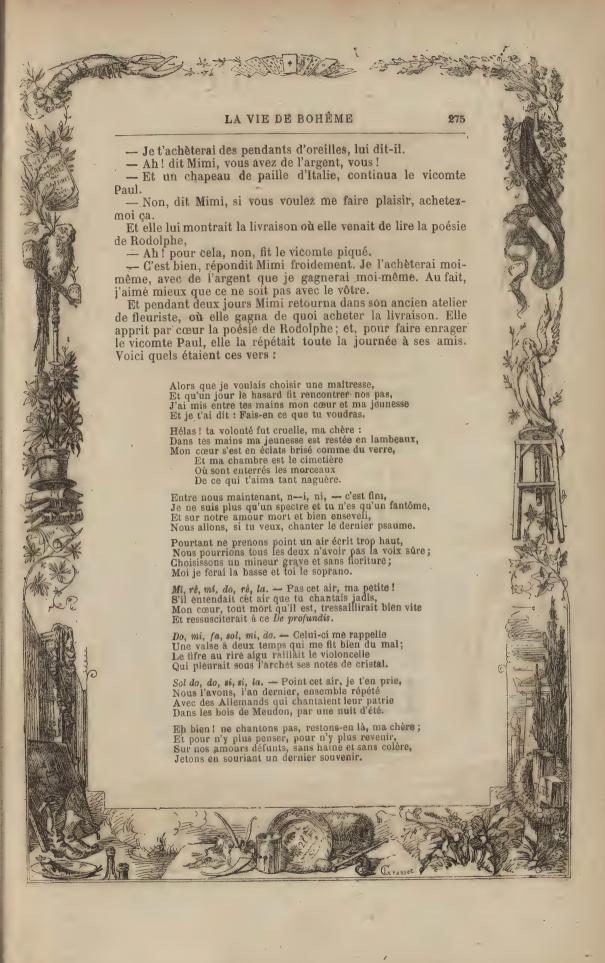


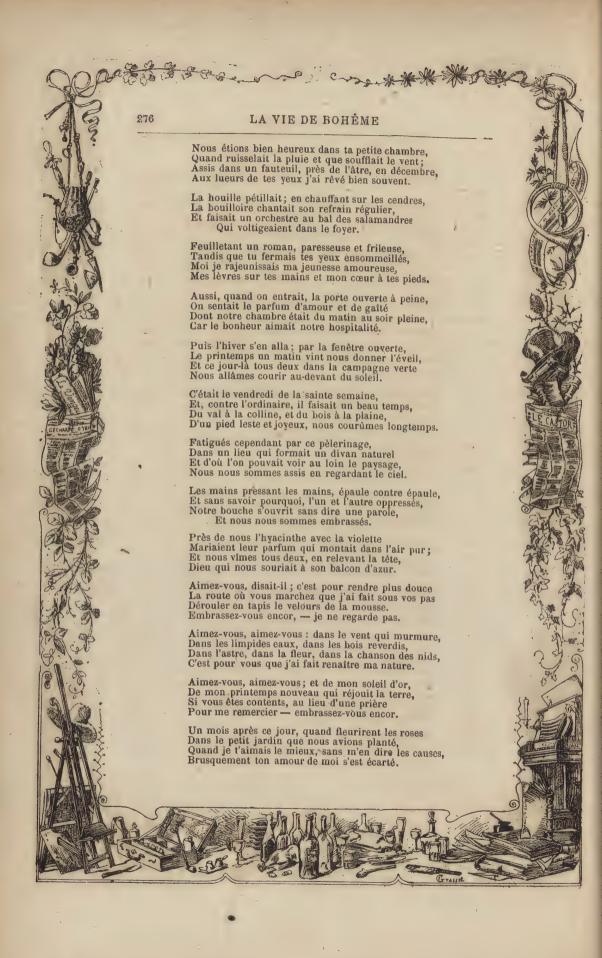


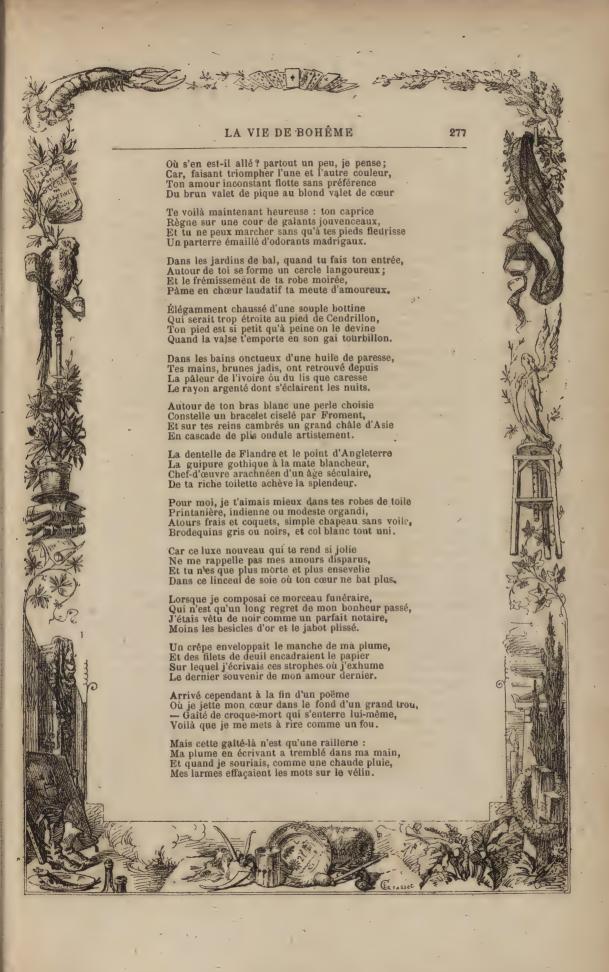


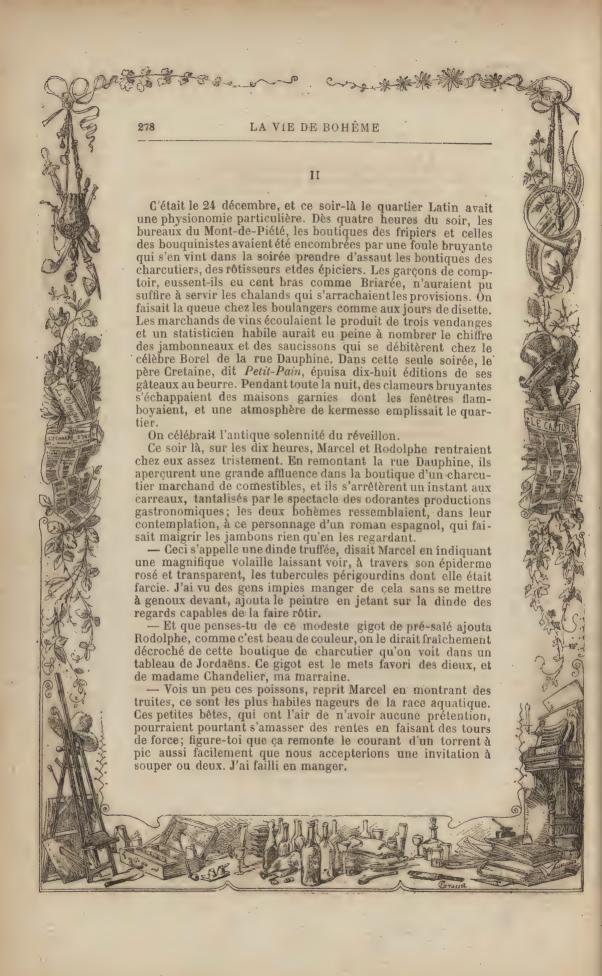
Mon ami, j'ai une bien mauvaise nouvelle à vous apprendre : Le No 8 est mort.

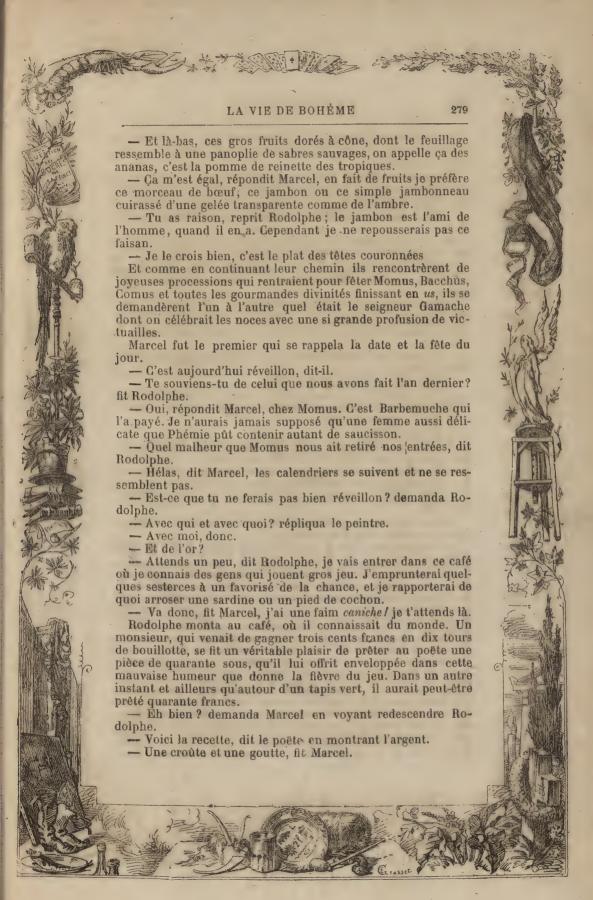


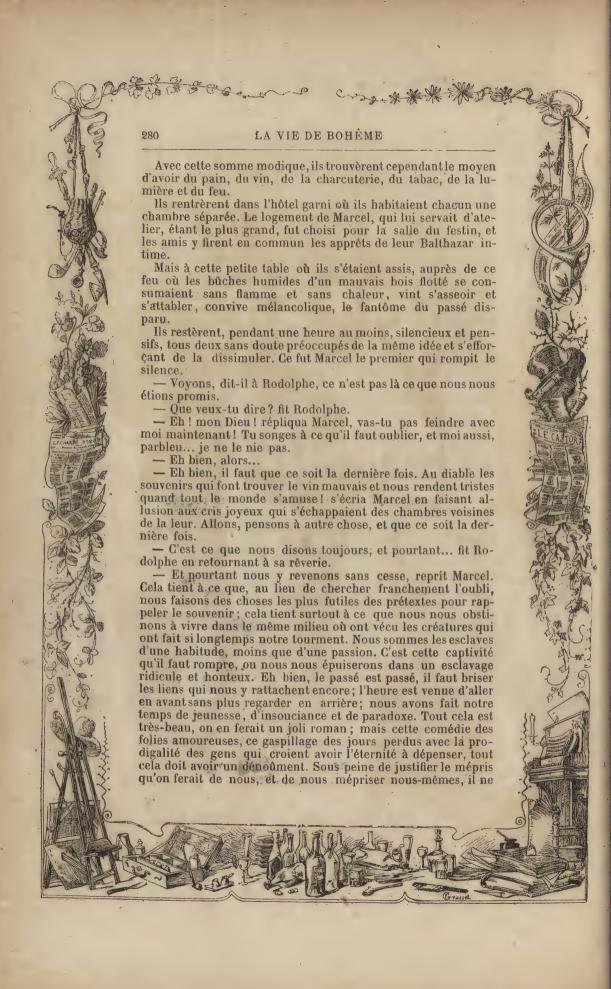


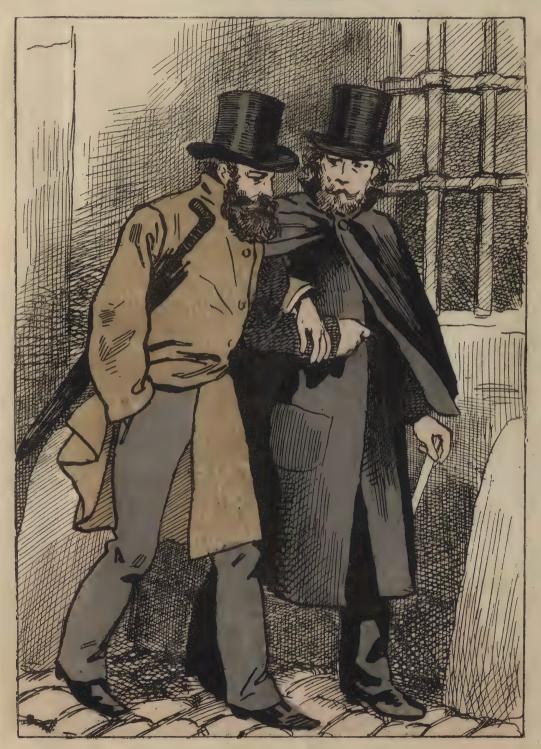






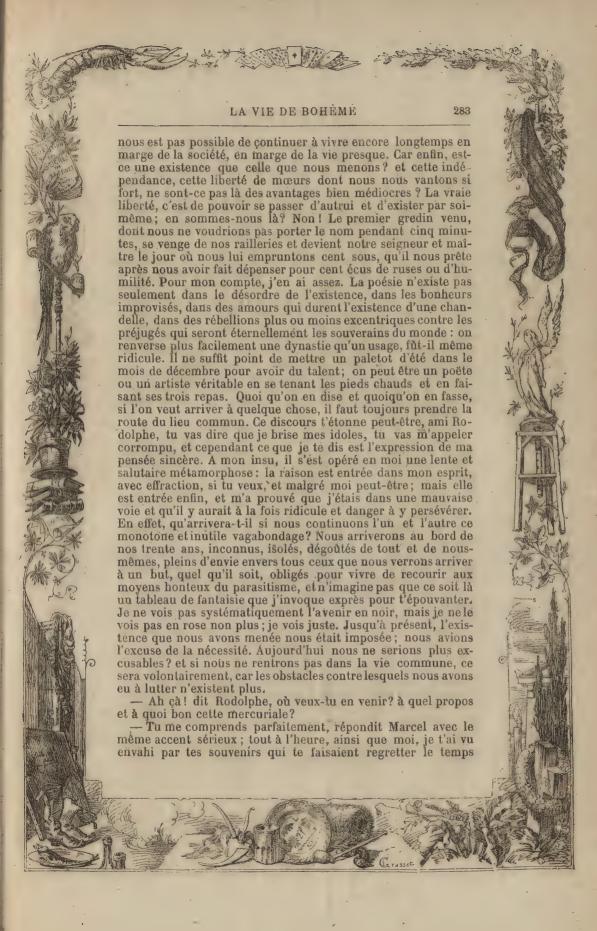


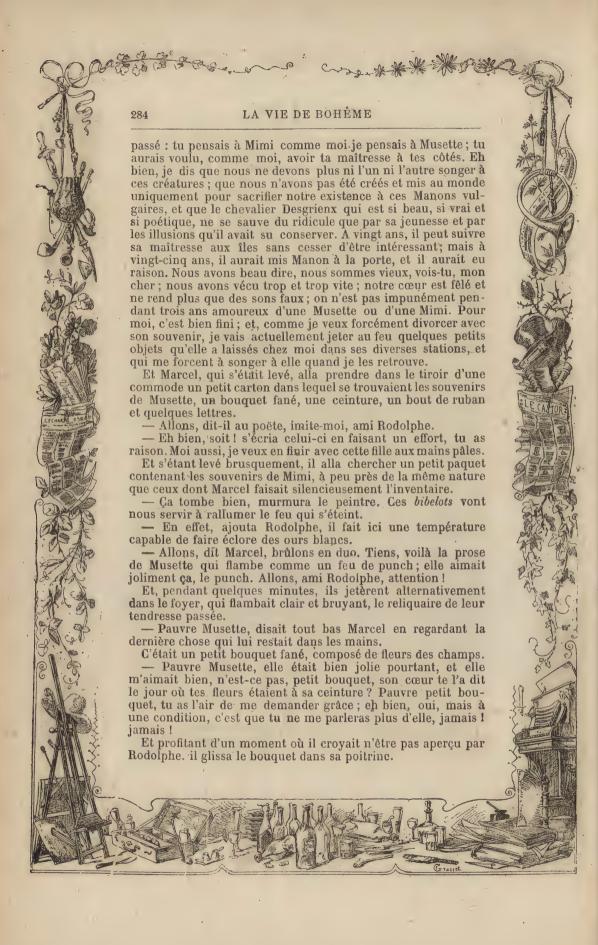


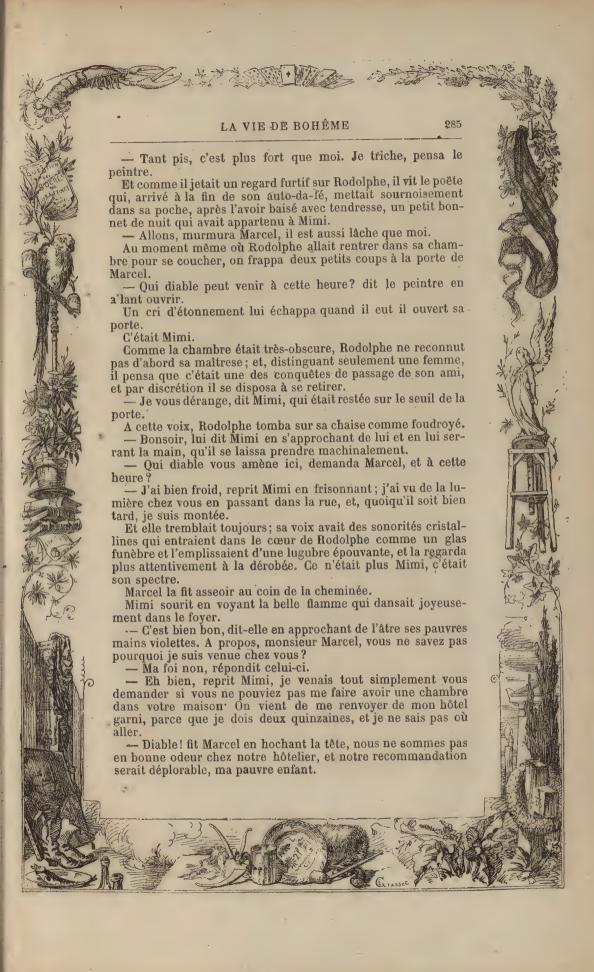


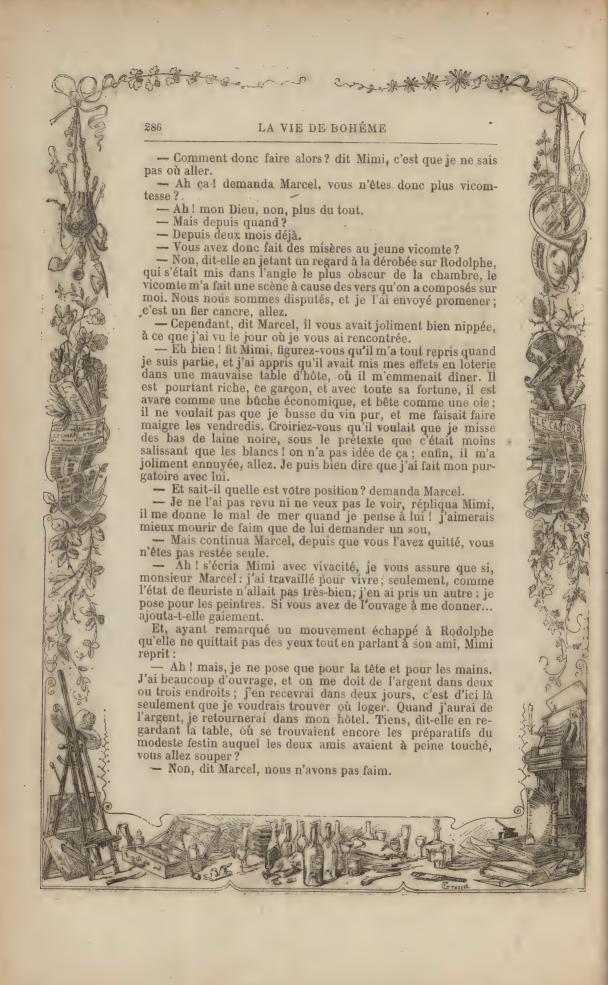
Que veux tu, je suis un corrompu. Je n'aime plus que ce qui est bon.

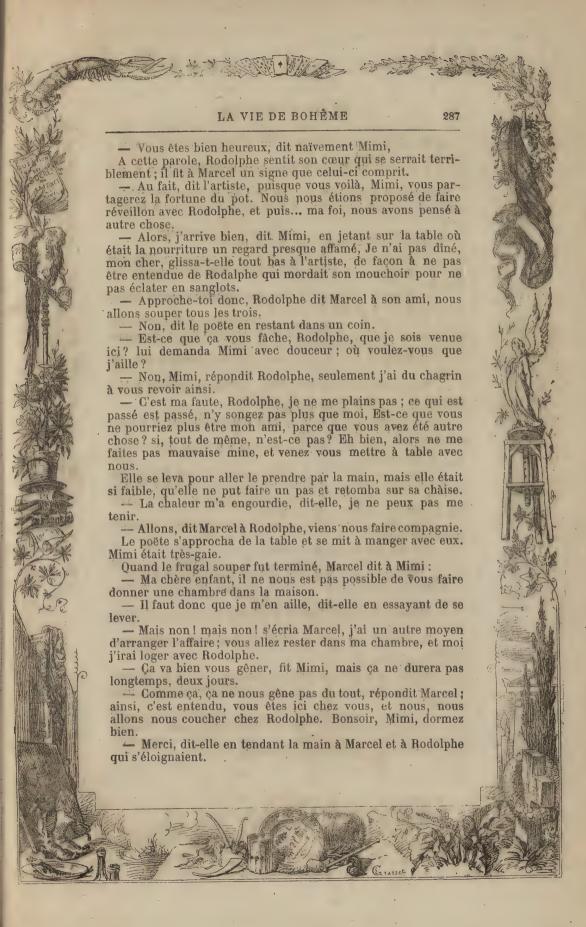


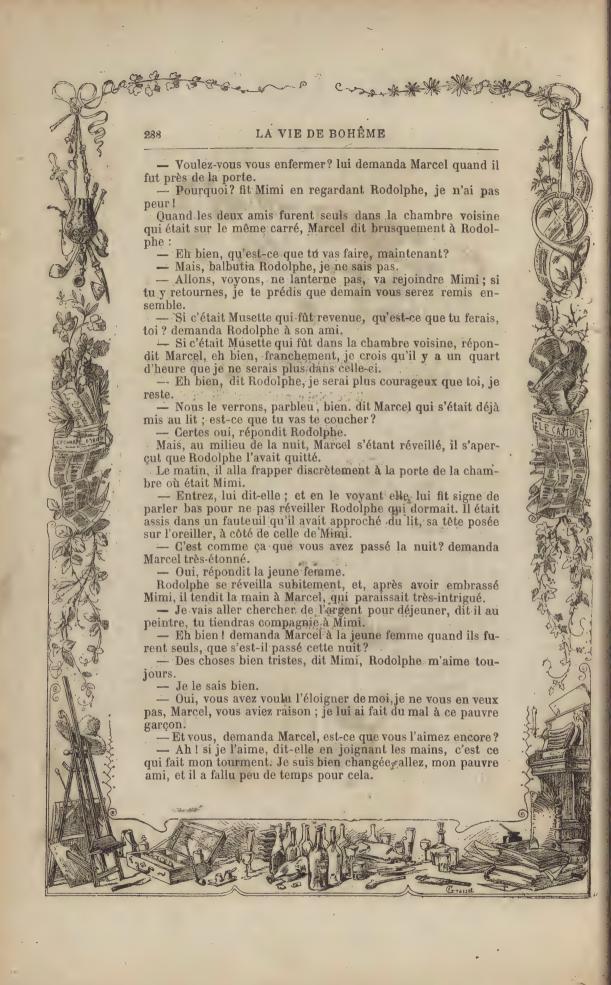








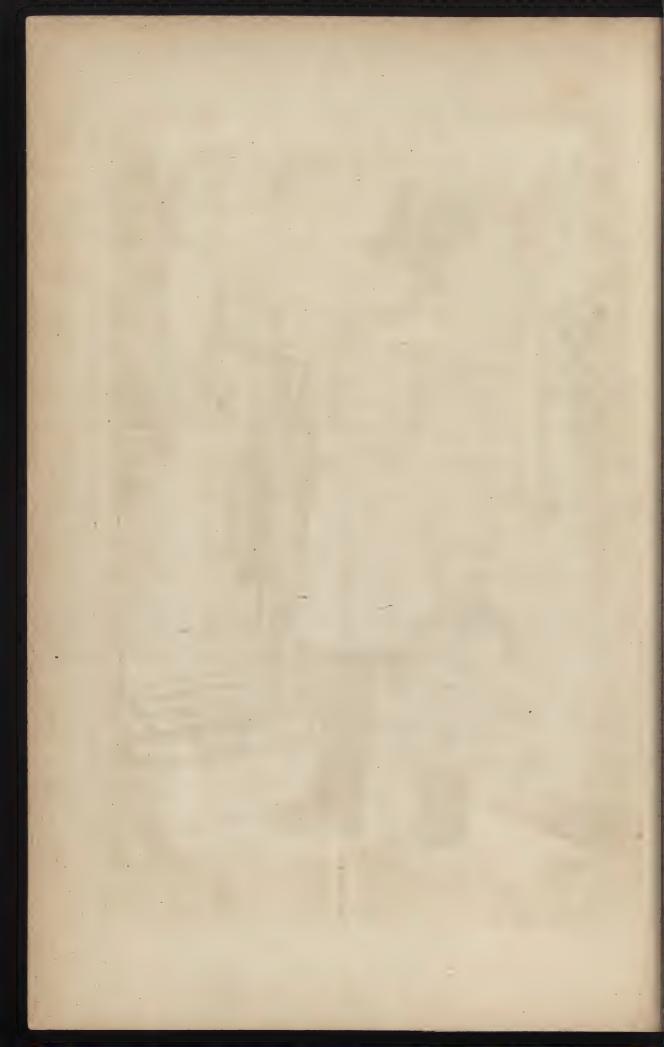




## LA VIE DE BOHÊME



Ce jeune homme s'appelait Claude Bertolin.



Eh bien! puisqu'il vous aime, que vous l'aimez, et que vous ne pouvez pas vous passer l'un de l'autre, remettez-vous ensemble, et tâchez donc d'y rester une bonne fois.

- C'est impossible, fit Mimi.

— Pourquoi? demanda Marcel. Certainement il serait plus raisonnable que vous vous quittassiez; mais pour ne plus vous revoir, il faudrait que vous fussiez à mille lieues l'un de l'autre.

Avant peu, je serai plus loin que ça.

- Hein, que voulez-vous dire?

— N'en parlez pas à Rodolphe, cela lui ferait trop de chagrin, je vais m'en aller pour toujours.

- Mais où?

— Tenez, mon pauvre Marcel, dit Mimi en sanglotant, regardez. Et relevant un peu le drap de son lit, elle montra à l'artiste ses épaules, son cou et ses bras.

- Ah! mon Dieu! s'écria douloureusement Marcel, pauvre

fille!

— N'est-ce pas, mon ami, que je ne me trompe pas et que je vais mourir bientôt?

- Mais, comment êtes-vous devenue ainsi en si peu de

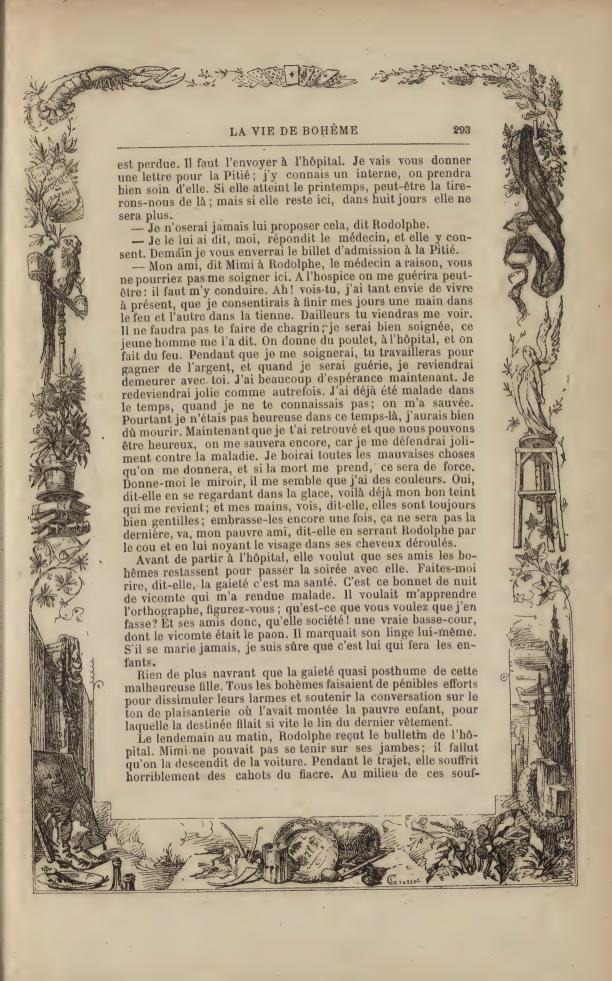
temps?

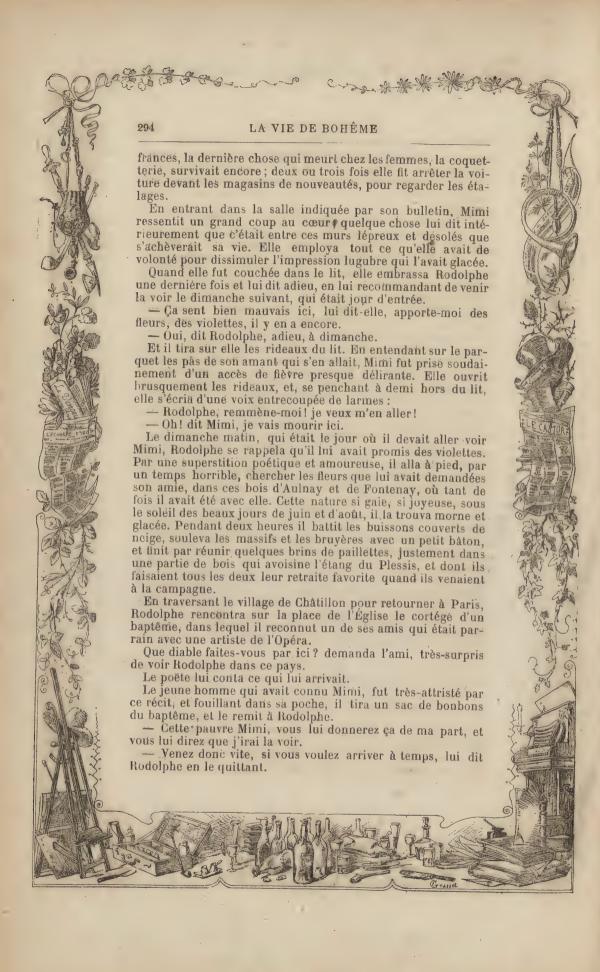
Ah! répliqua Mimi, avec la vie que je mène depuis deux mois, ce n'est pas étonnant: toutes les nuits passées à pleurer, les jours à poser dans les ateliers sans feu, la mauvaise nourriture, le chagrin que j'avais; et puis, vous ne savez pas tout: j'ai voulu m'empoisonner avec de l'eau de Javel; on m'a sauvée, mais pas pour longtemps, vous voyez. Avec ça que je n'ai jamais été bien portante; enfin, é'est ma faute: si j'étais restée tranquille avec Rodolphe, je n'en serais pas là. Pauvre ami, voilà encore que je lui retombe sur les bras, mais ce ne sera pas pour longtemps, la dernière robe qu'il me donnera sera toute blanche, mon pauvre Marcel, et on m'enterrera avec. Ah! si vous saviez comme je souffre de savoir que je vais mourir! Rodolphe sait que je suis malade ; il est resté plus d'une heure sans parler, hier, quand il a vu mes bras et mes épaules si maigres il ne reconnaissait plus sa Mimi, hélas!... mon miroir même ne me reconnaît plus. Ah! c'est égal, j'ai été jolie, et il m'a bien aimée. Ah! mon Dieu! s'écria-t-elle en cachant sa figure dans les mains de Marcel, mon pauvre ami, je vais vous quitter et Rodolphe aussi. Ah! mon Dieu! Et les sanglots étranglèrent sa

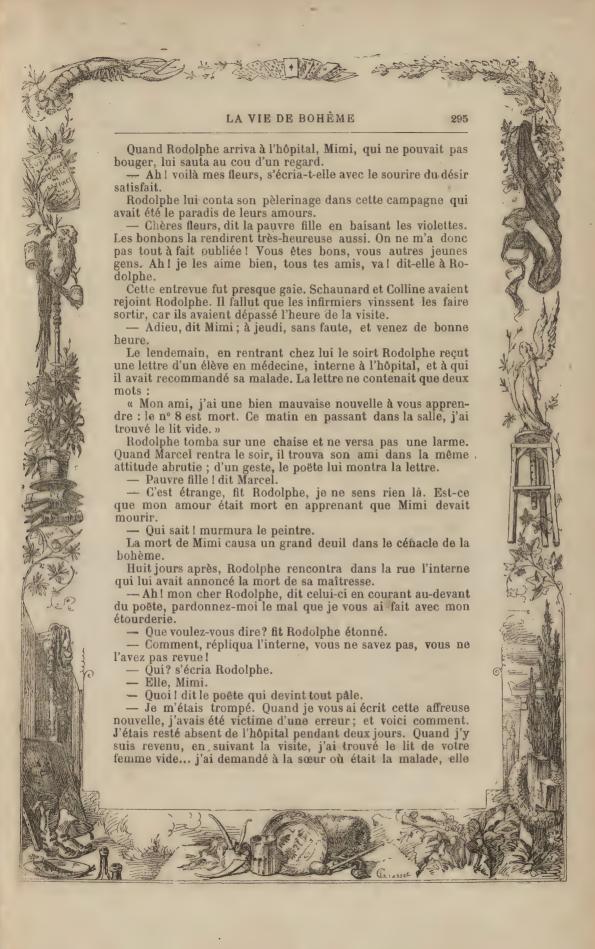
---Allons, Mimi, dit Marcel, ne vous désolez pas, vous vous guérirez; il faut seulement beaucoup de soin et de tranquil-

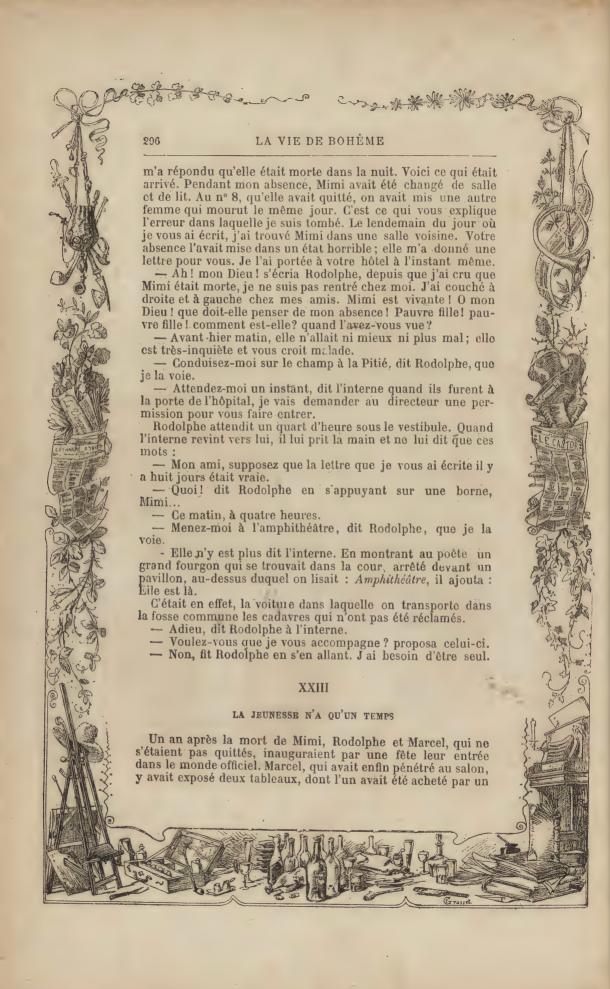
lité.

— 'Ah! non, fit Mimi, c'est bien fini, je le sens. Je n'ai plus de forces; et quand je suis venue ici hier au solr, j'ai mis plus d'une heure à monter l'escalier. Si j'avais trouvé une femme, c'est moi qui serais joliment descendue par la fenêtre. Cependant il était libre, puisque nous n'étions plus ensemble; mais,

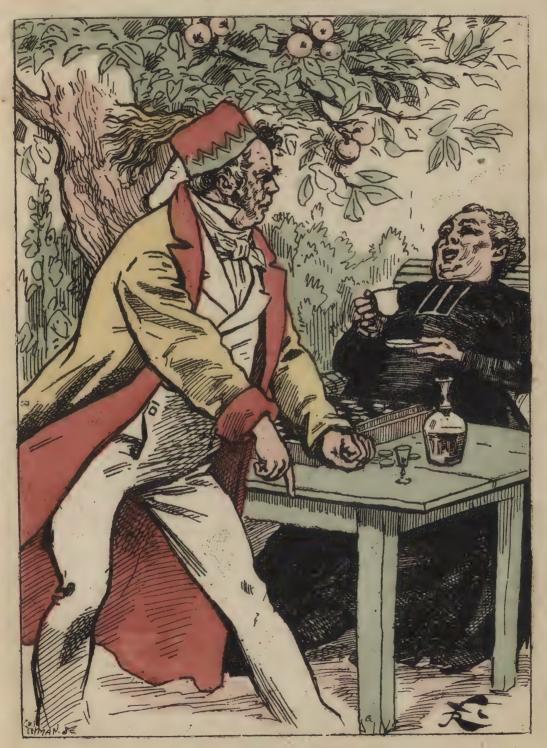








## LA VIE DE BOHEME



Car je suis un excommunié entendez-vous bien?



